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THE MYSTERY OF EVIL.

"Your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil."

Genesis iii. 5.

THE legend in which the serpent is represented as giving this counsel to the mother of mankind occurs at the beginning of the Pentateuch in the form which that collection of writings assumed after the return of the Jews from the captivity at Babylon, and there is good reason for believing that it was first placed there at that time. Allusions to Eden in the Old Testament literature are extremely scarce,[1] and the story of Eve's temptation first assumes prominence in the writings of St. Paul. The marks of Zoroastrian thought in it have often been pointed out. This garden of Eden is a true Persian paradise, situated somewhere in that remote wonderland of Aryana Vaëjo to which all Iranian tradition is so fond of pointing back. The wily serpent is a genuine Parsee serpent, and the spirit which animates him is that of the malicious and tricksome Ahriman, who takes delight in going about after the good creator Ormuzd and spoiling his handiwork. He is not yet identified with the terrible Satan, the accusing angel who finds out men's evil thoughts and deeds. He is simply a mischief-maker, and the punishment meted out to him for his mischief reminds one of many a curious passage in the beast epos of primitive peoples. As in the stories which tell why the mole is blind or why the fox has a bushy tail, the serpent's conduct is made to account for some of his peculiar attributes. As a punishment, he is made to crawl upon his belly, and be forever an object of especial dread and loathing to all the children of Eve.

What, then, is the crime for which the serpent Ahriman thus makes bitter expiation? In what way has he spoiled Ormuzd's last and most wonderful creation? He has introduced the sense of sin: the man and the woman are afraid, and hide themselves from their Lord whom they have offended. Yet he has been not altogether a deceiving serpent. In one respect he has spoken profound truth. The man and the woman have become as gods. In the Hebrew story Jehovah says, "Behold the man is become as one of us;" that is to say, one of the Elohim or heavenly host, who know the good and the evil. Man has apparently become a creature against whom precautions need to be taken. It is hinted that by eating of the other tree and acquiring immortal life he would achieve some result not in accordance with Jehovah's will, yet which it would then be too late to prevent. Accordingly, any such proceedings are forestalled by driving the man and woman from the garden, and placing sentinels there with a fiery sword which turns hither and thither to warn off all who would tread the path that leads to the tree of life. The anthropomorphism of the story is as vivid as in those Homeric scenes in which gods and men contend with one

[1] Isaiah li. 3; Joel ii. 3; Ezekiel xxviii. 13, xxxi. 8, 9.

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another in battle. It is plainly indicated that Jehovah's wrath is kindled at man's presumption in meddling with what belongs only to the Elohim; man is punished for his arrogance in the same spirit as when, later on, he gives his daughters in marriage to the sons of the Elohim and brings on a deluge, or when he strives to build a tower that will reach to heaven and is visited with a confusion of tongues. So here in Eden he has come to know too much, and Ahriman's heinous crime has consisted in helping him to this interdicted knowledge.

The serpent's promise to the woman was worthy of the wisest and most astute of animals. But with yet greater subtlety he might have declared, Except ye acquire the knowledge of good and evil, ye cannot come to be as gods; divine life can never be yours. Throughout the Christian world this legend of the lost paradise has figured as the story of the Fall of Man; and naturally, because of the theological use of it made by St. Paul, who first lifted the story into prominence in illustrating his theory of Christ as the second Adam: since by man came death into the world, by man came also the resurrection from death and from sin. That there is truth of the most vital sort in the Pauline theory is undeniable; but there are many things that will bear looking at from opposite points of view, for aspects of truth are often to be found on both sides of the shield, and there is a sense in which we may regard the loss of paradise as in itself the beginning of the Rise of Man. For this, indeed, we have already found some justification in the legend itself. It is in no spirit of paradox that I make this suggestion. The more patiently one scrutinizes the processes whereby things have come to be what they are, the more deeply is one impressed with its profound significance.

But before I can properly elucidate this view, and make clear what is meant by connecting the loss of innocence with the beginning of the Rise of Man, it is necessary to bestow a few words upon a well-worn theme, and recall to mind the helpless and hopeless bewilderment into which all theologies and all philosophies have been thrown by the problem of the existence of evil. From the ancient Greek and Hebrew thinkers who were saddened by the spectacle of wickedness insolent and unpunished, down to the aged Voltaire and the youthful Goethe who felt their theories of God's justice quite baffled by the Lisbon earthquake, or down to the atheistic pessimist of our own time who asserts that the Power which sustains the world is but a blind and terrible force without concern for man's welfare of body or of soul, — from first to last the history of philosophy teems with the mournful instances of this discouragement. In that tale of War and Peace wherein the fervid genius of Tolstoi has depicted scenes and characters of modern life with truthful grandeur like that of the ancient epic poems, when our friend, the genial and thoughtful hero of the story, stands in the public square at Moscow, uncertain of his fate, while the kindly bright-faced peasant and the eager pale young mechanic are shot dead by his side, and all for a silly suspicion on the part of Napoleon's soldiery; as he stands and sees the bodies, still warm and quivering, tossed into a trench and loose earth hastily shoveled over them, his manly heart surges in rebellion against a world in which such things can be, and a voice within him cries out, — not in the mood in which the fool crieth, but with the anguish of a tender soul wrung by the sight of stupendous iniquity, — "There is no God!" It is but the utterance of an old-world feeling, natural enough to hard-pressed and sorely-tried humanity in those moments that have come to it only too often, when triumphant wrong is dreadfully real and close at hand, while anything like compensation seems shadowy and doubtful and far away.

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It is this feeling that has created the belief in a devil, an adversary to the good God, an adversary hard to conquer or baffle. The feeling underlies every theological creed, and in every system of philosophy we find it lurking somewhere. In these dark regions of thought, which science has such scanty means for exploring, the statements which make up a creed are apt to be the outgrowth of such an all-pervading sentiment, while their form will be found to vary with the knowledge of nature — meagre enough at all times, and even in our boasted time — which happens to characterize the age in which they are made. Hence, well-nigh universally has philosophy proceeded upon the assumption, whether tacit or avowed, that pain and wrong are things hard to be reconciled with the theory that the world is created and ruled by a Being at once all-powerful and all-benevolent. Why does such a Being permit the misery that we behold encompassing us on every side? When we would fain believe that God is love indeed, and love creation's final law, how comes it that nature, red in tooth and claw with ravine, shrieks against our creed? If this question could be fairly answered, does it not seem as if the burden of life, which so often seems intolerable, would forthwith slip from our shoulders, and leave us, like Bunyan's pilgrim, free and bold and light-hearted to contend against all the ills of the world?

Ever since human intelligence became enlightened enough to grope for a meaning and purpose in human life, this problem of the existence of evil has been the burden of man. In the effort to throw it off, leaders of thought have had recourse to almost every imaginable device. It has usually been found necessary to represent the Creator as finite either in power or in goodness, although the limitation is seldom avowed except by writers who have a leaning toward atheism, and take a grim pleasure in pointing out flaws in the constitution of things. Among modern writers, the most conspicuous instance of this temper is afforded by that much too positive philosopher Auguste Comte, who would fain have tipped the earth's axis at a different angle and altered the arrangements of nature in many fanciful ways. He was like Alphonso, the learned king of Castile, who regretted that he had not been present when the world was created; he could have given such excellent advice!

In a very different mood, the great Leibnitz, in his famous theory of optimism, argued that a perfect world is in the nature of things impossible, but that the world in which we live is the best of possible worlds. The limitation of the Creator's power is made somewhat more explicitly by Plato, who regarded the world as the imperfect realization of a Divine Idea that in itself is perfect. It is owing to the intractableness and vileness of matter that the Divine Idea finds itself so imperfectly realized. Thus, the Creator's power is limited by the nature of the material out of which he makes the world. In other words, the world in which we live is the best the Creator could make out of the wretched material at his disposal. This Platonic view is closely akin to that of Leibnitz, but is expressed in such wise as to lend itself more readily to myth-making. Matter is not only considered as what Dr. Martineau would call a "datum objective to God," but it is endowed with a diabolical character of its own.

It is but a step from this to the complicated personifications of Gnosticism, with its Demiurgus, or inferior spirit that created the world. By some of the Gnostics the Creator was held to be merely an inferior emanation from God, a notion which had a powerful indirect effect upon the shaping of Christian doctrine in the second and third centuries of our era. This notion appears in the mournful question asked by Tennyson's Arthur: —

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"O me! for why is all around us here
As if some lesser god had made the world
And had not force to shape it as he would?"

But some Gnostics went so far as to hold that the world was originally created by the Devil, and is to be gradually purified and redeemed by the beneficent power of God as manifested through Jesus Christ. This notion is just the opposite to that of the Vendidad, which represents the world as coming into existence pure and perfect, only to be forthwith defiled by the trail of the serpent Ahriman. In both these opposing notions the divine power is distinctly and avowedly curtailed by the introduction of a rival power that is diabolical: upon this point Parsee and Gnostic are agreed. Distinct sources are postulated for the evil and the good. The one may be regarded as infinite in goodness, the other as infinite in badness, and the world in which we live is a product of the everlasting conflict between the two. This has been the fundamental idea in all Manichæan systems, and it is needless to say that it has always exerted a mighty influence upon Christian theology. The Christian conception of the Devil, as regards its deeper ethical aspect, has owed much to the Parsee conception of Ahriman. It can hardly be said, however, that there has been any coherent, closely reasoned, and generally accepted Christian theory of the subject. The notions just mentioned are in themselves too shadowy and vague, they bear too plainly the marks of their mythologic pedigree, to admit of being worked into such a coherent and closely reasoned theory. Christian thought has simply played fast and loose with these conceptions, speaking in one breath of divine omnipotence, and in the next alluding to the conflict between good and evil in language fraught with Manichæism.

In recent times Mr. John Stuart Mill has shown a marked preference for the Manichæan view, and has stated it with clearness and consistency, because he is not hampered by the feeling that he ought to reach one conclusion rather than another. Mr. Mill does not urge his view upon the reader, nor even defend it as his own view, but simply suggests it as perhaps the view which is for the theist most free from difficulties and contradictions. Mr. Mill does not, like the Manichæans, imagine a personified principle of evil; nor does he, like Plato, entertain a horror of what is sometimes, with amusing vehemence, stigmatized as "brute matter." He does not undertake to suggest how or why the divine power is limited; but he distinctly prefers the alternative which sacrifices the attribute of omnipotence in order to preserve in our conception of Deity the attribute of goodness. According to Mr. Mill, we may regard the all-wise and holy Deity as a creative energy that is perpetually at work in eliminating evil from the universe. His wisdom is perfect, his goodness is infinite, but his power is limited by some inexplicable viciousness in the original constitution of things, which it must require a long succession of ages to overcome. In such a view Mr. Mill sees much that is ennobling. The humblest human being who resists an impulse to sin, or helps in the slightest degree to leave the world better than he found it, may actually be regarded as a participator in the creative work of God; and thus each act of human life acquires a solemn significance that is almost overwhelming to contemplate.

These suggestions of Mr. Mill are extremely interesting, because he was the last great modern thinker whose early training was not influenced by that prodigious expansion of scientific knowledge which, since the middle of the present century, has taken shape in the doctrine of evolution. This movement began early enough to determine the intellectual careers of eminent thinkers born between 1820 and 1830, such as Spencer and Huxley. Mr. Mill was a dozen years too old for this. He was born at

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nearly the same time as Mr. Darwin, but his mental habits were formed too soon for him to profit fully by the new movement of thought; and although his attitude toward the new ideas was hospitable, they never fructified in his mind. While his thinking has been of great value to the world, much of it belongs to an era which we have now left far behind. This was illustrated in the degree to which he was influenced by the speculations of Auguste Comte. Probably no two leaders of thought, whose dates of birth were scarcely a quarter of a century apart, were ever separated by such a stupendous gulf as that which intervenes between Auguste Comte and Herbert Spencer; and this fact may serve as an index to the rapidity of movement which has characterized the nineteenth century. Another illustration of the old-fashioned character of Mill's philosophy is to be seen in his use of Paley's argument from design in support of the belief in a beneficent Creator. Mill adopted this argument, and, as a professed freethinker, carried it to the logical conclusion from which Paley, as a churchman, could not but shrink. This was the conclusion which I have already mentioned, — that God's creative power has been limited by some inexplicable viciousness in the original constitution of things.

I feel as if one could not be too grateful to Mr. Mill for having so neatly and sharply stated, in modern language and with modern illustrations, this old conclusion, which after all is substantially that of Plato and the Gnostics. For the shock which such a clear, bold statement gives to our religious feelings is no greater than the shock with which it strikes counter to our modern scientific philosophy. Suppose we could bring back to earth a Calvinist of the seventeenth century and question him. He might well say that the God which Mr. Mill offers us, shorn of the attribute of omnipotence, is no God at all. He would say with the Hebrew prophet that God has created the evil along with the good, and that he has done so for a purpose which human reason, could it once comprehend all the conditions of the case, would most surely approve as infinitely wise and holy. Our Calvinist would ask who is responsible for the original constitution of things, if not the Creator himself; and in supposing anything essentially vicious in that constitution, have not Plato and the Gnostics and the Manichæans and Mr. Mill simply taken counsel of their ignorance? Nay, more, the Calvinist would declare that if we really understood the universe of which humanity is a part, we should find scientific justification for that supreme and victorious faith which cries, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him!" The man who has acquired such faith as this is the true freeman of the universe, clad in stoutest coat of mail against disaster and sophistry, — the man whom nothing can enslave, and whose guerdon is the serene happiness that can never be taken away.

Now, in these strong assertions, it seems to me that the Calvinist is much more nearly in accord with our modern knowledge than are Plato and Mill. It is not wise to hazard statements as to what the future may bring forth, but I do not see how the dualism implied in all these attempts to refer good and evil to different creative sources can ever be seriously maintained again. The advance of modern science carries us irresistibly to what some German philosophers call monism, but I prefer to call it monotheism. In getting rid of the Devil, and regarding the universe as the multiform manifestation of a single all-pervading Deity, we become for the first time pure and uncompromising monotheists, — believers in the ever living, unchangeable, and all-wise Heavenly Father, in whom we may declare our trust without the faintest trace of mental reservation.

If we can truly take such a position,

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and hold it rationally, it is the modern science, so apt to be decried by the bats and owls of orthodoxy, that justifies us in doing so. For what is the philosophic purport of these beautiful and sublime discoveries with which the keen insight and patient diligence of modern students of science are beginning to be rewarded? What is the lesson that is taught alike by the correlation of forces, by spectrum analysis, by the revelations of chemistry as to the subtle behavior of molecules inaccessible to the eye of sense, by the astronomy that is beginning to sketch the physical history of countless suns in the firmament, by the paleontology which is slowly unraveling the wonders of past life upon the earth through millions of ages? What is the grand lesson that is taught by all this? It is the lesson of the unity of nature. To learn it rightly is to learn that all the things that we can see and know, in the course of our life in this world, are so intimately woven together that nothing could be left out without reducing the whole marvelous scheme to chaos. Whatever else may be true, the conviction is brought home to us that in all this endless multifariousness there is one single principle at work; that all is tending toward an end that was involved from the very beginning, if one can speak of beginnings and ends where the process is eternal. The whole universe is animated by a single principle of life; and whatever we see in it, whether to our half-trained understanding and narrow experience it may seem to be good or bad, is an indispensable part of the stupendous scheme. As Aristotle said, so long ago, in one of those characteristic flashes of insight into the heart of things in which no one has ever excelled him, in nature there is nothing that is out of place or interpolated, as in an ill-constructed drama.

To-day we can begin to realize how much was implied in this prophetic hint of Aristotle's; for we are forced to admit that whatever may be the function of evil in this world, it is unquestionably an indispensable function, and not something interpolated from without. Whatever exists is part of the dramatic whole, and this can quickly be proved. The goodness in the world — all that we love and praise and emulate — we are ready enough to admit into our scheme of things, and to rest upon it our belief in God. The misery, the pain, the wickedness, we would fain leave out. But if there were no such thing as evil, how could there be such a thing as goodness? Or to put it somewhat differently, if we had never known anything but goodness, how could we ever distinguish it from evil? How could we recognize it as good? How would its quality of goodness in any wise interest or concern us? This question goes down to the bottom of things, for it appeals to the fundamental conditions according to which conscious intelligence exists at all. Its answer will therefore be likely to help us. It will not enable us to solve the problem of evil, enshrouded as it is in a mystery impenetrable by finite intelligence, but it will help us to state the problem correctly; and surely this is no small help. In the mere work of purifying our intellectual vision there is that which heals and soothes us. To learn to see things without distortion is to prepare one's self for taking the world in the right mood, and in this we find strength and consolation.

To return to our question, how could we have good without evil, we must pause for a moment and inquire into the constitution of the human mind. What we call the soul, the mind, the conscious self, is something strange and wonderful. In our ordinary efforts to conceive it, invisible and impalpable as it is, we are apt to try so strenuously to divorce it from the notion of substance that it seems ethereal, unreal, ghostlike. Yet of all realities the soul is the most solid, sound and undeniable. Thoughts and feelings are the fundamental facts from

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which there is no escaping. Our whole universe, from the sands on the seashore to the flaming suns that throng the Milky Way, is built up of sights and sounds, of tastes and odors, of pleasures and pains, of sensations of motion and resistance either felt directly or inferred. This is no ghostly universe, but all intensely real as it exists in that intensest of realities, the human soul! Consciousness, the soul's fundamental fact, is the most fundamental of facts. But a truly marvelous affair is consciousness! The most general truth that we can assert with regard to it is this: that it exists only by virtue of incessant change. A state of consciousness that should continue through an appreciable interval of time without undergoing change would not be a state of consciousness; it would be unconsciousness.

This perpetual change, then, is what makes conscious life. It is only by virtue of this endless procession of fleeting phases of consciousness that the human soul exists at all. It is thus that we are made. Why we should have been made thus is a question aiming so far beyond our ken that it is idle to ask it. We might as well inquire whether Infinite Power could have made twice two equal five. We must rest content with knowing that it is thus we were created; it is thus that the human soul exists. Just as dynamic astronomy rests upon the law of gravitation, just as physics is based upon the properties of waves, so the modern science of mind has been built upon the fundamental truth that consciousness exists only by virtue of unceasing change. Our conscious life is a stream of varying psychical states which quickly follow one another in a perpetual shimmer, with never an instant of rest. The elementary psychical states, indeed, lie below consciousness, or, as we say, they are sub-conscious. We may call these primitive pulsations the psychical molecules out of which are compounded the feelings and thoughts that well up into the full stream of consciousness. Just as in chemistry we explain the qualitative differences among things as due to diversities of arrangement among compounded molecules and atoms, so in psychology we have come to see that thoughts and feelings in all their endless variety are diversely compounded of subconscious psychical molecules.

Musical sounds furnish us with a simple and familiar illustration of this. When the sounds of taps or blows impinge upon the ear slowly, at the rate of not more than sixteen in a second, they are cognized as separate and non-musical noises. When they pass beyond that rate of speed, they are cognized as a continuous musical tone of very low pitch, — a state of consciousness which seems simple, but which we now see is really compound. As the speed of the blows increases, further qualitative differences arise; the musical tone rises in pitch until it becomes too acute for the ear to cognize, and thus vanishes from consciousness. But this is far from being the whole story; for the series of blows or pulsations make not only a single vivid fundamental tone, but also a multifarious companion group of fainter overtones, and the diverse blending of these faint harmonics constitutes the whole difference in tone quality between the piano and the flute, the violin and the trumpet, or any other instruments. If you take up a violin and sound the F one octave above the treble staff, there are produced, in the course of a single second, several thousand psychical states which together make up the sensation of pitch, fifty-five times as many psychical states which together make up the sensation of tone quality, and an immense number of other psychical states which together make up the sensation of intensity. These psychical states are not, in any strict sense of the term, states of consciousness; for if they were to rise individually into consciousness, the result would be an immense multitude of sensations, and not

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a single apparently homogeneous sensation. There is no alternative but to conclude that in this case a seemingly simple state of consciousness is in reality compounded of an immense multitude of sub-conscious psychical changes.

Now, what is thus true in the case of musical sounds is equally true of all states of consciousness whatever, both those that we call intellectual and those that we call emotional. All are highly compounded aggregates of innumerable minute sub-conscious psychical pulsations, if we may so call them. In every stream of human consciousness that we call a soul each second of time witnesses thousands of infinitely small changes, in which one fleeting group of pulsations in the primordial mind-stuff gives place to another and a different but equally fleeting group. Each group is unlike its immediate predecessor. The absence of difference would be continuance, and continuance means stagnation, blankness, negation, death. That ceaseless flutter, in which the quintessence of conscious life consists, is kept up by the perpetual introduction of the relations of likeness and unlikeness. Each one of the infinitesimal changes is a little act of discrimination, a recognition of a unit of feeling as either like or unlike some other unit of feeling. So in these depths of the soul's life the arrangements and rearrangements of units go on, while on the surface the results appear from moment to moment in sensations keen or dull, in perceptions clear or vague, in judgments wise or foolish, in memories gay or sad, in sordid or lofty trains of thought, in gusts of anger or thrills of love. The whole fabric of human thought and human emotion is built up out of minute sub-conscious discriminations of likenesses and unlikenesses, just as much as the material world in all its beauty is built up out of undulations among invisible molecules.

We may now come up out of these depths, accessible only to the plummet of psychologic analysis, and move with somewhat freer gait in the region of common and familiar experiences. It is an undeniable fact that we cannot know anything whatever except as contrasted with something else. The contrast may be bold and sharp, or it may dwindle into a slight discrimination, but it must be there. If the figures on your canvas are indistinguishable from the background, there is surely no picture to be seen. Some element of unlikeness, some germ of antagonism, some chance for discrimination, is essential to every act of knowing. I might have illustrated this point concretely without all the foregoing explanation, but I have aimed at paying it the respect due to its vast importance. I have wished to show how the fact that we cannot know anything whatever except as contrasted with something else is a fact that is deeply rooted in the innermost structure of the human mind. It is not a superficial but a fundamental truth, that if there were no color but red, it would be exactly the same thing as if there were no color at all. In a world of unqualified redness our state of mind with regard to color would be precisely like our state of mind in the present world with regard to the pressure of the atmosphere if we were always to stay in one place. We are always bearing up against the burden of this deep aerial ocean, nearly fifteen pounds upon every square inch of our bodies; but until we can get a chance to discriminate, as by climbing a mountain, we are quite unconscious of this heavy pressure. In the same way, if we knew but one color, we should know no color. If our ears were to be filled with one monotonous roar of Niagara, unbroken by alien sounds, the effect upon consciousness would be absolute silence. If our palates had never come in contact with any tasteful thing save sugar, we should know no more of sweetness than of bitterness. If we had never felt physical pain, we could not recognize phy-

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sical pleasure. For want of the contrasted background its pleasurableness would be non-existent. And in just the same way, it follows that without knowing that which is morally evil we could not possibly recognize that which is morally good. Of these antagonist correlatives, the one is unthinkable in the absence of the other. In a sinless and painless world, human conduct might possess more outward marks of perfection than any saint ever dreamed of; but the moral element would be lacking; the goodness would have no more significance in our conscious life than that load of atmosphere which we are always carrying about with us.

We are thus brought to a striking conclusion, the essential soundness of which cannot be gainsaid. In a happy world there must be sorrow and pain, and in a moral world the knowledge of evil is indispensable. The stern necessity for this has been proved to inhere in the innermost constitution of the human soul. It is part and parcel of the universe. To him who is disposed to cavil at the world which God has in such wise created, we may fairly put the question whether the prospect of escape from its ills would ever induce him to put off this human consciousness, and accept in exchange some form of existence unknown and inconceivable! The alternative is clear: on the one hand a world with sin and suffering, on the other hand an unthinkable world in which conscious life does not involve contrast.

The profound truth of Aristotle's remark is thus more forcibly than ever brought home to us. We do not find that evil has been interpolated into the universe from without; we find that, on the contrary, it is an indispensable part of the dramatic whole. God is the creator of evil, and from the eternal scheme of things diabolism is forever excluded. Ormuzd and Ahriman have had their day and perished, along with the doctrine of special creations and other fancies of the untutored human mind. From our present standpoint we may fairly ask, What would have been the worth of that primitive innocence portrayed in the myth of the garden of Eden, had it ever been realized in the life of men? What would have been the moral value or significance of a race of human beings ignorant of sin, and doing beneficent acts with no more consciousness or volition than the deftly contrived machine that picks up raw material at one end, and turns out some finished product at the other? Clearly, for strong and resolute men and women an Eden would be but a fool's paradise. How could anything fit to be called *character* have ever been produced there? But for tasting the forbidden fruit, in what respect could man have become a being of higher order than the beasts of the field? An interesting question is this, for it leads us to consider the genesis of the idea of moral evil in man.

Before we enter upon this topic a word of caution may be needed. I do not wish the purpose of the foregoing questions to be misunderstood. The serial nature of human thinking and speaking makes it impossible to express one's thought on any great subject in a solid block; one must needs give it forth in consecutive fragments, so that parts of it run the risk of being lost upon the reader or hearer, while other parts are made to assume undue proportions. Moreover, there are many minds that habitually catch at the fragments of a thought, and never seize it in the block; and in such manner do strange misconceptions arise. I never could have dreamed, until taught by droll experience, that the foregoing allusions to the garden of Eden could be understood as a glorification of sin, and an invitation to my fellow men to come forth with me and be wicked! But even so it was, on one occasion when I was trying, somewhat more scantily than here, to state the present case. In the midst of my endeavor to justify the grand spirit

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of faith which our fathers showed when from abysmal depths of affliction they never failed to cry that God doeth all things well, I was suddenly interrupted with queries as to just what percentage of sin and crime I regarded as needful for the moral equilibrium of the universe; how much did I propose to commit myself, how much would I advise people in general to commit, and just where would I have them stop? Others deemed it necessary to remind me that there is already too much suffering in the world, and we ought not to seek to increase it; that the difference between right and wrong is of great practical importance; and that if we try to treat evil as good we shall make good no better than evil.

When one has sufficiently recovered one's gravity, it is permissible to reply to such criticisms that the sharp antithesis between good and evil is essential to every step of my argument, which would entirely collapse if the antagonism were for one moment disregarded. The quantity of suffering in the world is unquestionably so great as to prompt us to do all in our power to diminish it; such we shall presently see must be the case in a world that proceeds through stages of evolution. When one reverently assumes that it was through some all-wise and holy purpose that sin was permitted to come into the world, it ought to be quite superfluous to add that the fulfillment of any such purpose demands that sin be, not cherished, but suppressed. If one seeks, as a philosopher, to explain and justify God's wholesale use of death in the general economy of the universe, is one forsooth to be charged with praising murder as a fine art, and with seeking to found a society of Thugs?

The simple-hearted monks of the Middle Ages understood, in their own quaint way, that God's methods of governing this universe are not always fit to be imitated by his finite creatures. In one of the old stories that furnished entertainment and instruction for the cloister it is said that a hermit and an angel once journeyed together. The angel was in human form and garb, but had told his companion the secret of his exalted rank and nature. Coming at nightfall to a humble house by the wayside, the two travelers craved shelter, for the love of God. A dainty supper and a soft, warm bed were given them; and in the middle of the night the angel arose and strangled the kind host's infant son, who was quietly sleeping in his cradle. The good hermit was paralyzed with amazement and horror, but dared not speak a word. The next night the two comrades were entertained at a fine mansion in the city, where the angel stole the superb golden cup from which his host had quaffed wine at dinner. Next day, while crossing the bridge over a deep and rapid stream, a pilgrim met the travelers. "Canst thou show us, good father," said the angel, "the way to the next town?" As the pilgrim turned to point it out, this terrible being caught him by the shoulder and flung him into the river to drown. "Verily," thought the poor hermit, "it is a devil that I have here with me, and all his works are evil;" but fear held his tongue, and the twain fared on their way till the sun had set and snow began to fall, and the howling of wolves was heard in the forest hard by. Presently the bright light coming from a cheerful window gave hope of a welcome refuge; but the surly master of the house turned the travelers away from his door with curses and foul gibes. "Yonder is my pigsty, for dirty vagrants like you." So they passed that night among the swine; and in the morning the angel went to the house and thanked the master for his hospitality, and gave him for a keepsake (thrifty angel!) the stolen goblet. Then did the hermit's wrath and disgust overcome his fears, and he loudly upbraided his companion. "Get thee gone, wretched spirit!" he cried. "I will have no more of thee. Thou pre-

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tendest to be a messenger from heaven, yet thou requitest good with evil, and evil with good!" Then did the angel look upon him with infinite compassion in his eyes. "Listen," said he, "short-sighted mortal. The birth of that infant son had made the father covetous, breaking God's commandments in order to heap up treasures which the boy, if he had lived, would have wasted in idle debauchery. By my act, which seemed so cruel, I saved both parent and child. The owner of the goblet had once been abstemious, but was fast becoming a sot; the loss of his cup has set him to thinking, and he will mend his ways. The poor pilgrim, unknown to himself, was about to commit a mortal sin, when I interfered and sent his unsullied soul to heaven. As for the wretch who drove God's children from his door, he is indeed pleased for the moment with the bauble I left in his hands; but hereafter he will burn in hell." So spoke the angel; and when he had heard these words the hermit bowed his venerable head and murmured, "Forgive me, Lord, that, in my ignorance, I misjudged thee."

I suspect that, with all our boasted science, there is still much wisdom for us in the humble, childlike piety of the Gesta Romanorum. To say that the ways of Providence are inscrutable is still something more than an idle platitude; and there still is room for the belief that, could we raise the veil that enshrouds eternal truth, we should see that behind nature's cruelest works there are secret springs of divinest tenderness and love. In this trustful mood we may now return to the question as to the genesis of the idea of moral evil, and its close connection with man's rise from the innocence of beasthood.

We have first to note that, in various ways, the action of natural selection has been profoundly modified, in the course of the development of mankind from a race of inferior creatures. One of the chief factors in the production of man was the change that occurred in the direction of the working of natural selection, whereby, in the line of man's direct ancestry, the variations in intelligence came to be seized upon, cherished, and enhanced, to the comparative neglect of variations in bodily structure. The physical differences between man and ape are less important than the physical differences between African and South American apes. The latter belong to different zoölogical families, but the former do not. Zoölogically, man is simply one genus in the old-world family of apes. Psychologically, he has traveled so far from apes that the distance is scarcely measurable. This transcendent contrast is primarily due to the change in the direction of the working of natural selection. The consequences of this change were numerous and far-reaching. One consequence was that gradual lengthening of the plastic period of infancy which enabled man to become a progressive creature, and organized the primeval human horde into definite family groups. I have elsewhere expounded this point, and it is known as my own especial contribution to the theory of evolution.

Another associated consequence, which here more closely concerns us, was the partial stoppage of the process of natural selection in remedying unfitness. A quotation from Herbert Spencer will help us to understand this partial stoppage: "As fast as the faculties are multiplied, so fast does it become possible for the several members of a species to have various kinds of superiorities over one another. While one saves its life by higher speed, another does the like by clearer vision, another by keener scent, another by quicker hearing, another by greater strength, another by unusual power of enduring cold or hunger, another by special sagacity, another by special timidity, another by special courage. . . . Now . . . each of these attri-

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butes, giving its possessor an extra chance of life, is likely to be transmitted to posterity. But " it is not nearly so likely to be increased by natural selection. For " if those members of the species which have but ordinary " or even deficient shares of some valuable attribute " nevertheless survive by virtue of other superiorities which they severally possess, then it is not easy to see how this particular attribute can be " enhanced in subsequent generations by natural selection.[1]

These considerations apply especially to the human race, with its multitudinous capacities ; and I can better explain the case by a crude and imperfect illustration than by a detailed and elaborate statement. If an individual antelope falls below the average of the herd in speed, he is sure to become food for lions ; and thus the high average of speed in the herd is maintained by natural selection. But if an individual man becomes a drunkard, though his capabilities be ever so much curtailed by this vice, yet the variety of human faculty furnishes so many hooks with which to keep one's hold upon life that he may sin long and flagrantly without perishing ; and if the drunkard survives, the action of natural selection in weeding out drunkenness is checked. There is thus a wide interval between the highest and lowest degrees of completeness in living that are compatible with maintenance of life. Mankind has so many other qualities beside the bad ones, which enable it to subsist and achieve progress in spite of them, that natural selection — which always works through death — cannot come into play.

Now, it is because of this *interval* between the highest and lowest degrees of completeness of living that are compatible with the mere maintenance of life that men can be distinguished as morally bad or morally good. In inferior animals, where there is no such interval, there is no developed morality or conscience, though in a few of the higher ones there are the germs of these things. Morality comes upon the scene when there is an alternative offered of leading better lives or worse lives. And just as up to this point the actions of the forefathers of mankind have been determined by the pursuit of pleasure and avoidance of pain, so now they begin to be practically determined by the pursuit of goodness and avoidance of evil. This rise from a bestial to a moral plane of existence involves the acquirement of the knowledge of good and evil. Conscience is generated to play a part analogous to that played by the sense of pain in the lower stages of life, and to keep us from wrongdoing. To the mere love of life, which is the conservative force that keeps the whole animal world in existence, there now comes gradually to be superadded the feeling of religious aspiration, which is nothing more nor less than the yearning after the highest possible completeness of spiritual life. In the lower stages of human development this religious aspiration has as yet but an embryonic existence, and moral obligations are still but imperfectly recognized. It is only after long ages of social discipline, fraught with cruel afflictions and grinding misery, that the moral law becomes dominant and religious aspiration intense and abiding in the soul. When such a stage is reached, we have at last in man a creature different in kind from his predecessors, and fit for an everlasting life of progress, for a closer and closer communion with God in beatitude that shall endure.

As we survey the course of this wonderful evolution, it begins to become manifest that moral evil is simply the characteristic of the lower state of living as looked at from the higher state. Its existence is purely relative, yet it is profoundly real, and in a process of perpetual spiritual evolution its presence in some hideous form throughout a long

[1] Biology, i. 454.

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series of upward stages is indispensable. Its absence would mean stagnation, quiescence, unprogressiveness. For the moment we exercise conscious choice between one course of action and another, we recognize the difference between better and worse, we foreshadow the whole grand contrast between good and bad. In the process of spiritual evolution, therefore, evil must needs be present. But the nature of evolution also requires that it should be evanescent. In the higher stages, that which is worse than the best need no longer be positively bad. After the nature of that which the upward-striving soul abhors has been forever impressed upon it, amid the long vicissitudes of its pilgrimage through the dark realms of sin and expiation, it is at length equipped for its final sojourn

"In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love."

From the general analogies furnished in the process of evolution, we are entitled to hope that, as it approaches its goal and man comes nearer to God, the fact of evil will lapse into a mere memory, in which the shadowed past shall serve as a background for the realized glory of the present.

Thus we have arrived at the goal of my argument. We can at least begin to realize distinctly that unless our eyes had been opened at some time, so that we might come to know the good and the evil, we should never have become fashioned in God's image. We should have been the denizens of a world of puppets, where neither morality nor religion could have found place or meaning. The mystery of evil remains a mystery still, but it is no longer a harsh dissonance, such as greeted the poet's ear when the doors of hell were thrown open; for we see that this mystery belongs among the profound harmonies in God's creation. This reflection may have in it something that is consoling, as we look forth upon the ills of the world. Many are the pains of life, and the struggle with wickedness is hard; its course is marked with sorrow and tears. But assuredly its deep impress upon the human soul is the indispensable background against which shall be set hereafter the eternal joys of heaven!

John Fiske.

CROMWELL: A TRICENTENARY STUDY.

Oliver Cromwell was twenty-two years old when James I. wrote indignantly to the Speaker of the House of Commons, commanding "that none therein shall presume henceforth to meddle with anything concerning our government." Four years later Charles I. came to the throne, inheriting this fatal misconception of a supreme and absolute kingship, under the spell of which he attempted to bind England to a despotism like to that which Philip II. had fastened upon Spain in the preceding century.

Yet when Charles became king his accession was hailed with every manifestation of popular joy. He was but twenty-five years old, — just one year younger than Cromwell. Descended from a long line of kings, blessed with health and strength, endowed with dignity of mind and a gentle and affectionate disposition, reared to a due regard for virtue and soberness, and filled with the sweetness of hope that naturally burst from the heart of so fortunate a prince, Charles was hailed as one who would give a new birth of freedom to England. He chose for his wife Henrietta Maria, a girl of fifteen, Catholic daughter of the Protestant champion, Henry IV. of France.

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The Duke of Buckingham, accounted the handsomest and courtliest man in Europe, was sent to Paris to bring the queen home, and he appeared there with a retinue adorned in all the magnificence that the wealth of England could afford. Buckingham's manners were so exquisite that even in Paris, where perfect manners were the aim of life, he far surpassed the gay courtiers of Louis XIII. in those airy vanities in which they esteemed themselves unrivaled. In a moment of excessive but not unnatural conceit he dared to entertain a passion for the queen of France, and, mistaking her graciousness for encouragement, returned privately after having taken formal leave and attempted to renew his addresses, but was dismissed with a gentleness showing that majesty itself was not insensible to his charms. At the wedding the French Duke of Chevreuse acted as proxy for Charles; and while Cardinal Richelieu intoned the nuptial mass, the English party, unwilling to behold a Catholic ceremony, withdrew to the house of their ambassador. On arriving at Dover, the queen, when she had composed herself from the discomfort of the voyage, flew to meet the impatient Charles. She dutifully attempted to kiss his hand, but he caught her in his arms and pressed her lips. "Sire," she said, beginning a set speech, "I am come into this your Majesty's country to be at your command." A flood of tears stopped her, and Charles soothed her agitation with many soft words. He playfully expressed surprise that she appeared to be so much taller than he had expected, and looked down at her feet, thinking that she stood on tiptoe. Perceiving his doubt, she said in French, with her head reaching to his shoulder, "Sire, I stand upon my own feet. Thus high am I; neither higher nor lower."

But the shadow of religious prejudice which had arisen at the altar in France pursued the royal pair to the end of their lives, obstructing their duty to each other and alienating the confidence of their subjects. When the coronation was arranged, Henrietta Maria refused to be crowned queen of England, her priestly advisers having forbidden her participation in the ceremonies of the English Church. No entreaty could break down the narrow bigotry of her mind, and on that august occasion Charles walked to Westminster Abbey, clad in a dress of white velvet, emblematic of the purity of his bridal union with the state, and took on the splendors of the kingship in mournful loneliness. The king was shocked at the queen's neglect to learn the language and observe the customs of his country, and exasperated by the meddling impudence of her confessor, until at last he expelled the entire French retinue from England. This act, so plainly in contravention of the marriage contract, was followed by an inglorious war, in the midst of which Buckingham was assassinated by a fanatic who regarded him as the source of all public evil.

The young king called his first Parliament with confident assurance that they would grant him generous supplies, his official necessities, at the moment of his accession, being extraordinary. The ablest men in England were members of that body, including Eliot, Coke, Pym, Hampden, and Wentworth. The proprieties of the situation could not be overlooked by these men; yet, without attempting to explain the cause of their parsimony, they voted him two subsidies, when twelve would not have relieved him of his burdens. It is not difficult now to understand their action. Centuries of monarchal government had produced at last a universal desire to confine within constitutional bounds the powers of the king, and to perform by consent of the people in Parliament a great many of the functions previously exercised only by the sovereign. Swayed partly by their love of liberty, and partly by fear of an unwholesome influence of

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the Catholic marriage, the English people had determined, at the commencement of this reign, to use those methods for curbing the royal prerogative which finally drove the refractory house of Stuart out of England, and left the initiative of government fixed in the Parliament.

Charles maintained an admirable patience in this extremity, and endeavored to explain the very reasonable grounds on which he required a grant of money. He condescended to remind Parliament that this was the beginning of his reign, that he was young, and that if he now met with kind and dutiful treatment it would endear him to the use of Parliaments, forever preserving an entire harmony between him and his people. But in an evil moment Charles had secretly undertaken to send an English squadron to help the French king reduce the Huguenots in La Rochelle, and as soon as this was known the public mind throughout England was inflamed against him. The Commons peremptorily refused to give him money, but proceeded to strike at his counselors. This conduct impelled the king to dissolve the Parliament before it had sat two months.

After futile attempts to administer his government through forced loans, the king called a second Parliament, in the hands of which his affairs came to a worse confusion, until its early dissolution followed. A third Parliament was called, with Oliver Cromwell sitting in it for Huntingdon, aged twenty-nine. This was the Parliament that brought forth the Petition of Right. Charles, unable to grasp the theory of just government, looked upon the Petition of Right as an encroachment on his throne. The lord keeper was dispatched to the Parliament with message after message, couched in varying tones of entreaty, abasement, or command, which served only to unmask the agitation of the king's mind. The court party argued, with truth, that Magna Charta contained in substance all that the Commons sought to incorporate in the Petition of Right. The Commons, admitting this, retorted that it had been necessary to secure confirmation of Magna Charta from their kings thirty times; why not secure its confirmation from Charles? The House persisted till they forced the king to give his assent to the measure; but his assent was so ambiguously worded as to rob the instrument of its potency. Enraged at his equivocations, they attacked his favorites with bills of attainder. Instantly came a message from the king forbidding them to cast any aspersion upon his friends. It was a day of desolation. The stern and pious men in that House wept bitter tears. They felt the fabric of their nation tottering. The young member for Huntingdon, in his homespun clothes, — the "sloven" with shambling gait, — beheld it all in big-eyed wonder. A Parliament in tears was a thing he would never forget. The king soon perceived that he had gone too far, and, assuming a gracious air, he assented to the statute in the usual words, "Let it be law as is desired." The Commons, however, pressed their attainders, whereupon the king wrathfully returned to the Parliament with so much haste that the lords had not time to put on their robes; and he prorogued the two Houses for six months. When they assembled for the second session they began at once on grievances, — there was no keeping them still, — and Pym spoke of certain lapses in the Established Worship that were hateful to the Puritan soul, "as angels, saints, altars, and candles burnt in the popish manner." This recital inspired Cromwell to make his maiden speech. He told them that the Bishop of Winchester "did countenance some persons that preached flat popery;" and that Dr. Mainwaring, who was one of them, had been preferred for it. "If these be the steps to Church preferment," cried Oliver, "what may we expect?" What a change from the narrow view of

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this speech to the splendid breadth of that one, in the time of tremendous responsibility and power, when he bade Mazarin keep the Pope still, and the Catholics in England should soon have full toleration!

The king, unable longer to endure his undutiful Parliament, dissolved it, and eleven years elapsed before another sat in England. And why was a Parliament necessary? This amiable king seemed to get along very well without one. Lord Clarendon, in his fascinating history, assures us that all his Majesty's dominions "enjoyed the greatest calm and the fullest measure of felicity that any people in any age, for so long time together, have been blessed with; to the wonder and envy of all the other parts of Christendom." Better such tranquillity than the turmoil of a Parliament, surely! But destiny was walking in the tracks of that purblind monarch. Persuaded of his own rectitude, yet vicious in every public act and opinion, Charles sped on, carrying his life and his kingship to inevitable destruction.

Oliver Cromwell once proudly said that he was "by birth a gentleman, living neither in any considerable height, nor yet in obscurity." He was born at Huntingdon, on the 25th of April, 1599. His grandfather, Sir Henry Cromwell, was knighted by Queen Elizabeth, and lived at Hinchinbrook in so much magnificence that he was called "the Golden Knight." Sir Henry's son and heir was Sir Oliver Cromwell, a stout Royalist, whose brother Robert was the father of the Protector. Oliver grew up at Huntingdon. I have walked over the yard where he played his games; everything else, alas, is gone. A house that was built in this century stands on the foundation of that in which he was born, and a hundred yards away is the grammar school, in a good state of preservation, where he recited his lessons to Dr. Beard. Across the street is St. John's Church, where seven of his children were baptized. Near it, on the same side, stands All Saints' Church, where his son Henry's taint of original sin was washed away. While studying old church records there, one bright August day, I came upon an entry in the parish book for the year 1616: "In this year Oliver Cromwell did penance in the sight of God before the congregation." What offense was it that this boy of seventeen had committed? Some wayward shift of the mind, doubtless, for which his own conscience reproached him. These church records are open to every inquirer, and I noted with regret that they have been thumbed until their contents are in parts obliterated. It might be wished that these valuable relics should be photographed by the English government, and the originals put away for inspection only on the rarest occasions. About a mile down the road is Hinchinbrook, where Oliver's uncle lived, where he was frequently a visitor, where the fabulous wrestling match with the infant Charles Stuart did *not* occur; and where I, alas, intent on gathering all local color, was refused admittance, because the Earl of Sandwich, its present master, was away, and my pleading to go in as a man of letters was spurned by the too faithful steward, who told me they were repairing the hall, and he could let no one enter in the earl's "habsence." There was no opportunity for telegraphing the earl, who I am sure would gladly have overruled his inexorable servant, and Hinchinbrook was unexplored by me. When Oliver Cromwell was once refused admittance there, however, his front was more indomitable than mine. His uncle was on the king's side, while Oliver led a band of stout Roundheads, and he demanded the family plate for the Parliament's use. The testy Sir Oliver ordered him to go about his business, whereupon he scaled the wall, entered the house, and carried away all the plate and arms, — keeping his hat off, and obsequiously assuring his uncle of his dutiful service.

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Oliver was a diligent scholar. From Huntingdon he went to Cambridge, registering there on the day of Shakespeare's death, and acquired a mastery of Greek and Latin which enabled him in later years to discourse in Latin with the ambassadors for hours at a time. His respect for learning led him, when he grew rich, to collect a vast library; and he loved to choose out able young scholars to do the business of the state, John Milton, his Latin secretary, being a type of his officeholders. He encouraged the building of a college at Durham, and was chancellor of Oxford. In the boyhood years at Huntingdon, he would wake up in the night and believe that he was dying. Then Dr. Simcott would come in haste and prescribe for the lad's liver, peradventure, restoring him to peaceful sleep. When twenty-one years old, having left Cambridge, and his father being dead, he married Elizabeth Bouchier, to whom, thirty years later, he wrote, in a letter now in the British Museum which my eyes have tenderly perused, "Thou art dearer to me than any creature; let that suffice." There came nine children to bless this union.

While rearing his family, while cultivating his farm, while doing works of charity and of public service in his native town, the spiritual life of a pious and fervent soul grew within him, until every aspect was colored by an intense religious enthusiasm. He avowed that he would honor God by declaring what he had done for his soul. "He giveth springs in a dry, barren wilderness where no water is." Thus he writes to his cousin, Mrs. St. John, when thirty-nine years old, and standing in the yet unopened morning of his greatness. "Truly no poor creature hath more cause to put himself forth in the cause of his God than I. . . . The Lord accept me in his Son, and give me to walk in the light! He it is that enlighteneth our blackness, our darkness. I dare not say, He hideth his face from me. He giveth me to see light in his light. . . . Praise Him for me; — pray for me, that He who hath begun a good work would perfect it in the day of Christ."

Just about the time of his election to the 1628 Parliament, Cromwell sold his Huntingdon lands, and moved with his family to St. Ives, five miles away, where he continued his career of farmer and stock raiser. Here at St. Ives he engaged in the oversight of that great work of banking the Ouse River so as to check its overflow, his interest in this project gaining for him the nickname "Lord of the Fens." Here, too, the first keen sorrow came to discipline his life. His firstborn child, Robert, a fine boy of eighteen, was taken ill and died at Felsted school. The anguish of the Puritan father found a partial solace in that religion which was the food of his soul. "I know both how to be abased and how to abound!" he cried, repeating the words of Paul. "Everywhere and in all things I am instructed both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need. I can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth me." Twenty years later, while tossing on his deathbed, his thoughts sped back beyond his conquests to this early sorrow, and he repeated the words, assuring the watchers that "this scripture did once save my life, when my eldest son died, which went as a dagger to my heart, — indeed it did."

It is not hard to picture Cromwell, as a member of the last dissolved Parliament, taking a very lively interest in current affairs, and watching the riotous progress of absolute monarchy as it drew on to its climax. What Cromwell and all other intelligent Englishmen were thinking, what they were saying, as one act of tyranny followed another, can be easily imagined; for it all had its tumultuous expression when the nation at last gained a chance to speak.

Biding their time to act, Cromwell and the rest beheld that the king had

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three chief advisers, — Henrietta Maria, his queen, Archbishop Laud, and the Earl of Strafford. The queen, an innocent and beautiful woman, was hated as a limb of popery, and Laud was abhorred for his bigotry and intolerance. Strafford, as the favorite minister, was popularly charged with responsibility for all the odious acts of his sovereign. Charles employed the Star Chamber to take away both the personal liberty and the worldly goods of loyal Englishmen. The king's proclamations were given the force of statutes. Monopolies were created, and soap, leather, salt, and other commodities were put under the control of commercial oligarchies. Ship-money writs brought John Hampden into court as a defendant, where his valiant contest against a hopeless judgment won the love of the nation. Then the king began to cut off the ears of Englishmen for expressing opinions on social topics. William Prynne, a lawyer, could see no godliness in dancing: the queen liked to dance — and Charles cut off Prynne's ears. When the poor pamphleteer came out of prison, mutilated, bleeding, smarting from the lash, and fined to his last farthing, the heedless man repeated his views, whereupon his ears — or what was left of them — were cut off a second time, and he was further lashed, fined, and jailed. Prynne was one of many; and Englishmen were compressing their lips and growing red to the eyes, silent, but thinking, — yea, thinking, — while Lord Clarendon's felicitous calm endured, and all the world envied.

Toward the end of this period of exceptional tranquillity the Liturgy had brought the Scots across the border, with banners flying and swords flashing, protesting that their sole purpose was to enter the king's presence in faith and love, and lay their grievances at his feet. This invasion forced Charles to call the Short Parliament, in order that his subjects might defend his dignity; when he suddenly discovered that tranquillity in a monarchal despotism had not brought national happiness. All the members were talking at once of grievances. There were grievances in England as well as in Scotland, and so loudly were they rehearsed that Charles, unable to shut his ears, dissolved the Parliament when it had sat only three weeks, and sent the members about their business, — Oliver with the rest.

The Scots had drawn back, but now they came again, clearly encouraged in their conduct by the attitude of the English people. These two invasions were called the Bishop's Wars, because Laud and his Liturgy had provoked them. With a Scottish camp in the heart of his kingdom, Charles called the Long Parliament, and the prerogative of dissolution was taken from him by a bill which it coerced him to sign. Oliver was member for Cambridge.

The Long Parliament sent Strafford to the block, and Laud. Charles thought to stop the rising storm by destroying the leaders. The fatuous man attempted to arrest the five members. The House shielded them. There was an explosion of popular wrath, and Charles fled from London with his wife and children, never returning save when discrowned and to his execution.

The Parliament deemed it necessary to its own safety and dignity to enlist a guard. The king did likewise, and set up his standard at Nottingham. His sister's son, Prince Rupert, was there to command the horse, — a youth of twenty-three, tall and strong, and full of grace and dignity. His lovelocks fell over a clean-shaven cheek. His eye was bold like a hawk's, and like the hawk's was his swoop upon the battlefield; audacious, swift, and cruel.

Englishmen were taking sides everywhere. The Parliament gave the Earl of Essex a commission "for king *and* Parliament," with instructions to deliver the person of his sacred Majesty from malignant traitors and evil coun-

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selors who had seduced him. Oliver Cromwell, now forty-three years old, followed Essex as a captain of horse, but was soon made colonel. The two armies fought at Edgehill, without a palpable victory to either side. Then the king's men began to win in every encounter. Essex and Fairfax and Hampden and Waller were beaten; and the Cavaliers took Bristol, the second city in the kingdom. Rupert and Hampden fought on Chalgrove Field, and Hampden, the purest patriot of that age, was slain. There was gloom in every Puritan breast.

But Oliver Cromwell had said to his cousin, John Hampden, long ago: "Your troops are most of them old, decayed serving men and tapsters and such kind of fellows, and their troops are gentlemen's sons, younger sons, and persons of quality. Do you think that the spirits of such base and mean fellows will ever be able to encounter gentlemen that have honor and courage and resolution in them? You must get men of a spirit; and take it not ill what I say, — I know you will not, — of a spirit that is likely to go on as far as gentlemen will go; or else you will be beaten still." Hampden replied that it was a good notion, if it could be executed; and there he dropped it. But Cromwell was quick to act on every thought, and he straightway organized his regiment, and afterward his army, directly on the lines of his suggestion to Hampden. When all were flying before the Cavaliers, Cromwell met a body of the most chivalrous and daring of them at Gainsborough, dispersed them, and slew their leader. The Parliament had tried its favorites, and they had failed. It now turned to Cromwell. From that moment he became the soul of the Puritan revolt, which would have fallen then without him; for Charles declared repeatedly that what he had granted to the Long Parliament by coercion should never stand after he had reëstablished his authority.

When the Scots came over to assist the Parliament, Cromwell was fifth in rank in the allied armies at Marston Moor. Prince Rupert made his overwhelming charge and drove all before him, — Scottish and English, horse and foot, officers and men, except a body of twenty-three hundred riders on the extreme left. These were Cromwell and the God-fearing men whom he had chosen to beat "the younger sons and persons of quality" in the king's army. Oliver charged the Royalist centre, and cut his way through them, until they fell "like stubble," he said, "to our swords." When the prince returned from the pursuit, he renewed the battle with Cromwell, but met a crushing defeat. The result was similar at Naseby, where Charles himself held the chief command, and where his cause was totally ruined.

With the king in prison the Scots came again, — this time to restore him. Cromwell drove them out of the kingdom after one battle. Then there arose all through the Roundhead hosts a cry for retribution, and the king was sent to the block as the "chief delinquent," a large section of the Parliament being forcibly dissolved by the army in order to secure his destruction. Cromwell had made every effort to save the king's life, had connived at his escape from Hampton Court, and had smoothed the way for him to fly from Carisbrooke Castle. There is a grim story describing Cromwell and Ireton, disguised as troopers, stopping the king's messenger at the Blue Boar Tavern, filling him with ale, and then ripping open his saddle, where they found Charles's letter telling the queen that Cromwell expected a garter, but he would give the rogue a halter. In many ways the king proved to be so treacherous that Cromwell was at last compelled to join in the execution. Then, on the banishment of the royal family, the sovereignty of England rested in the Long Parliament, or in that part of it which still existed as the Rump.

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The Parliament sent Cromwell to Ireland to chastise its people for their barbarous misconduct upon the English settlers. His campaign was severe and his conquest complete. Scotland was then invaded, humbled, and pacified, — a thing which English kings had tried in vain to do for eight hundred years. Young Charles Stuart was beaten at Worcester, and driven out of the country. Then, with his warrior's work done, Cromwell sheathed his sword forever. The chiefs of the army, the members of the Parliament and of the Council of State, together with nearly the whole populace of the country round about, met him on Hounslow Heath and escorted him to London. "What a great crowd comes out to see your lordship's triumph!" said one. "Yes," answered the lord general; "but if it were to see me hanged, how many more would there be!" Chaplain Hugh Peters was much impressed by the enthusiasm of the occasion, and declared, "This man will be king of England yet!"

It was not long before Oliver, who now resumed his seat in the House, perceived a purpose among the members to perpetuate their places in Parliament, or even to make them hereditary. Young Sir Harry Vane drew up a bill to accomplish this end, which was hurried through its legislative stages and made ready for passage. Cromwell had used every endeavor to defeat the plan, and he now called the friends of the measure to confer at his lodgings at Whitehall. The discussion was acrimonious, and lasted until after midnight. The Parliament men reproached the army leaders with desiring to assume all the civil as well as the military power. The army men brusquely replied that the members of Parliament would not be permitted to prolong their own power, and they demanded a new election. General Harrison declared that Cromwell merely desired to pave the way for the government of Jesus and his saints; and it was retorted that Jesus ought to come quickly, then, for if he delayed it long he would come too late, — he would find his place occupied! To all of Cromwell's entreaties the others answered that "nothing would do good for this nation but the continuance of this Parliament." Midnight came without any satisfactory concessions on either side. Finally, Vane promised to suspend further proceedings about the bill until after another conference with the military party, and with this understanding they separated.

The next morning (April 20, 1653), shortly after the Parliament met, Colonel Ingoldsby, and afterward a second and a third messenger, came hastily to Cromwell to say that the members were pushing to a final vote the bill for the election of a new Parliament and the continuance of their own seats therein. All the sleeping passion in the general's breast was aroused by this perfidious proceeding. He summoned a reliable body of troops from his own regiment of Ironsides, and walked briskly to the Parliament House. As he entered the Commons' Chamber, he said to St. John that he had come with a purpose of doing what grieved him to the very soul, and what he had earnestly and with tears besought the Lord not to impose upon him, — that he would rather be torn to pieces than do it; but there was a necessity in order to the glory of God and good of the nation. He sat down in his accustomed seat, clad in plain black clothes and gray worsted stockings, and listened attentively to the debate on the bill. Then he beckoned to General Harrison, and whispered that he judged the Parliament ripe for a dissolution, and thought this was the time for doing it. Harrison replied that the work was very great and dangerous, and asked him to consider seriously before he engaged in it. Whereupon Cromwell sat still for some fifteen minutes. The question for passing the bill was then put, and Cromwell said to Harrison, "This is the time

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I must do it," and rose up, put off his hat, and began to speak. There were not more than fifty-three members present. At the start he said much in commendation of the Parliament for their valuable public services, but as the importance of his purpose began to press upon his mind he changed his style, and spoke with a tongue of flame. He loaded them with reproaches, saying that they had no heart to do anything for the public good; that they had espoused the corrupt interest of Presbytery and the lawyers, who were the supporters of tyranny and oppression. He accused them of an intention to perpetuate themselves in power, and said that they had brought forward the act of dissolution merely because they had been forced to do so, though he believed they never intended to observe its provisions. He told them — and there was the roar of the lion in his voice now — that the Lord had done with them, and had chosen other instruments for carrying on his work that were more worthy.

Sir Peter Wentworth was the only man who dared to rise amid that tempest of wrath. He said that this was the first time he had ever heard such unbecoming language given to the Parliament, and that it was the more horrid in that it came from their servant, — their servant whom they had so highly trusted and obliged. But when Wentworth had gone thus far, Cromwell clapped on his hat and interrupted him with "Come, come, we have had enough of this!" He walked furiously up and down the floor. "I will put an end to your prating!" he cried in a high voice. He stamped his feet upon the floor, — no man had ever seen the like of such rage in a Parliament before. "It is not fit that you should sit here any longer. You are no Parliament! I say you are no Parliament!" To an officer he said, "Call them in, call them in;" and the grim companions of his battles entered, with eyes alert and guns ready.

"I say you are no Parliament!" They are on their feet now, their faces blazing with amazement. Sir Harry Vane gravely speaks: "This is not honest; yea, it is against morality and common honesty." Cromwell is all passion. "Sir Harry Vane! Sir Harry Vane! The Lord deliver me from Sir Harry Vane!" He glares on Tom Challoner, and says, "Some of you are drunkards!" His eye lights on Harry Marten, and he cries, "Some of you are lewd livers, living in open contempt of God's commandments!" His flashing eyes pass from face to face, and he says, "Some of you are corrupt, unjust persons, scandalous to the profession of the gospel." As the once great Parliament stands cowering before him, he thunders out the final doom: "Depart, I say!" They began to go out. There was no gainsaying the man. They understood then, perhaps, why he had never been defeated in his battles. His eye fell upon the mace, the emblem of authority, but it aroused no respect in his mind. "Take away that bauble," he said to one of his soldiers. Lenthall still sat in the Speaker's chair. His dignity was imperturbable; and when Cromwell ordered him to come down he tarried. Harrison then took him by the hand and helped him down; and he vanished. So did they all; and as young Sir Harry walked sadly away, Cromwell said to him reproachfully, alluding to the broken agreement of the night before, that he might have prevented this extraordinary course, but he was a juggler, and had not so much as common honesty. The bill which had produced this scene of violence was taken by Cromwell and carried away under his cloak, and was never found afterward. Cromwell was the last to leave that historic Chamber, and as he passed out he locked the door and took the key with him. The state of England was then without King, Lords, or Commons; it was bereft of all legal government whatsoever.

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Cromwell's commission from the Long Parliament created him "lord general and commander in chief of all the armies and forces raised and to be raised," and the government thereby naturally fell upon his shoulders. He had an honest yearning for constitutional government in England, and he immediately issued a summons to one hundred and forty Puritan Englishmen — "persons fearing God, and of approved fidelity and honesty" — to assemble at Whitehall, to whom was to be committed "the peace, safety, and good government of the Commonwealth." This body was the Little Parliament. Cromwell inaugurated their sitting with a speech, pleading for a broad toleration. "If the poorest Christian," he said, "the most mistaken Christian, shall desire to live peaceably and quietly under you, — I say if any shall desire but to lead a life of godliness and honesty, let him be protected!" In the selection of officials he counseled them in words which should live to-day: "If I were to choose any servant, the meanest officer for the army or the Commonwealth, I would choose a godly man that hath principles."

The performances of the Little Parliament fell far short of Cromwell's expectations; and when, instead of building up the broken fabric of English society, it began to tear down what remained, he sent Colonel White with a body of soldiers to dissolve it. Colonel White entered the Chamber and demanded to know what they did there; to which they answered that they were seeking the Lord. "Then you may go elsewhere," said he, "for to my certain knowledge he has not been here these many years!"

The legal and clerical professions, and in fact nearly all the thinking men in the land, now took alarm lest anarchy should ensue, and the attention of the country was naturally drawn upon Cromwell as one who might preserve order in the state. His formal assumption of authority was a necessity of the times, — the only expedient in an imperative emergency. The army demanded it; the rest of the population of England clearly expected it; and Cromwell consented to it as a public duty. Four days after the dissolution of the Little Parliament, Cromwell was proclaimed Protector of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and installed at Westminster amidst great pageantry. Upon his return to Whitehall, he directed that all the ceremony should be observed with respect to his person that was usual to the kings of England. He was then fifty-four years old.

Cromwell's first business in this exalted situation was to broaden the lines of political and religious toleration. Having risen high above the bigotry of the age, he rebuked its spirit in these words: "Every sect saith, Oh, give me liberty. But give him it, and, to his power, he will not yield it to anybody else. Liberty of conscience is a natural right, and he that would have it ought to give it." Even Catholicism was secretly free, and Cromwell longed to make it publicly so. He wrote of this to Mazarin: "Although I have this set home upon my spirit, I may not (shall I tell you, I cannot?) at this juncture of time, and as the face of my affairs now stands, answer to your call for toleration. I say, I cannot, as to a public declaration of my sense in that point; although I believe that under my government, your Eminency, in the behalf of Catholics, has less reason for complaint as to rigor upon men's consciences than under the Parliament. For I have of some, and those very many, had compassion; making a difference. Truly I have (and I may speak it with cheerfulness in the presence of God, who is a witness within me to the truth of what I affirm) made a difference; and as Jude speaks, 'plucked many out of the fire,' — the raging fire of persecution, which did tyrannize over their consciences, and encroached by an

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arbitrariness of power upon their estates. And herein it is my purpose, as soon as I can remove impediments, and some weights that press me down, to make a farther progress, and discharge my promise to your Eminency in relation to that."

Again he says to another: "I desire from my heart, — I have prayed for it, — I have waited for the day to see union and right understanding between the godly people, — Scots, English, Jews, Gentiles, Presbyterians, Independents, Anabaptists, and all." The Jews had been outcast from England since 1290, and this public declaration for them, together with many other marks of his tender regard, won the perpetual and profound gratitude of that people.

His most important political ordinance was that which consolidated the two kingdoms of England and Scotland into a perdurable union. The effect of this measure was to destroy the ancient power of the great nobles, which had survived in Scotland long after its decay in England, and to ease the burdens of the common people.

Under Cromwell England for the first time felt the power of a strong navy to build up a great nation. It is true that Queen Elizabeth had repelled and destroyed the Spanish fleet; but she assembled her ships only to resist invasion, and her important manœuvres were on the defensive. Cromwell built the first fleet that England had yet seen created for the purpose of crushing her enemies and striking down the oppressors of free religion. Spain, still aiming at universal empire, received her first staggering blow when Cromwell, daring to throw away the traditional policy which England had hugged for four centuries, allied himself with France and made war on Spain. His enemies said then, and for long afterward, that he destroyed the balance of power in Europe. But Cromwell cared nothing for political maxims when they stood in the pathway of that human liberty of which he was the champion. Holland sent out her fleets, more terrible than the old Spanish Armada; but Cromwell's generals, acting on sealed orders penned by his own hand, beat the Dutch admirals and sent their ships to the bottom.

Contrary to the expectation of his enemies, the manifestations of opposition to Cromwell's government were few and mild. The congregations of saints everywhere assured him of their fealty. The Royalists, while hating the man who had executed their king, enjoyed more lenient treatment from him than they had received from the Parliament, and were contented to bide their time. The Presbyterians were filled with satisfaction to behold the Independents turned out by the man whom they had claimed to own. England began to see the dawn of peace at home, and, in the meantime, the Lord Protector was feeding the pride of his countrymen by his conquests abroad. It was his boast that he would make the name of an Englishman as safe throughout the world as the name of a Roman had ever been. Young Charles Stuart connived at plots for his assassination, which led Cromwell to organize a thorough system of secret service. His agents reported privately to himself alone, and his bureau of information cost him sixty thousand pounds a year. Cromwell quietly assured some of the influential Cavaliers that he did not intend to injure any of the king's party; his design was rather to save them from ruin; but they were apt after their cups, he said, to run into foolish and ill-concerted plots, which would only bring them to disaster. All he desired was to be informed of their conspiracies, so that none might suffer from them; if he cast any of them into prison, it should be only for a short period; and if they were interrogated, it should be about some trifling discourse, but not about the main business. This magnanimous declaration, together with the regularity

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of payment, brought him information from those who were close in the king's confidence; and the Royalist party was kept in amazement at the quickness with which Cromwell followed up their plotting.

It was not long before Cromwell's power surpassed that of any other ruler in Europe, and his state was equal to the most magnificent. Ambassadors from every nation crowded the waiting-rooms of his palaces. His family was established at Whitehall in regal luxury. His mother occupied its chief apartments. With him were his wife and three of his daughters: Elizabeth, his favorite; Mary, the handsome likeness of himself; and Frances, fondly called "Frank," who was looked upon by all the gossips of Europe as soon to wed Charles II. But when the Earl of Orrery suggested this match to Cromwell, the Protector answered that Charles could never forgive his father's blood. Orrery urged that Cromwell was but one among many who had brought the king to the block, but with this marriage he would be alone in restoring his son, and he might stipulate to still command the army. The Protector replied: "Charles is so damnably debauched that he would undo us all." And there the matter ended. Mrs. Hutchinson, Cromwell's bitter foe, says of him at this period: "To speak the truth of himself, he had much natural greatness, and well became the place he had usurped." Sir Philip Warwick, a stanch Cavalier, writes: "I lived to see him appear of a great and majestic deportment and comely presence." Even Lord Clarendon, the most partial of Royalists, testifies: "As he grew into place and authority, his parts seemed to be raised, as if he had concealed his faculties till he had occasion to use them; and when he was to act the part of a great man, he did it without any indecency, notwithstanding the want of custom." John Milton says: "He was a soldier disciplined to perfection in a knowledge of himself. He had either extinguished, or by habit learned to subdue, the whole host of vain hopes, fears, and passions which infest the soul. He first acquired the government of himself, so that on the first day he took the field against the external enemy he was a veteran in arms."

At the very moment when, as Protector, the whole power of the state was in his hands, and he was, theoretically, a dictator, an autocrat, and a despot, he longed most to establish a constitutional government. To this end he issued writs for the election of a Parliament, courageously granting the electoral franchise to all except those who had borne arms against the Commonwealth. To the great majority of Englishmen his yoke was irksome and hateful. The Episcopalians and the Presbyterians despised him. The Republicans had turned from him, suspicious of his integrity. The fanatics — the Fifth Monarchy Men and the Anabaptists — regarded him as one fallen from grace. To give these men the power of calling a Parliament which, under his Instrument of Government, was to hold an authority coördinate with his own, taxed the magnanimity of a man so great as Cromwell. But he cherished a sincere expectation, if he found that the nation would be pliable to his views of general policy, to bestow upon his countrymen a representative government, under which all measures for the public good should receive their consent in Parliament. There were four hundred members chosen, accordingly: three hundred and forty Englishmen, thirty Scots, and thirty Irish. Cromwell opened their session with a wise and eloquent address, in which he described the condition of the nation, and asked them to join him "in bringing the ship of the Commonwealth into a safe harbor," — which, he felt sure, could not be done without their counsel and advice. He assured them that he had not assumed dominion over them, but had resolved to be their fel-

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low servant, for the welfare of the people.

Never, in the history of the world, did one holding supreme authority grant to his countrymen a fairer opportunity to win a just measure of the nation's sovereignty. But no sooner had he withdrawn from the House than they began to question his Instrument of Government, forgetful that if they discarded that, they had no right to be there at all. Oliver, watchful and indomitable, came back soon, and required them to sign an acknowledgment of his Protectorship. A hundred who refused to sign were dismissed. The rest engaged in learned disquisitions on religious doctrines, until they had earned the popular name of "Pedant Parliament," when they, too, fell back on the constitutionality of their call. In the midst of a thousand perils they would do nothing; and Cromwell came again, and mournfully dissolved them.

The Protector was now forced to establish what he had earnestly hoped to avert, — a military dictatorship. He parceled out the country among his twelve major-generals, and England was in the clutch of the army. The rule of the major-generals was marked by varying whims and favors. While its character was not cruel, it was naturally odious to the people; and the consequences were particularly severe on the Royalists, who were amerced to the last farthing.

Yet never before nor since has the power of England risen, comparatively, to so great a height. Holland, Sweden, Denmark, Portugal, France, and Spain, through their suppliant ambassadors, were literally at the Protector's feet. Humanity found in him a champion who was swift to inflict punishment upon cruelty or intolerance; and he refused to hear the professions of friendship which Louis XIV. implored him to receive until that king had exacted a penalty from the Duke of Savoy for outrages on his dissenting subjects. The Protector desired to mould a Protestant Alliance that would secure religious toleration and domestic tranquillity for the whole of Europe. But in this hope he was destined to meet disappointment. Sweden and Denmark were in open war. Holland was jealous and irritable. The narrow Protestant princes of Germany would not see beyond the borders of their own states. Only the prestige of England and of Oliver was great throughout the world.

As soon as he perceived that his institution of the major-generals was burdensome and unjust, he determined once more to endeavor to meet the wishes of his people for representation, and accordingly called another Parliament. For a time the results seemed to justify his hopes. The members appeared to be profoundly grateful to him for his good spirit in calling them together, and for three months they labored with him to accept the crown. It seems very clear that Cromwell would have acceded to this flattering invitation, and there was every public consideration to induce him to do so. He could not now resign his high office if he would. Yet the laws of England were silent regarding a Protector, while they clearly associated both the people and their institutions with the office of king. But the army leaders would not agree to it, and Oliver put the glittering temptation aside, — with some reluctance, it would appear. He did consent, however, to a second installation as Protector, with much more pomp and circumstance than had been used before. He also erected a House of Lords, which afforded him the opportunity of opening a session with the time-honored form, "My Lords and Gentlemen;" but only two of the ancient peers deigned to sit in it; the Commons contemptuously referred to it as "the Other House," and even Oliver grew to be ashamed of it. The two Houses began to quarrel with each other, then to debate upon constitutionality. They soon fell away from

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their professions of patriotism and good will. There was no time to dally with them, for young Charles was peering eagerly across the Channel, waiting for the first encouragement to invade England. Every Royalist in the kingdom was wide awake. Cromwell's secret agents reported the spies of the Cavaliers moving everywhere. The Protector hesitated not a moment, but came to Westminster and dismissed the Parliament with a stinging rebuke. And he resolved then to take the full weight of that mighty empire upon his shoulders alone.

As Protector his industry was astounding. We find him giving direction in every detail of the state's affairs at home, and at the same time administering the American colonies with the closest attention to their requirements. He writes to his commanders in Acadia "to defend and keep the French forts, which Major Sedgwick has laid hold of." To contending officials in Rhode Island he says: "You are to proceed in your government according to the tenor of your charter." To the commissioners of Maryland, explaining the severe terms of a previous letter meant to preserve the peace in needless territorial quarrels, he writes: "Our intention was only to prevent and forbid any force or violence to be offered by either of the plantations of Virginia or Maryland from one to the other upon the differences concerning their bounds, the said differences being then under the consideration of ourself and council here." And then to the governor of Virginia he writes, requiring him to forbear disturbing Lord Baltimore, or his officers or people in Maryland, and to "permit all things to remain as they were before any disturbance or alterations made by you, or by any other upon pretense of authority from you, till the said differences be determined by us here, and we give further order therein."

Without faltering, he continued to discharge the mission for which he had been chosen, — to keep English Puritanism paramount, with its Open Bible and Drawn Sword. His navy began to strip Spain of her American possessions, commencing with Jamaica, while his army made sure inroads upon the territory of Spain and invested Dunkirk.

With the victorious shouts of the populace ringing in his ears, he was called to the bedside of his daughter Elizabeth, who was ill from a distressing malady. For twenty-four days he sat beside her, ministering to her wants with the most tender compassion, and never leaving her for the public business but once, when he arranged the preliminaries for calling another Parliament. She died, and suddenly it became evident that the Lord Protector himself was seriously ill.

Cromwell was now fifty-nine years old. Eight years before he had written to his wife that he felt the infirmities of age stealing over him. His robust energies had been consumed by the exhausting duties of his career. The gout seemed to leave his leg and retire into his body, and for four or five days he was racked with intolerable pain in his bowels and back, making it impossible for him to sleep. He rode out once at the head of his life guard, and spoke kindly with George Fox, favoring the fullest freedom of worship for the Quakers. "Before I came to him," said Fox, "I saw and felt a waft of death go forth against him."

While tossing on his bed he repined for the dear Elizabeth; and then his thoughts swept back to Robert, dead at Felsted school nineteen years ago; and he vainly strove to check the tears with the solace of that Scripture which he knew in whole by heart.

The belief that had followed Cromwell all through life, that he was privileged to hold personal communion with the Most High God, was strangely manifested in these last days. He besought the Lord that for the good of His people He would spare his life yet a little longer. He then assured his counselors that this

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prayer had been granted, using a manner of such mysterious confidence that his hearers were transported with amazement. Fleetwood sent a quick message to Henry Cromwell in Ireland, that his Highness had made very great discoveries of the Lord, and had received assurances of being restored; to which Henry replied that the communication had given him some relief.

But there came a night when all saw that the end was approaching. They tried to get him to name his successor, and they affected to believe that in his thick death-gasps they heard him say, "Richard." They offered him a drink. "It is not my design to drink or to sleep," he said, "but my design is to make what haste I can to be gone." All night he tossed, and all day he drew his heavy suspirations. The wildest storm that England had known was raging without. It was the anniversary of his great victory of Dunbar; the anniversary, too, of his great victory of Worcester. And on this, his "fortunate day," his spirit passed out amid the lightning.

That incomparable army, which the great Puritan had moulded into the finest military machine in Europe, received the intelligence of his death in the lethargy and gloom of hopeless sorrow. They felt that they had "not lost a general and protector only, but a dear and tender father to them all and the Lord's people." Cromwell's body was buried with great pomp in Westminster Abbey. But when the lion was twenty-one months in his grave, and there was no roar in him, Charles Stuart came over and induced a pliant Parliament to attaint Cromwell of treason. His body was digged up, drawn on a sledge to Tyburn, and hanged. It was then dismembered and the trunk thrown into a hole under the gallows, while the head was impaled on a pike and fastened on the roof of Westminster Hall, where it stood against the storms for more than twenty years. The bodies of his old mother, Ireton, Blake, and a hundred other of his friends were ignominiously taken up at the same time.

The malignant hatred of Charles and his party drew upon the memory of the Protector a storm of obloquy that seemed to rage through English opinion for nearly two hundred years. James Heath, a Royalist lawyer, wrote (1662) the first "life" of Cromwell, a book of scurrility, the closing paragraph speaking of "his head set upon Westminster Hall to be the becoming spectacle of his treason, where, on that pinnacle and legal advancement, it is fit to leave this ambitious wretch." Since Heath's book I count thirty-four biographies of Cromwell in my collection. Heath's coarse detraction is the style of most of those published before 1787, although some of them make very fair attempts at a just delineation of the hero. In that year Mark Noble's Memoirs of the Protectoral House of Cromwell appeared, — a painstaking, comprehensive, and useful compilation. Hume, more polished than Heath, is hardly so reliable, and the subject was a dark one in English historical literature until 1845, when Carlyle published what one is tempted to call his masterpiece, — Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches, with Elucidations and a Connecting Narrative. The research displayed in this book was marvelous, but its great strength lay in the fact that through its pages Oliver discovered himself to the world in his letters and speeches, speaking in tones of wisdom, of tenderness, of pathos, of pleading, of thunder, but always with honesty, unselfishness, and patriotism, until his image was left clear and distinct in the mind's eye of his countrymen as that of the finest Englishman in history. From that moment the current was turned the other way. Public opinion, always slow to yield its rooted convictions, relinquished them with reluctance in this case. But as soon as Carlyle's book began to be read and understood, the cloud of preju-

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dice which had so long rested upon Cromwell's fame was dissipated, and the piercing light of truth revealed his character in unspotted integrity and honor.

Following the apotheosis of Cromwell, as presented in his own letters and speeches, in Carlyle's book, Macaulay published the first two volumes of his History three years later. Literature, like painting, runs across the field of art from the extreme of realism on the one side to the extreme of idealism on the other side. The biographer is a portrait painter. Lely, Cooper, and Walker painted their portraits of Oliver from the life, which, while very unlike one another, are strong in their likeness to Cromwell. Macaulay's Cromwell is unlike Carlyle's. It is more finished in its parts, but the effect is the same as in a portrait so painted that we lose sight of the character in our admiration of the finish on the buttons and the finger nails. Macaulay's work has much that is truthful of Cromwell, and very little that is not so; yet he sometimes produces an atmosphere that presents Cromwell in an artificial and misleading view. For example, he says: "The Puritans hated bear-baiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators." This is so plainly a sacrifice of the eternal verities to rhetorical force that it needs no refutation now; yet it has given a false impression of the Cromwell epoch to thousands of Englishmen. Macaulay's picture of Cromwell is good, but it contains nothing of that bold and rugged soul-painting whereby Carlyle has made it possible to behold the Protector as a compound of the tenderness of a woman and the fierceness of the Numidian lion.

After Carlyle, the most important Cromwellian workman of this century is Professor S. R. Gardiner, — his friend, Mr. Charles H. Firth, being always near him in sympathy and in power. I have read the twenty volumes in which Dr. Gardiner's history of England in the seventeenth century flows so smoothly from the deep fountains of profound knowledge. Cromwell enters in the seventh volume, and the events move in serried phalanx until the obscure stock drover dominates the empire. Dr. Gardiner's work is one of the literary monuments of our time; so well is it done that the story will never have to be written in detail again. It is the authoritative mine of information on that period forever. Yet Dr. Gardiner is human, and he has the fallibility of the race. While his narrative is impregnable, his judgment sometimes grievously errs. I shall point out two instances of this, as they present themselves to me. The first is his treatment of Cromwell's assault at Drogheda. Cromwell had made a breach in the wall, and the garrison refused to surrender. When, in this situation, they continued to slay his men, they were not, under the law of civilized war as it stood up to the time of Wellington, entitled to quarter, and Cromwell gave them none. At this point Dr. Gardiner loses the splendid equipoise of his impartial mind. "The deed of horror was all Cromwell's own," he says. "The stern command to put *all* to the sword who 'were in arms in the town' leapt lightly from his lips." Surely, the word "lightly" here is a most unfortunate choice. The expressions that follow are these: "the cruel deed," "promiscuous slaughter," "the blackest part of his conduct," "this horrible slaughter," "the butchery," "the perpetrator of the massacre." In his treatment of this difficult episode, the distinguished author seems to forget that paramount entity the spirit of the times, in the clear view of which all historical judgments should be formed. Cromwell and his invading hosts had read May's History of the Parliament, published two years before, or the substance of it, — which was, indeed, public information

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long before it was put in book form; and their minds were filled with the frightful stories, none the less overpowering because they were exaggerated, from which they believed that 187,000 English men, women, and children had been killed under circumstances of atrocious cruelty. When the priests called Irishmen to combine against "the common enemy," Cromwell wrathfully defied them. "Who is it," he asked the clergy, "that created this common enemy? I suppose you mean Englishmen. The English! Remember, ye hypocrites, Ireland was once united to England; Englishmen had good inheritances which many of them purchased with their money; they or their ancestors from many of you and your ancestors. They had good leases from Irishmen for long time to come, great stocks thereupon, houses and plantations erected at their cost and charge. They lived peaceably and honestly amongst you; you had generally equal benefit of the protection of England with them, and equal justice from the laws. . . . You broke the union, you unprovoked put the English to the most unheard-of and most barbarous massacre, without respect of sex or age, that ever the sun beheld, and at a time when Ireland was in perfect peace." This is the point of view, the spirit of the times; and both the law of war and the frailty of human nature, as well as a sound principle of generalship that it would "prevent the effusion of blood for the future," impelled Cromwell to do what every other English commander who has fought in foreign wars since his time has done in greater or less degree. We need look no further than Omdurman or Manila to see that war is not a school for the play of the tender humanities. I have never been able to see why Cromwell's critics have chosen his conduct at Drogheda for their charge of cruelty, when he was equally reprehensible, from their standpoint, in slaying thousands of fugitives, after winning his victories at Marston Moor, Naseby, Preston, Dunbar, and Worcester. As a matter of fact, Cromwell looked on war as conquest by killing. Has war any other signification?

My second point is Dr. Gardiner's insistence upon his declaration that Cromwell was not a constructive statesman, but only a destructive force. He says: "Cromwell's negative work lasted; his positive work vanished away. His constitutions perished with him, his Protectorate descended from the proud position to which he had raised it, his peace with the Dutch was followed by two wars with the United Provinces, his alliance with the French monarchy only led to a succession of wars with France lasting into the nineteenth century. All that lasted was the support given by him to maritime enterprise, and in that he followed the traditions of the governments preceding him." This is the whole burden of Dr. Gardiner's argument in his little book, Cromwell's Place in History, and the effect is similar to that which would be produced upon the trained ear when listening to a fine symphony played with one of the instruments sustaining a false note from the beginning to the end of the performance. What is the meaning of it all? Are we to confine the word "constructive" to that which builds up? Is not the pioneer who hews down the forest, in order that civilization may advance, a constructive workman? Is not he who digs for the foundation in part a builder of the edifice? It would be interesting to know the thought in Dr. Gardiner's mind when he uses the phrase "constructive statesman." If it is, as we would assume, one who constructs the institutions of the state, then Cromwell, in clearing away the political and religious barriers that prevented the national growth of the people of the British Empire, and in enlarging beyond human precedent the whole field of their thought

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and action, was the most constructive of all the statesmen that England has produced. Cromwell destroyed nearly all that was bad in both church and state. In the removal of rooted obstacles he prepared the way for the English nation to develop a higher civilization and to acquire a larger happiness. His work up to that point was constructive in the best way. But he went far beyond that, and implanted three fundamental truths imperishably in the heart of the English constitution, whereby it is forever established that men shall not be judged as to life, liberty, or property by arbitrary power; that all men shall be equal before the law; and that none shall be persecuted for religion's sake. What other leader of men has constructed so much? This is the heritage which he left to England, and as time passed it naturally became the firm foundation upon which the American government was builded. Cromwell never cherished a purpose of hereditary power, and his constitutions, his Parliaments, and his Protectorate were designed by him for the hour only, until a permanent and just government might be formed upon the principles which he had established with his sword. The readjustment of conditions following the restoration made it possible for the last two Stuarts to obscure his work with the gloss of the old tyranny. But not for long. His tremendous precedents made the revolution of 1688 an easy task, and the last of his benevolent theories of human rights — that one in which he declared, "The state, in choosing men to serve her, takes no notice of their opinions" — was finally incorporated into the laws of his country in 1832. England's wars with France for two centuries after his death had no more to do with his policy than had England's wars with France for two centuries before his birth. But while many men differ from Dr. Gardiner on questions of judgment, the quality of his narrative is so fine, his labor is so prodigious, his performance is so vast, that all gladly unite to own him first among living English historians.

Yet Cromwell's work must ever be judged in England by party standards, and no book on his life from an English pen can there receive an undivided acknowledgment of authority. When Cromwell is the subject, the opinion is Cavalier or Roundhead, Tory or Whig, to this day. He joined in the execution of the king, — a clear act of expediency; and he put the two Irish garrisons to the sword when they had refused to surrender after he made a breach, — an undisputed right, however rude, granted to him by the laws of war. Time itself can hardly efface the memory of these actions, even when they are set in their proper juxtaposition. But both in England and in Ireland the people are generous in their judgments, and they can forgive even when they cannot forget, as we shall presently see.

The absence of Cromwell's statue from the hero groups of Great Britain had long been a topic of comment in England and in America. In 1875 Elizabeth Salisbury Heywood erected a very handsome and costly monument to Cromwell in Manchester, and this, I believe, is the only statue of him that has ever been set up, except the Bernini bust. In 1884 Dr. Edward Everett Hale wrote an amusing satire on the subject, in which he described how a party of Americans made a statue of the Protector, took it to Westminster Hall at midnight, and placed it on the pedestal of Charles II., shattering Charles in their trepidation, but getting away without having their trick discovered. In 1894, in the book, Oliver Cromwell: A History, I said of the Protector: "He has no monument in England, and he can have none with the sanction of the government, because a monument to Cromwell would be an official acknowledgment of successful rebellion."

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Instantly the passage was seized by the English reviewers in a manner that revealed their sensitiveness to a duty unperformed. The book appeared in May. On August 7, Mr. Herbert Gladstone, at that time chief commissioner of works, introduced a bill in Parliament appropriating five hundred pounds for a statue of the Protector, to be erected among England's sovereigns in Westminster Hall. Mr. Gladstone wrote thus to me: "I must, however, remind you that in Manchester there is a very fine statue of Cromwell." I replied that the Manchester statue was well known to me, but that as it had been set up by Mrs. Heywood in a private way, and not with the sanction of government, it hardly came within the scope of my observation; and that I would gladly cancel the passage in a future edition whenever a monument should be erected with the approval of the government. Sir William Vernon Harcourt, then chancellor of the exchequer, told me that the proposal to erect a statue of the Protector in the precincts of the palace of Westminster was with his concurrence and by his wish.

The monument bill seemed to meet with no opposition. The government leaders fully expected it to pass. The weight of public opinion in England, as reflected in the press, in the speeches in Parliament, and in private conversation, was overwhelmingly for it, and in America the project elicited universal expressions of satisfaction. The first vote was taken on Friday, June 14, 1895, and the bill was passed in committee of the whole by a majority of fifteen. On the following Monday night, when the bill was on its second reading, the Parnell section of the Irish party, comprising about eleven votes and seeking a political advantage, denounced Cromwell's military policy at Drogheda and at Wexford, and when the vote was taken they carried the Irish Nationalist party with them. The bill was rejected by one hundred and thirty-seven votes, and the government suffered a virtual defeat. Mr. John Morley, Home Secretary for Ireland, in withdrawing the measure, added pain to the popular disappointment at his retreat by using these words: "I have never been an admirer of the Irish policy of Cromwell. It was not only stained by what I regard as crime, but it was a political blunder, — the greatest blot upon his illustrious name." After a subsidiary vote to reduce the salary of one of the ministers, an appeal was made to the country, and the Liberal party was beaten in the ensuing elections.

Then there occurred one of the strangest episodes that the history of politics has yet revealed. An appeal was made in one of the London newspapers for a public subscription to erect a monument; but in the meantime a gentleman, whose name was not then made public, had offered the retiring government a bust of Cromwell, and the newspaper appeal was withdrawn. The gift was not accepted; but when the new government was established the offer was renewed. Lord Salisbury, Prime Minister of Great Britain, writes to me on January 27, 1899: "The bust of Oliver Cromwell, by Bernini, has been presented to and accepted by her Majesty's government, the donor being Mr. Charles Wertheimer. It has been placed in one of the corridors of the palace of Westminster." Mr. Wertheimer has kindly supplied me with the following particulars in regard to the monument. It was made by Bernini from sittings by Cromwell while Protector. Mr. Wertheimer purchased the bust in 1893, at the sale of the effects of Lord Revelstoke, and it was formerly in the collection of the late Richard Clement Barnett. It was because the House of Commons refused to sanction a vote of money for a statue of Oliver Cromwell that Mr. Wertheimer patriotically came forward and offered this beautiful work of art, which had cost him a large sum of money, as a free gift to the House. The

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late government hesitated to accept it, Mr. Wertheimer tells me, "probably fearing to offend the Irish members; one of the ministers promised to call here and see it, but he never came, and for a time the matter dropped. But when the present government, Lord Salisbury's, came into power, the offer was renewed, and they had the courage to accept it in very grateful and gracious terms." Mr. Wertheimer prepared a suitable pedestal for the bust; and his gift, as the work of a contemporary sculptor, he justly thinks, "is more likely to be a true representation of Oliver Cromwell than a modern work would be, and of course it possesses greater interest." The acceptance was embraced in a letter dated February 3, 1898, from Mr. Arthur J. Balfour, first lord of the treasury, informing Mr. Wertheimer that "her Majesty's government are glad to accept the generous offer which you have made of a contemporary bust of Oliver Cromwell, to be placed in some fitting position in the House of Commons." The statue was set in place, by an odd coincidence, on January 30, 1899, the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the death of Charles I. When a member of the late government inadvertently informed me, in opposition to the narrative just given, that the bust had really been accepted by Lord Rosebery's ministry, not then having Lord Salisbury's letter, I wrote to Mr. Wertheimer to inquire if there could be any mistake. He cabled me that his version was accurate; and this testimony was confirmed in the next mail by a letter from Mr. Akers-Douglas, chief commissioner of works, who has charge of the official record in the case.

Surely a more cruel irony than this was never played in politics! I was told by several of Mr. Morley's party opponents in England that if he had clung to the statue bill, instead of withdrawing it, his party would have been returned with an increased majority which would have enabled them to put up the statue without the Irish votes. But Mr. Wertheimer's gift made it possible for the party that is traditionally hostile to Cromwell, after overthrowing the government on that issue, to erect his statue among England's sovereigns without a vote, — an advantage which, rejected by the Liberals as we have seen, the Conservatives were not slow to seize.

Thus, it has happily come to pass that the three hundredth anniversary of Oliver Cromwell's birthday, April 25, 1899, finds his fame cleared from every unjust aspersion, his public acts illuminated by the purest patriotism, his work so well understood as to be full of inspiration for freemen in all ages, and his statue set among the sovereigns of England, of whom he was the greatest. Wherefore the world has reason to rejoice that Oliver has at last, after much tribulation, come into his own.

Samuel Harden Church.

THE SOLAR SYSTEM IN THE LIGHT OF RECENT DISCOVERIES.

A NEW law of temperature, that was discovered by me on May 6, 1898, and announced in a lecture before the Lowell Institute in Boston on January 10, 1899, has thrown such an unexpected light upon the theories of creation as held by astronomers that it will not be inappropriate to summarize those conclusions from it which interest the lay reader. This new law may be assumed to regulate the temperature of every gaseous star in space, and is thus almost as general as the law of gravitation. Judging by the inferences already drawn from it, the law of

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temperature bids fair to do almost as much to explain the mysterious processes of celestial evolution as the law of Newton did to illuminate the older and more celebrated problem of the heavenly motions. The philosophic view thus opened to the astronomical investigator is one of the most attractive imaginable, nor has it less charm for the larger body of unprofessional readers who merely follow the achievements of physical science.

As it may be supposed that the account of this remarkable law now published will become historic, I must first relate how the law was discovered, and in conclusion I will give a sketch of the previous investigations bearing on the same problem. In this narrative it will appear that Lane, of Washington, came near reaching this law some thirty years ago, and that a German physicist by the name of Ritter actually found a similar result as early as 1881, but failed to recognize the significance of the discovery which was so near. It is proper to say that the details of this early history have just come to light, and are now chronicled for the first time.

I came upon this law of temperature while occupied with some researches on the heat of the sun, intended for the second volume of my Researches on the Evolution of the Stellar Systems; the immediate cause of the inquiry being the necessity of explaining the contrast in brilliancy exhibited by the components of such systems as Sirius and Procyon, where a very bright star is associated physically with a very dark companion. Having lost all manuscript papers by a fire which on September 14, 1897, destroyed my library, I was fortunate enough to secure from Professor Eric Doolittle, of the Flower Observatory, Philadelphia, a set of notes which he took on a course of lectures on the sun's heat given by me at Chicago in the summer of 1895; and in supplying the lost lectures I developed the theory of the heat produced by the condensation of a gaseous sphere of heterogeneous density. I then realized for the first time the full significance of some computations which Professor Doolittle had made in the summer of 1895. He showed that, in the condensation of the solar nebula from infinite expansion, very little energy had been developed by the contracting mass until it reached quite small dimensions. Thus, on the hypothesis of homogeneity it appeared that the heat generated before the solar nebula came within the orbit of Mercury was only one eighty-third part of the total heat produced up to the present time; and as this indicated a rapid increase in the production of heat for a given shrinkage of radius, when the radius is small, I set for myself the problem to determine how the output of heat varies with the radius of the condensing mass. Following the method of Helmholtz, we can easily show that the increase in the total amount of heat generated by the mass in condensing from infinite expansion varies inversely as the square of the radius. When the radius is very small, the output of energy becomes extremely large. From this consideration, it was plain that the production of heat would become a maximum when the radius had attained the smallest value consistent with the laws of gaseous constitution.

The next step was to prove the law of temperature. It will be shown presently how it can be found by the consideration of the most elementary principles. The simplicity of the temperature law thus derived was so great as to excite astonishment even in the minds of cool and incredulous astronomers. On applying it to the heavens, I drew at once the body of the conclusions indicated below. The results were so startling that one might well hesitate to announce the law. Besides, it was deemed desirable to ascertain if any work on similar questions had been done by previous investigators. Accordingly, I referred the question of a law connecting the temperature of a gase-

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ous star with its radius to some fifteen of the most prominent astronomers in the United States, without getting much additional light on the subject; and on July 4, 1898, I sent a similar inquiry to an illustrious English friend who has spent his whole life in astro-physics, and who, therefore, of all men, would presumably know of such a law if any had been discovered by earlier workers. In his reply, dated August 12, 1898, this classic authority says: "The only investigation which I can remember which goes mathematically into similar questions — though whether such a law is definitely stated I do not recollect — is the series of papers, at some intervals, by Ritter, about ten years ago, in Wiedemann's Annalen."

As the gentlemen consulted included several members of the distinguished board of editors of the Astro-Physical Journal, all of whom expressed surprise at the simplicity of the result obtained, further search for early work on the law of temperature was deemed useless. Meantime, my English friend, meditating on the announcement of July 4, that I had found a law connecting the temperature of a star with its radius, and that it had great significance for astro-physics, addressed a letter to one of the editors of the Astro-Physical Journal, suggesting that notice be made in that publication of this neglected work of Ritter. In preparing this review, one of the editors found and made known to me on December 7 (when I was visiting the Yerkes Observatory) that Ritter had stated in volume xiii. of Wiedemann's Annalen a result similar to the one recently discovered and already announced to numerous astronomers. The theorem is there derived with a mass of other data, and expressed in words rather than in the usual mathematical symbols; after which the author drops the matter of temperature, and proceeds with other inquiries relative to atmospheres. So far as can be learned, this result remained unknown to astronomers and astro-physicists; and it will be seen from the above narrative that Ritter's papers would have little chance of being known to-day but for my letter of July 4 to the illustrious British authority, which was the means of rescuing those writings from astronomical oblivion. These successive events disclose the origin of the interesting papers now appearing in the Astro-Physical Journal.

In 1869, Mr. J. Homer Lane, of Washington, discussed the theory of the heat of the sun in a mathematical paper which was read to the National Academy of Sciences, and published in the American Journal of Science for July, 1870; and though he implies that the temperature of a gaseous mass may rise by condensation, there is no formula given nor is there any specific statement of a law of temperature. This general result has gone into Young's General Astronomy as Lane's Law. It will be seen that the law of temperature given below is an exact formulation of what has passed as the somewhat indefinite conclusion of Lane.

In order to ascertain whether anything further could be determined regarding unpublished work of this profound but almost unknown author, I inquired recently of Professor Cleveland Abbe, of Washington, only to find that he had already made an unsuccessful search for Lane's manuscripts some years ago. Consultation with Professor Newcomb elicited the information that he and Lane had discussed the heat of the sun in 1876, and that they agreed that the condensing mass could rise in temperature and grow hotter. Newcomb mentioned this matter to Lord Kelvin, in a conversation at the Smithsonian Institution the same year, and it seems that this illustrious physicist afterward recognized the correctness of the conclusions of Lane and Newcomb. It does not appear that any of these gentlemen published the law in a mathematical form, and, so far as can be ascertained, it took that form for the first time in a recent number of the Astro-

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nomical Journal. The true historical statement thus seems to be: —

(1.) In stating the great principle of the conservation of energy, in a popular address delivered at Königsberg, February 7, 1854, Helmholtz discussed the contraction of the sun's mass as the source of its heat (Philosophical Magazine, 1856).

(2.) In 1869 Lane went mathematically into the theory of the gaseous constitution of the sun, and implied in his discussion that the temperature may rise; but he never published any law of temperature. Newcomb and Lane conferred about this point in 1876, and the result was made known to Lord Kelvin, who recognized the general conclusion reached by the American astronomers.

(3.) While engaged in researches on atmospheres, about 1881, Ritter obtained independently an exact formulation of the theorem, and published it in a physical journal, where it remained unknown to astronomers and astro-physicists.

(4.) On May 6, 1898, while occupied with the heat of the sun and with the cause of the darkness of the companions of Sirius and Procyon, I discovered the law independently, stated it generally as an exact formula, and derived from it conclusions of a far-reaching character. Sir William Huggins, with whom I communicated, was the means of rescuing Ritter's work from oblivion, and the foregoing history of this remarkable law is at last brought to light. By scientific usage, he is recognized as the discoverer who finds, makes known, and renders useful and effective the products of his labors.

The derivation of the law is comparatively simple, but as numerous equations are out of place in The Atlantic Monthly, I shall state merely the result and the principles on which it depends. According to the kinetic theory of gases, a body of gaseous matter is made up of elastic molecules, which we may think of as small spheres flying hither and thither, colliding with one another and rebounding from the walls of the containing vessel. In the case of the sun and the gaseous stars, these molecules are subject to the attraction of the masses of which they are a part. The action of gravitation keeps such a body in a globular form, and no walls are needed to contain the vibrating spherules. Those molecules in the centre of the sun must sustain the pressure communicated to them by the gravity of other molecules on all sides. As the sun is a body of immense mass, this pressure is tremendous beyond all conceiving, and the result is an enormous density of the gas at the centre of the fiery globe. It is found by the investigations of mathematicians that the density decreases toward the surface according to a given law, and that the temperature also decreases correspondingly. Thus, on the supposition that the sun is gaseous throughout, Lane and Lord Kelvin agree in showing that the central density of the sun is something like thirty-two times that of water, while at the solar surface the density is known to be less than that of the terrestrial atmosphere. Under the force of gravity there is a certain height above which a gaseous atmosphere will not rise, and this accordingly forms the surface of the gaseous globe.

Now, in deriving the law of temperature we consider the globe in equilibrium, so that the pressure of gravity exactly balances the expansive force due to internal heat. For if the internal heat were removed, so that the flying molecules were reduced to quiescence, the mass would collapse; on the other hand, if gravity should suddenly cease to act, the energy of the molecules would cause the mass to explode and rapidly expand into a nebula of infinite extent. Taking the globe of gas to be in equilibrium, we consider how the surface of the condensing mass decreases as the volume diminishes, and how the force exerted upon this surface increases as the diame-

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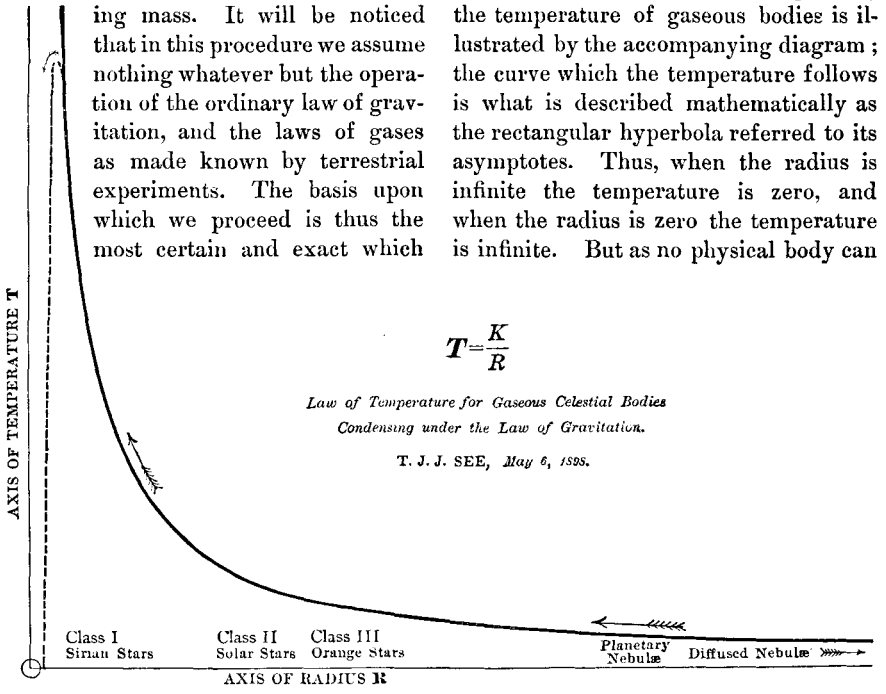
ter shrinks, and compare with the forces tending to produce contraction those which tend to produce expansion. Molecular repulsion is the chief agency of expansion, and this augments rapidly with the increase of density in the shrinking mass. It will be noticed that in this procedure we assume nothing whatever but the operation of the ordinary law of gravitation, and the laws of gases as made known by terrestrial experiments. The basis upon which we proceed is thus the most certain and exact which



physical science affords; and if our reasoning is correct, no doubt can attach to our final conclusions. Now, it is found that, in order to keep the mass in equilibrium when it has contracted as here suggested, the temperature would have to rise by an amount proportional to the shrinkage of the sun's radius. The resulting law of temperature is written thus: $T=\frac{K}{R}$. T is the absolute temperature of the mass, K a certain constant different for each body, and R the radius of the condensing globe. This remarkable formula expresses one of the most fundamental of all the laws of nature.

It is one of the glories of modern science that the law of gravitation has been shown to apply alike to all bodies, gaseous, liquid, and solid, and whether intensely cold or heated to enormous temperatures; the above law, of course, applies only to gaseous masses, but as the stars and nebulæ of space in the main are of a gaseous constitution, it has apparently the widest application in the actual universe. The new law regulating the temperature of gaseous bodies is illustrated by the accompanying diagram; the curve which the temperature follows is what is described mathematically as the rectangular hyperbola referred to its asymptotes. Thus, when the radius is infinite the temperature is zero, and when the radius is zero the temperature is infinite. But as no physical body can ever have a radius infinitely small, it follows that for actual bodies the temperature is always finite. For after the star has attained a certain very great density, it ceases to act as a gas, becomes liquid or solid, and the law of temperature thenceforth ceases to hold true. Let us now consider the temperature of the diffused nebulæ which have interested philosophers for two hundred and fifty years.

The constant K is always finite and moderately small, and hence we see from the law of temperature that when R is infinite, T is zero; thus, the diffused nebulæ are near the inexpressibly cold temperature of space, the so-called absolute zero, —273° C., where the molecules are reduced to a state of quiescence. This may also be inferred from other

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considerations. If such diffused masses were appreciably heated, they would soon cool off; and besides, molecules on the outskirts of these nebulæ, having sensible molecular velocities, would escape into interstellar space. How the light of such masses is maintained is not certainly known, but it is probably due to electric luminescence such as we observe in the tails of comets, which also shine at temperatures approaching the absolute zero. We may therefore suppose the diffused and irregular nebulæ, as well as the milky nebulosity so abundantly scattered over the sky, to be intensely cold. It is an impressive fact that hydrogen and nebulium are the only elements recognized in the nebulæ, and all other elements presumably present are wholly non-luminous.

In view of this conclusion, the theories traditionally handed down from the days of Laplace seem very strange. That great geometer assumed that our system originated from the condensation of a fiery nebula of immense extent which at one time stretched beyond the orbit of the outermost planet. This nebula was supposed to be a gaseous mass, heated to a high temperature, and to have been endowed originally with a slow rotatory motion. When the mass cooled and shrunk, and a certain velocity of rotation had been attained, so that the centrifugal force at its equator overcame gravity, a ring of particles on the periphery was left behind — thrown off, as it were — revolving freely about the contracting mass. This broad zone of heated vapor, it was held, condensed into a planet, which in turn formed satellites; and so on with the other planets nearer the sun. By this sublime mechanical process the great Laplace accounted for the extraordinary symmetry and orderly arrangement of the planetary system. As the finished nebular hypothesis was known to embody the conclusions of the immortal author of the Mécanique Céleste, formed after a profound study of all the phenomena of our system, it has always carried with it the prestige naturally associated with the name of the greatest interpreter of the physical universe since Newton. Brave and audacious, indeed, was the man who could assail or dissent from the theories of Laplace, who, by the majesty of his researches and the sublimity of his conceptions, towered like the Colossus of Rhodes over the other splendid geniuses gathered at Paris a century ago. Yet on a few points a gradual breaking away from the old views was inevitable, and in 1854 my venerated teacher at the University of Berlin, the illustrious Helmholtz, delivered his classic address at the Kant Commemoration, in which he showed that gravitational shrinkage alone fully accounted for all the energy radiated away by our sun, and thus indirectly implied that the falling together of cold matter could produce the solar system. Nevertheless, the old conception of fiery nebulæ seems to have remained in the minds of the main body of scientific and philosophic thinkers in both hemispheres, and indeed is still current. It has thus taken several efforts to upset traditions, and now for the first time we have genuine and incontestable proof that the nebulæ are cold.

The stars of the first spectral type are admitted to be at the highest temperatures known. This is inferred generally from the bluish-white color of the light which they emit, and in the particular case of Sirius is proved by the very great radiation of that body compared to that of our sun. Thus, while the mass of Sirius is only about twice that of our sun, its radiation is shown by measurement to be forty or fifty times the greater of the two bodies. Accordingly, it follows that the Sirian stars are intensely hot. By the above law of temperature, such heat can be developed and such radiation maintained only when the radius of the condensing mass is relatively small. The Sirian stars have there-

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fore already shrunk to small volume, and the contention, hitherto current among astro-physicists, that the Sirian stars are greatly expanded and resemble nebulæ, must be relegated to the ever widening domain of abandoned hypotheses. It is evident that such tremendous radiation as we observe could not be kept up by the gravitational shrinkage of the mass, except when the radius is small and the force of gravity correspondingly enormous. As respects volume, therefore, as well as temperature, the Sirian stars are as far removed from the nebular condition as possible; and any spectral parallel between these two classes of objects should be explained in some other way. The diffused nebulæ are cold, infinitely rare, and almost free from pressure; the Sirian stars are intensely hot, dense, and subject to extraordinary gravitational pressure.

We find it somewhat difficult to understand just what is the nature of matter under such tremendous pressure and at such enormous temperature. The heat is so terrific that the elements cannot form into any fixed liquids or solids of a complex molecular nature; and the radiation must be kept up by currents which renew the heat of the external glowing surface as it tends to cool. Thus, the circulation of the mass also retards liquefaction and solidification. In view of the circulation required to maintain the intense heat of the white-hot surface, we may suppose that the mass is very mobile, and that the convective currents are little obstructed by friction; the molecular consistency probably resembles that of quicksilver, and in many cases the glowing incandescent fluid is no doubt equally dense. Unless the surface heat were renewed with the utmost ease, the rapidity of the radiation would cause the outer layers to cool, and the body would fall in temperature. Though we are much in the dark as to the nature of the convective currents, the constancy of the radiation shows that the machinery of circulation works without the least clog or friction.

When we come to consider stars of the second class, of which our sun is an example, we find them at lower temperatures than those of the first class, and the question naturally arises whether their temperatures are rising or falling. The Sirian stars are surrounded by dense hydrogen atmospheres, which produce the heavy absorption observed in their spectra. Now, investigation of the expansive force of gases rising against gravity, by which we determine the theoretical heights of atmospheres, shows that the heights to which gases of different molecular weights ascend under any given condition vary inversely as the molecular weights of the elements. Thus, hydrogen, the lightest of all the elements, ascends sixteen times as high as oxygen; and helium, with a molecular weight of only four, rises four times as high as oxygen, and one fourth as high as hydrogen. From these considerations, we see that when a star is far condensed, so that gravity tends to stratify the atmosphere in layers of different heights, the hydrogen appears on the outside as the uppermost layer. This is what we have in the white-hot stars of the first class, and the great width of the hydrogen lines in the spectra of such stars indicates that the gas is under high pressure. If the radius of the star is large, so that gravity is relatively weak, there is little tendency to stratify the elements of the atmosphere, and all the vapors, the heaviest as well as the lightest, mix freely, and the spectrum shows lines of all the elements present. This is what we have in the stars of the second class, of which the sun and Capella are typical examples; the circumstance that hydrogen is not yet uppermost in their atmospheres may be taken to mean that the radius is still relatively large, and gravity correspondingly weak. This inference is confirmed by the lower temperature of these yellow stars, and in the case of our sun it ad-

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mits of direct verification. The prominences are found to contain hydrogen and calcium, about equally mixed, while in the chromosphere vapors of heavy elements, like sodium and iron, float nearly on a level with those of helium. The facts that the elements in our sun are so little stratified, and that its globe has no overlying atmosphere of hydrogen (such as we should expect if it had already been a star of the first class), show that yellow stars of the second class are not cooling, but are yet to become bluish-white objects like Sirius and Vega. The lower temperatures of the solar stars thus indicate an earlier stage of development than that met with in the Sirian stars.

If this view be correct, it follows that the stars of the third class, which usually present an orange or reddish color, are at a still earlier stage of development than the solar stars. Their spectra are characterized by bands as well as by a great number of lines, and the indications point to an atmosphere of slight pressure and comparatively low temperature. There is a very strong suspicion that these stars are the youngest of celestial bodies. It is well known that many of these reddish stars are variable, and this fact doubtless has deep significance; but before we can be certain of its meaning the whole subject of stellar classification must be examined anew. As the orange stars are the coolest, and presumably the most bulky, the solar stars the next in order of rising temperature and of diminution of bulk, while the Sirian stars are the most condensed and the hottest, we may suppose the color to pass from orange to yellow, and from yellow to white and even blue.

Our sun is now a yellow star similar to Capella, and hence it will eventually become bluish-white like Sirius and Vega. The secular shrinkage of the sun's radius will cause a steady rise in its temperature, and when the body has reached the stage of Sirius, where the temperature is perhaps doubled, the light emitted will become intensely blue. The temperature may be expected to go on rising till a small radius is attained, and finally, when the dense mass, intensely hot, becomes incapable of further shrinkage, on account of increase in the molecular forces resisting condensation, a cooling will gradually ensue, after which the body will liquefy, and then rapidly decline in splendor. The sun will thenceforth be wrapped in everlasting darkness, and the chill of death will overtake the planetary system. A condition of darkness thus follows close upon a period of intense brilliancy, and hence the obscurity of such bodies as the companions of Sirius, Procyon, and Algol. The most obscure satellites are associated with some of the brightest and most intensely luminous stars in our sky; and here the smaller of the two masses, as in the case of the planets of the solar system, have developed most rapidly.

In view of this approaching extinction of the sun's activity, it becomes a matter of interest to inquire how long its heat will sustain life upon the earth. Though it is difficult to submit the subject to accurate computation, it is easy to see that the exhaustion of the sun's light and heat certainly will not occur for several hundred thousand years, and perhaps not for several million. The ultimate doom of our system need occasion no anxiety among those now living, but the result is philosophically interesting to those who look several million years into the future.

As experiment has shown that the sun's vertical rays falling continuously upon terrestrial ice would melt a layer three centimetres in thickness per day, it follows that a similar shell of ice would form over the earth in case the sun's light and heat were cut off: thus, in a month the whole earth would be frozen like the polar regions, and only the deeper bodies of water, containing a great amount of heat, would remain in a liquid state. The oceans themselves

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would freeze over within a few years at the latest, and the winds and even the tides would cease to agitate the terrestrial globe, which would thenceforth spin in its orbit as a rigid, lifeless mass.

Our sun is an ordinary star, and probably of about the same size as the average of the thousands of stellar objects which stud the firmament. It is well known that it has much the same luminosity as neighboring fixed stars, a similar spectrum, and a proper motion in space, and that it is attended by a system of smaller bodies which we call planets. Its amazing brilliancy is due to its closeness to the earth; measurement shows that if it were removed to the distance of Alpha Centauri, it would shine as a star of the second magnitude. We therefore take the sun as a model star, and, from our better knowledge of it, infer the nature of objects too remote ever to admit of close examination with the optical means known to science. Thus, we are enabled to penetrate the mysteries of stellar temperatures and relative ages, and get a new light upon the problems of cosmical evolution.

After the foundation of the modern theory of the sun's heat had been laid by Helmholtz, a number of astronomers developed or perfected the general theory. From these investigations, it appears that the sun has not radiated at its present rate for more than about twenty million years; but taking account of the heterogeneity of its mass, I have shown that the duration might perhaps be lengthened to thirty million years as a maximum limit.

Though the foregoing law shows that the sun's temperature will steadily rise as its radius shrinks, the area of its disc will diminish in more than corresponding degree. Now, the amount of heat received by a given square metre on the earth's surface depends upon the size of the sun's disc as well as upon its temperature; and since the size of the disc is proportional to the square of the sun's radius, while the temperature is inversely as the radius, it follows that the heat received by the earth will experience a secular diminution proportional to the contraction of the sun's radius. Thus, in geological times the earth was warmer than it is now, which in general accords with known phenomena. May not this conclusion tend to elucidate the cause of the carboniferous era, and of those periods of considerable heat which followed it?

If we adopt the effective temperature of the sun experimentally determined by Wilson and Gray (Philosophical Transactions, 1894), which is about 8000° C., we see that when the sun's diameter was twice as great as at present, the effective temperature, by the above law, was about 4000° C.; and when the diameter of the disc was eight times as large as at present, the temperature was only 1000° C., which would not fuse the more refractory metals. The following table shows the effective temperatures of the solar nebula when it extended to the several planets: —

Extent of solar mass.	Absolute temperature.	Below zero.
Present globe of the sun	8000° C.	—
Orbit of Mercury	92°	181° C.
Orbit of Venus	54°	219°
Orbit of the Earth	40°	233°
Orbit of Mars	24°	239°
Orbit of Jupiter	7°	266°
Orbit of Saturn	4°	269°
Orbit of Uranus	2°	271°
Orbit of Neptune	1°	272°

It is worthy of remark that as the present density of the sun is about 1.4, a contraction to one half its present radius, which would give a temperature of 16,000° C., if the mass still remains gaseous, would make the density about 11.2. It is difficult to see how much further shrinkage under gaseous conditions could take place; and hence, if the highest temperature of our sun is equal to that of the Sirian stars, it is probable that the temperature of the hottest stars is from 10,000° C. to 20,000° C.

As the terrestrial mass was very cold

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(—233° C.) when separated from the sun, it follows that what heat we observe in the interior of the globe must have arisen from the shrinkage of its original volume. Unfortunately, we do not know the dimensions of the nebular earth, but it will be reasonable to assume that they did not exceed the dimensions of the lunar orbit; and with this rough approximation, it is difficult to see how the internal temperature of the earth can have exceeded something like 1000° C. Moreover, it probably does not increase after a certain depth has been reached, but then remains essentially uniform throughout the interior of the globe. Contrary as it may seem to old theories like those of Laplace and Poisson, who assigned to the primitive mass a temperature of millions of degrees, there is no evidence that the temperature of the earth ever surpassed the melting point of lava and of the more refractory rocks. The retention of the terrestrial atmosphere is direct evidence that the primitive heat was quite moderate. For if the heat had been very great, the kinetic theory of gases shows that the molecules of our atmosphere would have been driven off into space.

As experiments upon the secular shrinkage of world-masses cannot be made in our laboratories, it is fortunate that the solar system offers to our observation large as well as small planets of approximately the same absolute age. We find the smaller planets, such as Earth, Venus, Mars, and Mercury, already solid, while the large planets, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune, are apparently still gaseous, if not actually rising in temperature. The law of temperature shows that if bodies like Jupiter and Saturn are now gaseous, they have not been hot in the past, but may become so hereafter. There is some spectral indication of inherent luminosity in Uranus, and hence it is not improbable that all the large planets are still rising in temperature. As the temperatures of these masses were originally near the absolute zero of space, we are not to think of them as cooling, but rather as having slowly heated up ever since their separation from the solar nebula. The inferences of Kant, Zöllner, and Proctor, as well as the original assumption of Laplace, that the planets were originally very hot, must be wholly abandoned. It is possible, and perhaps even probable, that some of the large planets, especially Jupiter, may eventually become self-luminous.

The excessively low temperatures recorded in the foregoing table show that the matter which formed the planets must have been essentially solid when these bodies were separated from the solar nebula. If, on the one hand, these considerations indicate how little is known of the real process involved in the formation of our planetary system, they point the way, on the other, to lines of inquiry which future investigators should follow.

It is somewhat remarkable that while the law of gravitation causes bodies to describe conic sections, the law of temperature for every gaseous body is represented by a rectangular hyperbola referred to its asymptotes, and thus by a particular curve of the same general species. The law $T = \frac{k}{R}$ certainly has the widest significance, and must be taken account of in all future researches on the temperatures and relative ages of the stars. The interpretation of spectral phenomena should at least conform to the more fundamental laws of gravitation and of temperature. In view of the undoubtedly high temperatures of the Sirian stars, it is not possible to deny that they are shrunk to small volume. Nothing could be more unwarranted than to connect such hot objects with the cold nebulæ which shine by some process of electric luminescence. The temperature curve indicates that the declining stage of a star's life is probably very short, approximately the time required for such a hot

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globe to cool, when the source of heat is removed and the mass is allowed to radiate without shrinking, — which is to be reckoned at most in decades or centuries rather than in millions of years.

This remarkable law of temperature directs us as safely as the reappearing star does the mariner when wandering through the fogs of the unknown ocean, and vigorous prosecution of the lines of research suggested by it will assuredly open new vistas in the majestic drama of creation. Proceeding upon certain and exact principles that have been shown to be fundamental laws of the universe, and guided by the same consecration to truth which inspired the mighty investigators of old, it seems probable that at last we may not only penetrate the august processes of world-formation and world-decay, but even throw light upon the problem of the arrangement of the stars in space, and grasp the significance of the stupendous milky arch which spans the heavens as a perpetual inspiration to the mind of man.

T. J. J. See.

REMINISCENCES OF JULIA WARD HOWE.

V. BOSTON IN THE FIFTIES; MOVEMENTS AND PUBLIC MEN.

In the winter of 1846–47 I one day heard Dr. Holmes speak of Agassiz, who had then recently arrived in America. He described him as a man of great talent and reputation, who added to his mental gifts the endowment of a superb physique. Soon after this time I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of the eminent naturalist, and of hearing the first series of lectures which he gave at the Lowell Institute.

The remarkable personal attraction of Agassiz, joined to his admirable power of presenting the results of scientific investigation in a popular form, made a vivid impression upon the Boston public. All his lecture courses were largely attended. These and his continued presence among us gave a new impetus to the study of natural science. In his hands the record of the bones and fossils became a living language, and the common thought was enriched by the revelation of the wonders of the visible universe. Agassiz's was an expansive nature, and his great delight lay in imparting to others the discoveries in which he had found such intense pleasure. This sympathetic trait relieved his discourse of all dryness and dullness. In his college days, he had employed his hour of intermission at noon in explaining the laws of botany to a class of little children. When required to furnish a thesis, at the close of his university course, he chose for his theme the proper education of women, and insisted that it ought not to be inferior to that given to men.

I need hardly relate how a most happy marriage in later life made him one of us, nor how this opened the way to the establishment in his house of a school, whose girl pupils, in addition to other valuable instruction, enjoyed daily the privilege of listening to his clear and lucid exposition of the facts and laws of his favorite science.

His memory is still bright with us. His children and grandchildren are among our most valued citizens. His son, Professor Alexander Agassiz, inherits his father's devotion to science, while his daughter, Mrs. Quincy Shaw, has shown her public spirit in her great services to the cause of education. An

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enduring monument to his fame is the Cambridge Museum of Comparative Zoölogy, while many, myself among the number, still survive who recall with gratitude the enlargement of intellectual interest which he brought to our own and other communities. Women who wish well to their own sex should never forget that, on the occasion of his first lectures delivered in the capital of Brazil, he earnestly requested the Emperor that ladies might be allowed to be present, — a privilege till then denied them on grounds of etiquette. The request was granted, and for the first time the sacred domain of science was thrown open to the women of South America.

I cannot remember just when it was that an English visitor, who brought a letter of introduction to my husband, spoke to me of the Bothie of Tober-na-Fuosich and its author. The gentleman was a graduate of Oxford or of Cambridge. He came to our house several times, and I consulted him with regard to the classic rhythms, in which he was well versed. I had it in mind at this time to write a poem in rhythm. It was printed in my first volume, Passion Flowers; and Mr. Sanborn, in an otherwise very friendly review of my work, characterized as "pitiable hexameters" the lines which were really not hexameters at all, nor intended to pass for such. They were pentameters constructed according to my own ideas; I did not have in view any special school or rule.

I soon had the pleasure of reading the Bothie, which I greatly admired. While it was fresh in my mind Mr. Clough arrived in Boston, furnished with excellent letters of introduction both for that city and for Cambridge. My husband at once invited him to pass some days at our house, and I was very glad to welcome him there. In appearance, I thought him rather striking. He was tall, tending somewhat to stoutness, with a beautifully ruddy complexion and dark eyes which twinkled with suppressed humor. His sweet, cheery manner attracted my young children to him, and I was amused, on passing near the open door of his room, to see him engaged in conversation with my little son, then some five or six years of age. In Dr. Howe's daily absences I tried at times to keep our guest company, but found him very shy. I remember that I said to him, when we had made some acquaintance, that I had often wished to meet Thackeray, and to give him two buffets, saying, "This one is for your Becky Sharp, and this one for Blanche Amory," — regarding both as slanders upon my sex. Mr. Clough suggested that in the great world of London such characters were not out of place. The device of Blanche Amory's book, Mes Larmes, seemed to have afforded him much amusement.

It happened that, while he was our guest, I dined one day with a German friend, who provided for us quite a wonderful repast. The feast had been a merry one, and at the dessert two such sumptuous dishes were presented to us that I, having tasted of one of them, said to a friend across the table, "Anna, this is poetry!" She was occupied with the opposite dish, and, mindful of the old pleasantry to which I alluded, replied, "Julia, this is religion." At breakfast, the following morning, I endeavored to entertain those present with some account of the fine dinner. As I enlarged a little upon the excellence of the details, Mr. Clough said, "Mrs. Howe, you seem to have much appreciation of these matters." I disclaimed this; whereupon he rejoined, "Mrs. Howe, you are modest."

Some months later I met Mr. Clough at a friend's house, where some informal charades were about to be attempted. Being requested to take part in one, I declined; and when urged, I replied, "No, no, I am modest, — Mr. Clough once said so." He looked at me in some

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pretended surprise, and said, "It must have been at a very early period in our acquaintance." This "give and take" was all in great good humor, and Mr. Clough was a delightful guest in all societies. Sorry indeed were we when, having become quite at home among us, he returned to England, there to marry and abide. I remember that he told me of one winter which he had passed at his university without fire in his quarters. When I heard of his illness and untimely death, it occurred to me that the seeds of the fatal disease might have been sown during that season of privation.

After a seven years' residence in and near Boston, during which I labored at study and literary composition, I enjoyed an interval of rest and recreation in Europe. With me went Dr. Howe and our two youngest children, one of them an infant in arms. We passed some weeks in London, and thence we went to renew our acquaintance with the Nightingale family, at their summer residence in Derbyshire. Florence Nightingale had been traveling in Egypt, and was still abroad. Her sister, Parthenope, read us some of her letters, which, as may be imagined, were full of interest. Florence and her companions, Mr. and Mrs. Bracebridge, had made some stay in Rome, on their way to Egypt. Margaret Fuller called one day at their lodgings. Florence herself opened the door, and said to the visitor, "Mr. and Mrs. Bracebridge are not at home." Margaret replied, "My visit is intended for Miss Florence Nightingale;" and she was admitted to a tête-à-tête of which one would be glad to know something. It was during this visit that I learned the sad news of Margaret's death.

Dr. Howe, with all his energy of body and mind, was something of a valetudinarian. The traces of a severe malarial fever, contracted in the Greek campaign of his youth, went with him through life. He was subject to frightful headaches, and these and other ailments caused him to take great interest in theories of hygiene, and especially in the then new system of hydropathy, as formulated by Priessnitz. At the time spoken of he arranged to pass a week or two at Boppard on the Rhine, where a water cure had recently been established. He became an outside patient of this institution, and seemed to enjoy thoroughly the routine of bathing, douching, packing, etc. Beyond the limits of the water cure the little town presented few features of interest. Wandering about its purlieus one day, I came upon a sort of open cave or recess in the rocks, in which I found two rude cradles, each occupied by a silent and stolid baby. Presently, two rough-looking women, who had been carrying stones from the riverside, came in from their work. The little ones now broke out into dismal wailing. "Why do they cry so?" I asked. "They ought to be glad to see you." "Oh, madam, they cry because they know how soon we must leave them again." Of the water-cure theory Tom Appleton disposed in the following fashion: "Water cure? Oh yes, very fine. Priessnitz forgot one day to wash his face, and so he died."

My husband's leave of absence was for only six months, and we parted company at Heidelberg: he to turn his face homeward; I to proceed with my two sisters to Rome, where it had been arranged that I should pass the winter. Our party occupied two thirds of the diligence in which we made a part of the journey. My sister Louisa had with her two little daughters, my youngest sister had one. These, with my two babies and the respective nurses, filled the rotonde of the vehicle. The three mammas occupied the coupé, while my brother-in-law, Thomas Crawford, took refuge in the banquette. The custom-house officer at one place approached with his lantern, to ascertain the contents of the diligence. Looking into the rotonde,

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he remarked, "Baby baggage," and inquired no further.

We reached Rome late in October. A comfortable apartment was found for me in the street named Capo le Case. A donkey brought my winter's supply of firewood, and I made haste to hire a grand piano. Edward Freeman, the artist, occupied the suite of rooms above my own. In the apartment below, Mrs. David Dudley Field and her children were settled for the winter. Our little colony was very harmonious. When Mrs. Field entertained company, she was wont to borrow my large lamp; when I received, she lent me her teacups. Mrs. Freeman was a most friendly little person, partly Italian by birth, but wholly English in education. She willingly became the companion and guide of my walks about Rome, which were long and many.

I had begun the study of Hebrew in America, and was glad to find a learned rabbi from the Ghetto who was willing to give me lessons for a moderate compensation.

My sister, Mrs. Crawford, was at that time established at Villa Negroni, an old-time papal residence. This was surrounded by extensive gardens, and within the inclosure were an artificial fish pond, and a lodge which my brother-in-law converted into a studio. My days in Rome passed very quietly. The time, which flew by rapidly, was divided between study within doors, the care and companionship of my little children, and the exploration of the wonderful old city. I dined regularly at two o'clock, having with me at table my son and my baby secured in her high chair. I shared with my sisters the few dissipations of the season, — an occasional ball, a box at the opera, a drive on the Campagna. On Sunday mornings my youngest sister usually came to breakfast with me, and afterward accompanied me to the Ara Cœli Church, where a military mass was celebrated, the music being supplied by the band of a French regiment. The time, I need scarcely say, was that of the early years of the French occupation of the city, to which France made it her boast that she had brought back the Pope.

As I chronicle these small personal adventures of mine, I am constrained to blush at their insufficiency. I write as if I had forgotten the wonderful series of events which had come to pass between my first visit to Rome and this second tarrying within its walls. In the interval, the days of 1848 had come and gone. France had dismissed her citizen king, and had established a republic in place of the monarchy. The Pope of Rome, for centuries the representative and upholder of absolute rule, had stood before the world as the head of the Christianity which liberalizes both institutions and ideas. In Germany the party of progress was triumphant. Europe had trembled with the birth-pangs of freedom. A new and glorious confederacy of states seemed to be promised in the near future. The tyrannies of the earth were surely about to meet their doom.

My own dear eldest son was given to me in the spring of this terrible and splendid year of 1848. When his father wrote "*Dieu donné*" under the boy's name in the family Bible, he added to the welcome record the new device, "*Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité.*" The first Napoleon had overthrown rulers and dynasties. A greater power than his now came upon the stage, — the power of individual conviction, backed by popular enthusiasm.

My husband, who had fought for Greek freedom in his youth, who had risked and suffered imprisonment in behalf of Poland in his early manhood, and who had devoted his mature life to the service of humanity, welcomed the new state of things with all the earnestness of his generous nature. To him, as to many, the final emancipation and unifi-

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cation of the human race, the millennium of universal peace and good will, seemed near at hand. Alas! the great promise brought only a greater failure. The time for its fulfillment had not yet arrived. Freedom could not be attained by striking an attitude, nor secured by the issuing of a document. The prophet could see the plan of the new Jerusalem coming down from heaven, but the fact remained that the city of God must be built by patient day's work. Such builders Europe could not bring to the front. The Pope retreated before the logical sequence of his own initiative. France elected for her chief a born despot of the meaner order, whose first act was to overthrow the Roman Republic. Germany had dreamed of freedom, but had not dreamed of the way to secure it. Reaction everywhere asserted itself, and the light of the great hope died down.

Coming to Rome while these events were still fresh in men's minds, I could see no trace of them in the popular life. The waters were as still as death; the wrecks did not appear above the surface. I met occasionally Italians who could talk calmly about what had happened. Of such an one I asked, "Why did Pio Nono so suddenly forsake his liberal policy?" "Oh, the Pope was a puppet, moved from without. He never rightly understood the import of his first departure. When the natural result of this came about, he fled from it in terror." These things were spoken of only in the secrecy of very private interviews. In general intercourse they were not mentioned. Now and then, a servant, lamenting the dearness of necessaries, the paper money, etc., would say, "And this has been brought about by blessed [*benedetto*] Pio Nono!" People of higher condition eulogized thus the pontiff's predecessor: "Gregorio was at least a man of decided views. He knew what he wanted, and how to obtain it." Once only, in a village not far distant from Rome, I heard an Italian peasant woman say to a prince, "We [her family] are Republicans." Victor Emmanuel, Cavour, Garibaldi, your time was not yet come.

The French were not beloved in Rome. I was told that the mass of the people would not endure the license of their conquerors in the matter of sex, and that assassinations in consequence were common. In high society it was said that a French officer had endeavored to compel one of the Roman princes to invite to his ball a lady of doubtful reputation, by threatening to send a challenge in case of refusal. The invitation was nevertheless withheld, and the challenge, if sent, was not accepted. In the English and American circles which I frequented, I sometimes felt called upon to fight for the claim of Italy to freedom and self-government. At a dinner party, at which the altercation had been rather lively, I was invited to entertain the company with some music. Seating myself at the piano, I made it ring out the Marseillaise with a will. But I was myself too much disconcerted by the recent failure to find in my thoughts any promise of better things. My friends said, "The Italians are not fit for self-government." I may ask, fifty years later, "Who is?"

The progress of ideas is not, indeed, always visible to superficial observers. I was engaged one day in making a small purchase at a shop, when the proprietor leaned across the counter and asked, almost in a whisper, for the loan of a Bible. He had heard of the book, he said, and wished very much to see a copy of it. Our chargé d'affaires, Mr. Cass, mentioned to me the fact that an entire edition of Deodati's Italian translation of the New Testament had recently been seized and burned by order of the papal government.

But to return to matters purely personal. As the Christmas of 1850 drew near, my sister Louisa, ever intent on hospitality, determined to have a party and

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a Christmas tree at Villa Negroni. The tree was then a novelty unheard of in Rome. I was to dine with her, and had offered to furnish the music for an informal dance.

On Christmas Eve I went with a party of friends to the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, where the Pope, according to the custom of those days, was to appear in state, bearing in his arms the cradle supposed to be that of the infant Jesus, which was usually kept at St. Peter's. We were a little late in starting, and were soon obliged to retire from the highway, as the whole papal cortége came sweeping by, — the state coaches of crimson and gold, and the Guardia Nobile with their glittering helmets, white cloaks, and high boots. Their course was illuminated by pans of burning oil, supported by iron staves, the spiked ends of which were stuck in the ground. When the rapid procession had passed on we hastened to overtake it, but arrived too late to witness either the arrival of the Pope or his progress to the high altar with the cradle in his arms.

On Christmas Day I attended high mass at St. Peter's. Although the weather was of the pleasantest, an aguish chill disturbed my enjoyment of the service. This discomfort so increased in the course of the day that, as I sat at dinner, I could with difficulty carry a morsel from my plate to my lips.

"This is a chill," said my sister. "You ought to go to bed at once."

I insisted upon remaining to play for the promised dance, and argued that the fever would presently succeed the chill, and that I should then be warm enough. I passed the evening in great bodily discomfort, but managed to play quadrilles, waltzes, and the endless Virginia reel. When at last I reached home and my bed, the fever did come with a will. I was fortunate enough to recover very quickly from this indisposition, and did not forget the warning which it gave me of the dangers of the Roman climate.

The shivering evening left me a happier recollection. Among my sister's guests was Horace Binney Wallace, of Philadelphia, whom I had once met in his own city. He had angered me at that time by his ridicule of Boston society, of which he really knew little or nothing. He was now in a better frame of mind, and this second meeting with him was the beginning of a much-valued friendship. We visited together many points of historic interest in the city, — the Pantheon, the Tarpeian Rock, the bridge of Horatius Cocles. He had some fanciful theories about the traits of character usually found in conjunction with red hair. As he and I were both distinguished by this feature, I was much pleased to hear from him that "the highest effort of nature is to produce a *rosso*." He was a devoted student of the works of Auguste Comte, and had recently held some conversation with that remarkable man. In the course of this, he told me, he asked the great Positivist how he could account for the general religious instinct of the human race, so contrary to the doctrines of his philosophy. Comte replied, "Que voulez-vous, monsieur? Anormalité cérébrale." My new friend was good enough to interest himself in my literary pursuits. He advised me to study the most important of Comte's works, but by no means to become a convert to his doctrines. In due time I availed myself of his counsel, and read with great interest the volumes prescribed by him. Horace Wallace was an exhilarating companion. I have never forgotten the silvery timbre of his rather high voice, nor the glee with which he would sometimes inform me that he had discovered a new and most remarkable rosso. This was sometimes a picture, but oftener a living individual. If he found himself disappointed in the latter case, he would account for it by saying that he had at first sight mistaken the color of the hair, which shaded too much upon the yellow. Despite his vivacity

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of temperament, he was subject to fits of severe depression. Some years after thi time, finding himself in Paris, he happened to visit a friend whose mental powers had been impaired by serious illness. He himself had been haunted for some time by the dread of becoming insane, and the sad condition of his friend so impressed him with the fear of suffering a similar disaster that he made haste to avoid that fate by taking his own life.

The husband of my youngest sister, Adolph Mailliard, had been an intimate friend of Joseph Bonaparte, Prince of Musignano. My sister was in consequence invited more than once to the Bonaparte palace. The father of the family was Prince Charles Bonaparte, who married his cousin, Princess Zénaïde. She had passed some years at the Bonaparte villa in Bordentown, New Jersey, the American residence of her father, Joseph Bonaparte, ex-king of Spain. This princess, who was *tant soit peu gourmande*, said one day to my sister, "What good things they have for breakfast in America! I still remember those hot cakes." The conversation was reported to me, and I managed, with the assistance of the helper brought from home, to send the princess a very excellent bannock of Indian meal, of which she afterward said, "It was so good that we ate what was left of it on the second day."

Among the friends of that winter were Sarah and William Clarke, sister and brother of the Rev. James Freeman Clarke. It was in their company that Margaret Fuller made the journey recorded in her Summer on the Lakes. Both were devoted to her memory. I afterward learned that William Clarke considered her the good genius of his life, her counsel and encouragement having come to his aid in a season of melancholy depression and self-depreciation. Miss Clarke was characterized by an exquisite refinement of feeling and of manner. She was also an artist of considerable merit. This was the first of many winters passed by her in Rome.

I will further mention only a dinner given by American residents in Rome on Washington's birthday, at which I was present. Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, the well-known writer, was also one of the guests. She had composed for the occasion a poem, of which I recall the opening line, —

> "We are met in the clime where the wild flowers abound,"

and the closing ones, —

> "To the halo that circles our Washington's head
> Let us pour a libation the gods never knew."

Among many toasts, my sister Annie proposed this one, "Washington's clay in Crawford's hand," which was appropriate, as Thomas Crawford was known at the time to be engaged in modeling the equestrian statue of Washington which crowns his Richmond monument.

My Roman holiday came to an end in the summer of the year 1851, and my return to home and friends became imperative. As the time of departure approached, I felt how deeply the subtle fascination of Roman life had entered into my very being. Pain, amounting almost to anguish, seized me at the thought that I might never again behold those ancient monuments, those stately churches, or take part in the society which had charmed me principally through its unlikeness to any that I had known elsewhere. I have indeed seen Rome and its wonders more than once since that time, but never as I saw them then.

I made the homeward voyage with my sister Annie and her husband in an old-fashioned Havre packet. We were a month at sea, and after the first days of discomfort I managed to fill the hours of the long summer days with systematic occupation. In the morning I perused Swedenborg's Divine Love and Wisdom. In the afternoon I read, for

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the first and only time, Eugène Sue's Mystères de Paris, which the ship's surgeon borrowed for me from a steerage passenger. In the evening we played whist; and when others had retired for the night, I often sat alone in the cabin, meditating upon the events and lessons of the last six months. These lucubrations took form in a number of poems, which were written with no thought of publication, but which saw the light a year or two later.

Returning to Boston, I found the division of public sentiment more strongly marked than ever. The Fugitive Slave Law was much in the public mind. The anti-slavery people attacked it with might and main, while the class of wealthy conservatives and their followers strongly deprecated all opposition to its enactments. During my absence Charles Sumner had been elected to the Senate of the United States, in place of Daniel Webster, who had hitherto been the political idol of the Massachusetts aristocracy. Mr. Sumner's course had warmly commended him to a large and ever increasing constituency, but had brought down upon him the anger of Mr. Webster's political supporters. My husband's sympathies were entirely with the class then derided as "a band of disturbers of the public peace, enemies of law and order." I deeply regretted the discords of the time, and would have had all people good friends, however diverse in political persuasion. As this could not be, I felt constrained to cast in my lot with those who protested against the new assumptions of the slave power. The social ostracism which visited Mr. Sumner never fell upon Dr. Howe. This may have been because the active life of the latter lay without the domain of politics, but also, I must think, because the services which he continually rendered to the community compelled from all who knew him respect and cordial good will.

I did not then, nor at any time, make any willful breach with the society to which I was naturally related. It did, however, much annoy me to hear those spoken of with contempt and invective who, I was persuaded, were only far in advance of the conscience of the time. I suppose I sometimes repelled the attacks made upon them with a certain heat of temper, to avoid which I ought to have remembered Talleyrand's famous admonition, "Surtout point de zèle." Better, perhaps, would it have been to rest in the happy prophecy which assures us that "Wisdom is justified of all her children." Ordinary society is apt to class the varieties of individuals under certain stereotyped heads, and I have no doubt that it held me at this time to be a seeker after novelties, and one disposed to offer a premium for heresies of every kind. Yet I must say that I was never made painfully aware of the existence of such a feeling. There was always a leaven of good sense and good sentiment even in the worldly world of Boston, and as time went on I became the recipient of much kindness, and the happy possessor of a circle of substantial friends.

When I came back from Europe, in 1851, my husband spoke to me about a new acquaintance, — a Polish nobleman, Adam Gurowski by name, — concerning whom he related the following circumstances. Count Gurowski had been implicated in one of the later Polish insurrections. In order to keep his large estates from confiscation he had made them over to his younger brother, upon the explicit condition that a remittance should be regularly sent him, sufficient to enable him to live wherever his lot should thenceforth be cast. He came to this country, but the remittance failed to follow him, and he presently found himself without funds in a foreign land. Being a man of much erudition, he had made friends with some of the professors

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of Harvard University. They offered him assistance, but he declined it, and applied for work at the gardens of Hovey & Co., in or near Cambridge. His new friends remonstrated with him, pleading that this work was unsuitable for a man of his rank and condition. He replied, "I am Gurowski; labor cannot degrade me." This independence of his position commended him much to the esteem of my husband, and he was more than once invited to our house. He obtained some literary employment, and finally, through influence exerted at Washington, a position as translator was secured for him in the State Department. He was at Newport during a summer that we passed at the Cliff House, and he it was who gave to this the title of Hotel Rambouillet. His proved to be a character of remarkable contradictions, in which really noble and generous impulses contrasted with an undisciplined temper and an insatiable curiosity. While inveighing constantly against the rudeness of American manners, he himself was often guilty of great impoliteness. To give an example: At his boarding-house in Newport a child at table gave a little trouble, upon which the count animadverted with much severity. The mother, waxing impatient, said, "I think, count, that you have no right to say so much about table manners; for yesterday you broke the crust of the chicken pie with your fist, and pulled the meat out with your fingers."

His curiosity, as I have said, was unbounded. Meeting a lady of his acquaintance at her door, and seeing a basket on her arm, he asked, "Where are you going, Mrs. ——, so early, with that basket?" She declined to answer the question, on the ground that the questioner had no concern in her errand. On the evening of the same day he again met the lady, and said to her, "I know now where you were going this morning with that basket." If friends on whom he called were said to be engaged or not at home, he was at great pains to find out how they were engaged, or whether they were really at home in spite of the message to the contrary. One gentleman in Newport, not desiring to receive the count's visit, and knowing that he would not be safe anywhere in his own house, took refuge in the loft of his barn and drew the ladder up after him.

And yet Adam Gurowski was a true-hearted man, loyal to every good cause and devoted to his few friends. His life continued to the last to be a very checkered one. When the civil war broke out, his disapprobation of men and measures took expression in vehement and indignant protest against what appeared to him a willful mismanagement of public business. William H. Seward was then at the head of the Department of State, and against his policy the count fulminated in public and in private. He was warned by friends, and at last officially told that he could not be retained in the department if he persisted in stigmatizing its chief as a fool, a timeserver, no matter what. He persevered, and was dismissed from his place. He had been on friendly terms with Charles Sumner, to whom he probably owed his appointment. He tormented this gentleman to such a degree as to end all relations between the two. Of this breach Mr. Sumner gave the following description: "The count would come to my rooms at all hours. When I left my sleeping-chamber in the morning, I often found him in my study, seated at my table, reading my morning paper and probably any other matter which might excite his curiosity. If he happened to come in while a foreign minister was visiting me, he would stay through the visit. I bore with this for a long time. At last the annoyance became insupportable. One evening, after a long sitting in my room, he took leave, but presently returned for a fresh séance, although it was already very late. I said to him, 'Count, you must go now, and

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you must never return.' 'How is this, my dear friend?' exclaimed the count. 'There is no explanation,' said I; 'only you must not come to my room again.' This terminated the acquaintance." After this the count spoke very bitterly of Mr. Sumner, whose procedure did seem to me a little severe. The lesson was quite lost upon Gurowski, and he continued to make enemies of those with whom he had to do, until nearly every door in Washington was closed to him. There was one exception. Mrs. Charles Eames, wife of a well-known lawyer, was one of the notabilities of Washington. Hers was one of those central characters which are able to attract and harmonize the most diverse social elements. Her house had long been a resort of the worthies of the capital. Men of mark and of intelligence gathered about her, regardless of party divisions. No one understood Washington society better than she did, and no one in it was more highly esteemed or less liable to be misrepresented. Mrs. Eames well knew how provoking and tormenting Count Gurowski was apt to be, but she knew, too, the remarkable qualities which went far to redeem his troublesome traits of character. And so, when the count seemed to be entirely discredited, she stood up for him, warning her friends that if they came to her house they would always be likely to meet this unacceptable man. He, on his part, was warmly sensible of the value of her friendship, and showed his gratitude by a sincere interest in all that concerned her. The courageous position which she had assumed in his behalf was not without effect upon the society of the place, and people in general felt obliged to show some respect to a person whom Mrs. Eames honored with her friendship.

I myself have reason to remember with gratitude Mrs. Eames's hospitality. I made more than one visit at her house, and I well recall the distinguished company that I met there. The house was simple in its appointments, for the hosts were not in affluent circumstances, but its atmosphere of cordiality and of good sense was delightful. I remember meeting at one of her parties Hon. Salmon P. Chase, afterward Chief Justice of the United States, Secretary Welles of the Navy, and Senator Grimes of Iowa. I had seen that morning a life-size painting representing President Lincoln surrounded by the members of his Cabinet. Mr. Chase, I believe, asked what I thought of the picture. I replied that I thought Mr. Lincoln's attitude rather awkward, and his legs out of proportion in their length. Mr. Chase laughed, and said, "Mr. Lincoln's legs are so long that it would be difficult to exaggerate them."

I came to Washington soon after the conclusion of the war, and heard that Count Gurowski was seriously ill at the home of his friend. I hastened thither to inquire about him, and learned that his life was almost despaired of. Mr. Eames told me this, and said that his wife and a lady friend of hers were incessant in their care of him. He promised that I should see him as soon as a change for the better should appear. Instead of this I received one day a message from Mrs. Eames, saying that the count was now given up by his physician, and that I might come, if I wished to see him alive once more. I went to the house at once, and found Mrs. Eames and her friend at the bedside of the dying man. He was already unconscious, and soon breathed his last. At Mr. Eames's request, I now gave up my room at the hotel and came to stay with Mrs. Eames, who was prostrated with the fatigue of nursing the sick man and with grief for his loss. While I sat and talked with her Mr. Eames entered the room, and said, "Mrs. Howe, my wife has always had a menagerie here in Washington, and now she has lost her faithful old grizzly."

I was intrusted with some of the ar-

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rangements for the funeral. Mrs. Eames said to me that, as the count had been a man of no religious belief, she thought it would be best to invite a Unitarian minister to officiate at his funeral. I accordingly secured the services of the Rev. John Pierpont, who happened to be in Washington at the time. Charles Sumner came to the house before the funeral, and actually shed tears as he looked on the face of his former friend. He remarked upon the beauty of the countenance, saying in his rather oratorical way, "There is a beauty of life, and there is a beauty of death." The count's good looks had been spoiled in early life by the loss of one eye, which had been destroyed, it was said, in a duel. After death this blemish did not appear, and the distinction of the countenance was remarkable.

Among his few effects was a printed volume containing the genealogy of his family, which had thrice intermarried with royal houses, once in the family of Maria Lesczinska, wife of Louis XV. of France. Within this book he had inclosed one or two cast-off trifles belonging to Mrs. Eames, with a few words of deep and grateful affection. So ended this troublous life. The Russian minister at Washington called upon Mrs. Eames soon after the funeral, and spoke with respect of the count, who, he said, could have had a brilliant career in Russia, had it not been for his quarrelsome disposition. Despite his skepticism, and in all his poverty, he caused a mass to be said every year for the soul of his mother, who had been a devout Catholic. To the brother whose want of faith added the distresses of poverty to the woes of exile Gurowski once addressed a letter in the following form: "To John Gurowski, the greatest scoundrel in Europe." A younger brother of his, a man of great beauty of person, enticed one of the infantas of Spain from the school or convent in which she was pursuing her education. This adventure made much noise at the time. Mrs. Eames once read me part of a letter from this lady, in which she spoke of "the fatal Gurowski beauty."

It was in the early years of this decade (1850–60) that I definitively came before the world as an author. My first volume of poems, entitled Passion Flowers, was published by Ticknor and Fields, without my name. In the choice and arrangement of the poems James T. Fields had been very helpful to me. My lack of experience had led me to suppose that my incognito might easily be maintained, but in this my expectations were disappointed. The authorship of the book was at once traced to me. It was much praised, much blamed, and much called in question. From the highest literary authorities of the time it received encouraging commendation. Mr. Emerson acknowledged the copy sent him, in a very kind letter. Mr. Whittier did likewise. He wrote, "I dare say thy volume has faults enough." For all this, he spoke warmly of its merits. Prescott, the beloved historian, made me happy with his good opinion. George Ripley in the New York Tribune, Edwin Whipple and Frank Sanborn in Boston, reviewed the volume in a very genial and appreciative spirit. I think that my joy reached its height when I heard Theodore Parker repeat some of my lines from the pulpit. Miss Catharine Sedgwick, discussing the poems with a mutual friend, quoted with praise a line from my long poem on Rome. Speaking of my first hearing of the nightingale, I had written: —

A note
Fell as a star falls, trailing sound for light.

Dr. Francis Lieber quoted the following passage as having a Shakespearean ring: —

But, as none can tell
Among the sunbeams which unconscious one
Comes weaponed with celestial will, to strike
The stroke of Freedom on the fettered floods,
Giving the spring his watchword — even so

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Rome knew not she had spoke the word of Fate
That should, from out its sluggishness, compel
The frost-bound vastness of barbaric life,
Till, with an ominous sound, the torrent rose
And rushed upon her with terrific brow,
Sweeping her back, through all her haughty ways,
To her own gates, a piteous fugitive.

I make mention of these things because the volume has long been out of print, and perhaps out of date. It was a timid performance upon a slender reed, but the great performers in the noble orchestra of writers answered to its appeal, which won me a seat in their ranks.

The work, such as it was, dealt partly with the stirring questions of the time, partly with things near and familiar. The events of 1848 were still in fresh remembrance: the heroic efforts of Italian patriots to deliver their country from foreign oppression, the struggle of Hungary to maintain her ancient immunities. The most important among my Passion Flowers were devoted to these themes. The wrongs and sufferings of the slave had their part in the volume. A second publication, following two years later, and styled Words for the Hour, was esteemed by some critics better than the first. George William Curtis, at that time editor of Putnam's Magazine, wrote me, "It is a better book than its predecessor, but will probably not meet with the same success." And so, indeed, it proved.

I had always contemplated writing for the stage, and was now emboldened to compose a drama entitled The World's Own, which was produced at Wallack's Theatre, in New York. The principal characters were sustained by Matilda Heron, then in the height of her popularity, and Mr. Sothern, afterward so famous in the rôle of Lord Dundreary. The play was performed several times in New York, and once in Boston. It was pronounced by one critic "full of literary merits and of dramatic defects." It did not "keep the stage," as the saying is.

My next literary venture was a series of papers descriptive of a visit made to the island of Cuba in 1859, under the following circumstances.

Theodore Parker had long intended to make this year one of foreign travel. He had planned a journey in South America, and Dr. Howe had promised to accompany him. The sudden failure of Parker's health at this time was thought to render a change of climate imperative, and in the month of February a voyage to Cuba was prescribed for him. Dr. Howe willingly consented to the change of plan, and decided that I must be of the party.

To our hotel in Havana came, one day, a lovely lady, with pathetic dark eyes and a look of ill health. She was accompanied by her husband and little son. This was Mrs. Frank Hampton, formerly Miss Sally Baxter, a great belle in her time, and much admired by Mr. Thackeray. When we were introduced to each other, I asked, "Are you *the* Mrs. Hampton?" She asked, "Are you *the* Mrs. Howe?" We became friends at once. The Hamptons went with us to Matanzas, where we passed a few pleasant days. Dr. Howe was very helpful to the beautiful invalid. Something in the expression of her face reminded him of a relative known to him in early life, and on inquiry he found that Mrs. Hampton's father was a distant cousin of his own. Mrs. Hampton talked much of Thackeray, who, while in this country, had been a familiar visitor at her father's house. She told me that she recognized bits of her own conversation in some of the sayings of Ethel Newcome, and I have little doubt that in depicting the beautiful and noble though wayward girl he had in mind something of the aspect and character of the lovely Sally Baxter.

When we left Havana our new friends went with us to Charleston, and invited us to visit them at their home in Columbia, South Carolina. This we were glad

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to do. The house at which the Hamptons received us belonged to an elder brother, Wade Hampton, whose family were at this time traveling in Europe. Wade Hampton called upon Dr. Howe, and soon introduced a topic which we would gladly have avoided, namely, the strained relations between the North and the South. "We mean to fight for it," said Wade Hampton. But Dr. Howe afterward said to me: "They cannot be in earnest about meaning to fight. It would be too insane, too fatal to their own interests." So indeed it proved, but they then knew us as little as we knew them. They thought that we could not fight, and we thought that they would not. Both parties were soon made wiser by sad experience.

My account of this trip, after publication in The Atlantic Monthly, was issued in book form by Ticknor and Fields. Years after this time, a friend of mine landed in Cuba with a copy of the book in her hand luggage. It was at once taken from her by the custom-house officers, and she never saw it again. This little work was favorably spoken of and well received, but it did not please everybody. In one of its chapters, speaking of the natural indolence of the negroes in tropical countries, I had ventured to express the opinion that compulsory employment is better than none. Good Mr. Garrison seized upon this sentence, and impaled it in a column of The Liberator headed, "The Refuge of Oppression." I certainly did not intend it as an argument in favor of negro slavery. As an abstract proposition, and without reference to color, I still think it true.

The publication of my Cuban notes brought me an invitation to chronicle the events of the season at Newport for the New York Tribune. This was the beginning of a correspondence with that paper which lasted well into the time of the civil war. My letters dealt somewhat with social doings in Newport and in Boston, but more with the great events of the time. To me, the experience was valuable in that I found myself brought nearer in sympathy to the general public, and helped to a better understanding of its needs and demands.

It was in the days now spoken of that I first saw Edwin Booth. Dr. Howe and I betook ourselves to the Boston Theatre one rainy evening, expecting to see nothing more than an ordinary performance. The play was Richelieu, and we had seen but little of Mr. Booth's part in it before we turned to each other and said, "This is the real thing." In every word, in every gesture, the touch of genius made itself felt. A little later I saw him in Hamlet, and was even more astonished and delighted. While he was still completing this his first engagement in Boston, I received a letter from his manager, proposing that I should write a play for Mr. Booth. My first drama, though not a success, had made me somewhat known to theatrical people. I had become painfully aware of its defects, and desired nothing more than to profit by the lesson of experience in producing something that should deserve entire approbation. It was therefore with a good hope of success that I undertook to write the play. Mr. Booth himself called to see me, in support of his request. The favorable impression which he had made upon me was not lessened by a nearer view. I found him modest, intelligent, and above all genuine, — the man as worthy of admiration as the artist. Although I had seen Mr. Booth in a variety of characters, I could only think of representing him as Hippolytus, a beautiful youth, of heroic type, enamored of a high ideal. This was the part which I desired to create for him. I undertook the composition without much delay, and devoted to it the months of one summer's sojourn at Lawton's Valley.

This lovely little estate had come to us almost fortuitously. George William Curtis, writing of the Newport of forty years ago, gives a character sketch of one

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Alfred Smith, a well-known real estate agent, who managed to entrap strangers in his gig, and drove about with them, often succeeding in making them purchasers of some bit of property in the sale of which he had a personal interest. In the summer of 1852 my husband became one of his victims. I say this because Dr. Howe made the purchase without much deliberation. In fact, he could hardly have told any one why he made it. The farm was a very poor one, and the farmhouse very small. Some necessary repairs rendered it habitable for our family of little children and ourselves. I did not desire the purchase, but I soon became much attached to the valley, which my husband's care greatly beautified. This was a wooded gorge, perhaps an eighth of a mile from the house, and extending some distance between high rocky banks. We found it a wilderness of brambles, with a brook which ran much out of its proper course. Dr. Howe converted it into a most charming out-of-door salon. A firm green sod took the place of the briers, the brook was restrained within its proper limits, and some fine trees replaced as many decayed stumps. An old, disused mill added to the picturesqueness of the scene. Below it rushed a small waterfall. Here I have passed many happy hours with my books and my babies, but it was not in this enchanting spot that I wrote my play.

I had at this time and for many years afterward a superstition about a north light. My eyes had given me some trouble, and I felt obliged to follow my literary work under the circumstances most favorable for their use. The exposure of our little farmhouse was south and west, and its only north light was derived from a window at the top of the attic stairs. Here was a platform just large enough to give room for a table two feet square. The stairs were shut off from the rest of the house by a stout door. Here, through the summer heats, and in spite of many wasps, I wrote my five-act drama, dreaming of the fine emphasis which Mr. Booth would give to its best passages, and of the beautiful appearance he would make in classic costume. He, meanwhile, was growing into great fame and favor with the public, and was called hither and thither by numerous engagements. The period of his courtship and marriage intervened, and a number of years elapsed between the completion of my work and his first reading of it.

At last there came a time in which the production of Hippolytus seemed possible. Charlotte Cushman and Edwin Booth were both in Boston, performing, as I remember, but not at the same theatre. They agreed to act in my play. E. L. Davenport, manager of the Howard Athenæum, undertook to produce it, and my dream was very near becoming a reality. But lo! on a sudden, the manager bethought him that the time was rather late in the season; that the play would require new scenery; and, more than all, that his wife, who was also an actress, was not pleased with a secondary part assigned to her. A polite note informed me of his change of mind. This was, I think, the greatest "let down" that I ever experienced. It affected me seriously for some days, after which I determined to attempt nothing more for the stage.

In truth, there appeared to be little reason for this action on the part of the manager. Miss Cushman, speaking of it, said to me, "My dear, if Edwin Booth and I had done nothing more than to stand upon the stage and say good-evening to each other, the house would have been filled." Mr. Booth, in the course of these years, experienced great happiness and great sorrow. On the occasion of our first meeting he had spoken to me of "little Mary Devlin" as an actress of much promise, who had recently been admired in "several *heavy* parts." In process of time he became engaged to this young girl. Before the

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announcement of this fact he appeared with her several times before the Boston public. Few among those who saw it would ever forget a performance of Romeo and Juliet in which the two true lovers were at their best, ideally young, beautiful, and identified with their parts. Of the untimely death of this exquisite little woman the poet Parsons wrote: —

"What shall we do now, Mary being dead,
Or say or write that shall express the half?
What can we do but pillow that fair head,
And let the spring-time write her epitaph? —

"As it will soon, in snowdrop, violet,
Wind-flower and columbine and maiden's tear;
Each letter of that pretty alphabet
That spells in flowers the pageant of the year.

. . . . . .

"She hath fulfilled her promise and hath passed;
Set her down gently at the iron door!
Eyes look on that loved image for the last:
Now cover it in earth, — her earth no more."

These lines recall to me the scene of Mary Booth's funeral, which took place in wintry weather, the service being held at the chapel in Mount Auburn. Hers was a most pathetic figure, as she lay, serene and lovely, surrounded with flowers. As Edwin Booth followed the casket, his eyes heavy with grief, I could not but remember how often I had seen him enact the part of Hamlet at the stage burial of Ophelia. Beside or behind him walked a young man of remarkable beauty, to be sadly known at a later date as Wilkes Booth, the assassin of Lincoln and the victim of his own crime. Henry Ward Beecher, meeting Mary Booth one day at dinner at my house, was so much impressed with her peculiar charm that, on the occasion of her death, he wrote a very sympathetic letter to Mr. Booth, and became thenceforth one of his most esteemed friends.

The years between 1850 and 1857, eventful as they were, appear to me almost a period of play, when compared with the time of trial which was to follow. It might have been likened to the tuning of instruments before some great musical solemnity. The theme was already suggested, but of its wild and terrible development who could have had any foreknowledge? Parker, indeed, writing to Dr. Howe from Italy, said: "What a pity that the map of our magnificent country should be destined to be so soon torn in two on account of the negro, that poorest of human creatures, satisfied, even in slavery, with sugar cane and a banjo!" On reading this prediction, I remarked to my husband: "This is poor, dear Parker's foible. He always thinks that he knows what will come to pass. How absurd is this forecast of his!"

"I don't know about that," replied Dr. Howe.

Julia Ward Howe.

GROWTH OF THE BRITISH COLONIAL CONCEPTION.

Professor Seeley has pointed out, in his work on The Expansion of England, the prevailing tendency to look upon those conditions which we observe around us as having always existed, and to consider them part of a permanent and necessary order of things. This is strikingly true of the sentiment regarding colonization. It is difficult to find in the mass of colonial discussion which has appeared during the past year in the United States any indication that the writers have realized how new a thing is the present conception of the relationship between a sovereign state and its colonies. In England, whose vast colonial empire

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affords the best field for the study of colonization, the prevailing conception of the value of colonies and of the mutual responsibilities of the mother country and its dependencies represents a third stage in the evolution of a great national idea.

The first stage is perfectly well defined, both as to the period of its duration and as to the nature of the public sentiment which found its expression in the national policy. It began with the acquisition of colonies by England at the beginning of the seventeenth century, and closed with the revolt of the American colonies at the end of the eighteenth century. The term "the old colonial system" is very generally used to label the policy which marked this period. The old colonial system may be said to have assumed definite shape under the Commonwealth, and the Navigation Act of 1651 is the first of that long series of oppressive restrictions which unwise statesmen placed on the trade of the colonies. These commercial restrictions fell under five different heads: restrictions on the exportation of produce from the colony, on the importation of goods into the colony, and on the carrying trade to and from the colonies; on the manufacture of colonial produce in the colonies, and on the importation into England from foreign countries or colonies of those commodities which the British colonies produced. Under four of these restrictions the colonies suffered, under one of them the mother country. As Professor Merivale has put it: "States have feared to encourage their colonists to seek their independence, or to range themselves under the banner of hostile nations. Hence, as the producers of the mother country have never been willing to let go their own monopoly, it has been found necessary to make to the colonists a compensation at the expense of the consumers." It will be shown, later, that the concessions were made not so much with the intention of keeping the colonies to their allegiance as with a view to retain their friendship in the event of their becoming independent. In a word, the general sentiment in regard to colonies, during the period of the old colonial system, was that they existed merely for the benefit of the sovereign state; that they were a national asset which should be made to yield as much profit as possible to the mother country.

The old colonial system worked well enough for a time, and might have continued to do so for a much longer period in those colonies where the white population was numerically insignificant; but the revolt of the American colonies struck the death knell of the system, and taught Englishmen a lesson which slowly, but surely, carried the nation into the second stage of the colonial idea. The development of the colonial idea during the second stage was spasmodic. Free trade and parliamentary reform became vital political issues at home, and in the excitement attending these changes in the national policy colonial affairs ceased to attract attention. The deluge of petitions and reports which poured into the House of Commons during the period immediately preceding and following the abolition of slavery in 1838 served, it is true, to keep the colonies before the government; but the people at large were too much occupied with their home concerns to give much attention to the affairs of outlying dependencies, which were destined, in the opinion of many, to achieve their independence at no distant date. The success of the revolt of the American colonies was a rude shock to the national pride; and although the war had been unpopular amongst the people, it is not surprising that, in the general desire to avoid humiliation in the future, public opinion should so easily have taken the line of looking on independence as the natural sequel to colonization, — the fact being overlooked that the fault lay, not in the idea of extensive and far-distant dependencies, but in the assumption that such dependencies were to be gov-

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erned entirely for the benefit of the sovereign state.

Successive governments, in the early part of the present century, perceived that the colonial policy of England was destined to undergo important modifications, and we observe a curious conflict of ideas amongst those at the head of affairs, due, doubtless, to the feeling that the time had not yet come when, on the one hand, the colonies might be cast off, or, on the other hand, their rights to self-government under the crown might be fully recognized. Thus, we find the imperial government increasing its supervision over the internal life of the colonies in order to stifle any incipient attempt at revolt, and at the same time granting modifications of the commercial relations in favor of the colonists, and removing irksome taxes levied in the colonies for the exclusive benefit of the crown.[1] In 1838, for example, the imperial Parliament repealed the act of 1663 imposing an export duty of four and a half per cent on all agricultural produce of Barbados and the Leeward Islands, to be paid "to our Sovereign Lord the King, his heirs and successors forever," and in 1839 passed the West India Prisons Act, which transferred the control of the jails in the West Indies from the local to the imperial authorities.

In the meanwhile public opinion was slowly moving in the direction of giving up the colonies. In 1776 Adam Smith had written: "After all the unjust attempts of every country in Europe to engross to itself the advantages of the trade of its own colonies, no country has yet been able to engross to itself anything but the expense of supporting in time of peace, and defending in time of war, the oppressive authority which it assumes over them. The inconveniences resulting from the possession of its colonies every country has engrossed to itself completely."[2] These words were remembered after the war of American independence; and the Canadian rebellion of 1837 served to foster still further the idea of separation. The revolt of the Spanish-American colonies, with the consequent collapse of the Spanish colonial empire, lent additional force to the arguments of those who saw in the American war of independence the first act of a tragedy which was to end in the death of England's larger nationality. In fact, we find, during the first eighty years of the nineteenth century, a considerable body of sentiment in England in favor of casting off the colonies. It is true that this sentiment was not as clearly discernible during some years as during others, but at no time did it die out, and it was probably as strong in 1886 as in 1786. I wish to make this point clear,— that the second stage in the development of the colonial idea in England, the period during which it was uncertain whether the historians of the nineteenth century would have to describe a Great Britain or a Greater Britain, comes down to within fifteen years of the present time; and in order to do so, I quote from various writings and speeches which were published prior to 1887.

Lord Durham, in his report on the condition and prospects of Canada, which was laid before Parliament in 1839, finds it necessary to say: "I cannot participate in the notion that it is the part either of prudence or of honor to abandon our countrymen."

Eleven years later, we find that the ideas from which Lord Durham expressed his dissent were still held by a number of men in public life; for Lord John Russell, speaking in the House of Commons on February 8, 1850, says: "I come now to a question which has been much agitated, and which has found supporters of very considerable ability, namely, that we should no longer think

[1] C. P. Lucas, A Historical Geography of the British Colonies, vol. ii. p. 410.

[2] Wealth of Nations, bk. iv. chap. vii. pt. iii.

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it worth our while to maintain our colonial empire." And even he could not foresee a Greater Britain, for he said in the same speech: "I do anticipate with others that some of the colonies may so grow in population and wealth that they may say, 'Our strength is sufficient to enable us to be independent of England.' . . . I do not think that that time is yet approaching."

Commenting on the speech I have just quoted, the London Times, in its issue of February 11, 1850, said: "On the most delicate part of the question [the future colonial policy of England] Lord John Russell has spoken as plainly as we could desire. He does not shrink from contemplating the eventual independence of our colonies, and proposes to prepare them for it by free institutions. For our own part, we think it the merest prudery to blink that inevitable event."

Twenty years later, James Anthony Froude raised his voice against the colonial policy of the first administration of Mr. Gladstone. "It is even argued," he says, in an article in Fraser's Magazine for January, 1870, "that our colonies are a burden to us, and that the sooner they are cut adrift from us the better. They are, or have been, demonstratively loyal. They are proud of their origin, conscious of the value to themselves of being part of a great empire, and willing and eager to find a home for every industrious family that we can spare. We answer impatiently that they are welcome to our people, if our people choose to go to them; but whether they go to them or to America, whether the colonies themselves remain under our flag or proclaim their independence or attach themselves to some other power, is a matter which concerns themselves entirely, and to us of profound indifference." Again, writing in Fraser's Magazine for August, 1870, Mr. Froude expresses his fear that the government contemplates an early dismemberment of the empire. "But whereas there are two possible colonial policies," he says, "one to regard them [the colonies] as integral parts of the empire, . . . the other to concentrate ourselves in these islands, to educate the colonies in self-dependence, that at the earliest moment they may themselves sever the links which bind them to us, — of these two policies, it is believed that the government deliberately prefer the second, and nothing that Lord Granville [Secretary of State for the Colonies] or any other member of the Cabinet has said upon the subject leads us to suppose that the belief is unfounded. A few words would have sufficed to remove the uneasiness, but those words have not been spoken."

Between the years 1870 and 1890 many events occurred which had a profound effect on the colonial policy of the United Kingdom; and although I consider that the third stage in the development of the colonial idea was not reached until 1897, there is abundant evidence that from about the year 1880 onward the separationist sentiment in England has been gradually losing ground. Let us glance for a moment at the changes which took place between 1870 and 1890, and endeavor to appreciate their bearing on colonial matters. First, then, in regard to trade and population. In 1870 the tonnage of steam vessels belonging to the British Empire was 1,203,000; in 1890 it had grown to 5,413,706. During the same period the trade between the United Kingdom and the British colonies increased from 6,044,028 tons to 10,467,563 tons, whilst the total trade between the United Kingdom and the whole world mounted from 36,640,182 tons to 74,283,869 tons. In 1870 Great Britain exported to its colonies merchandise to the value of $276,000,000, and imported from them colonial products worth $324,000,000; in 1890 the figures had risen to $472,000,000 and $480,000,000 respectively. This great development in trade tended to strengthen the bonds between Great Britain and her

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dependencies, but there was a more powerful influence at work. During the twenty years which we now have under consideration more than 1,250,000 people emigrated from the British Isles to the British colonies, with the result that communication between the mother country and the dependencies became more frequent, and the sum of knowledge about the colonies rapidly increased.

Before passing to the consideration of the political changes which took place in Europe after the Franco-Prussian war, and which powerfully affected the British colonial policy, it is important to note another movement of population from the British Isles, — the emigration to the United States. Mr. Froude pointed out, in the essays from which I have quoted, the indifference which appeared to exist in England at the time he wrote as to whether English emigrants went to British colonies or to foreign countries. He said: "During the last quarter of a century nearly four million British subjects — English, Irish, and Scots — have become citizens, more or less prosperous, of the United States of America. We have no present quarrel with the Americans; we trust most heartily that we may never be involved in any quarrel with them; but undoubtedly, from the day that they became independent of us, they became our rivals. . . . The United States have been made stronger, the English Empire weaker, to the extent of those millions and the children growing of them. . . . England at the same time possesses dependencies of her own, not less extensive than the United States, not less rich in natural resources, not less able to provide for these expatriated swarms, where they would remain attached to her crown, where their well-being would be our well-being, their brains and arms our brains and arms, every acre which they could reclaim from the wilderness so much added to English soil, and themselves and their families fresh additions to our national stability."

Between 1870 and 1890 three million more British subjects passed over to the United States.

In the years following the close of the Franco-Prussian war a great change was observable in the colonial policy of the Continental Powers, and the African "scramble" of 1884 showed English statesmen that whilst they had been debating the question of throwing off the British colonies, Continental statesmen were staking the future greatness of their respective countries on a policy of colonial expansion. In the early eighties the French people became animated with the old colonial spirit which had made France great in the seventeenth century; which had produced such men as Colbert, Dupleix, and Coligny. The newspapers filled their columns with brilliant predictions for "la Plus Grande France," and in the serious literature of the period we find the same urgent demand for a firm colonial policy. Thus, the eminent political economist Paul Leroy-Beaulieu, writing in 1882, protests against the mistaken policy of France in recent years. He urges Frenchmen to turn their attention to the development of the French colonies. "From now on," he says, "our colonial expansion must occupy the first place in our national consciousness. . . . We must found a great French Empire in Africa and in Asia; else of the great rôle which France has played in the past there will remain nothing but the memory, and that dying out as the days pass. . . . Colonization is a question of life or death for France. Either we must found an African Empire, or in a hundred years we shall have sunk to the level of a second-rate power." Louis Vignon, in his L'Expansion de la France, writes in the same strain, and a score of other writers might be named who supported the views I have quoted. But it is not in France alone that we find colonial activity in the early eighties; Italy, Belgium, Portugal, and Germany were vigorously pushing forward their African

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schemes at that time, and were all represented at the Berlin Conference of 1884–85.

In order to show how the British colonial policy was affected by the ambitions of the Continental Powers in the direction of colonization, it is only necessary to add to what I have said about France a few facts in regard to German expansion. Although German colonial expansion dates actually from 1884, the idea of a German colonial empire had existed twenty years earlier. The German explorer Karl von der Decken wrote from the Juba River in Northeast Africa in 1864: "I am persuaded that in a short time a colony established here would be most successful, and after two or three years would be self-supporting. . . . It is unfortunate that we Germans allow such opportunities of acquiring colonies to slip, especially at a time when it would be of importance to the navy." Von der Decken also suggested that Germany should buy Mombasa from the Sultan. Nothing of importance was done, however, till after the Franco-Prussian war. Germany was then placed in a new position. Distrustful of Russia on the east, of France on the west; disturbed by the dismemberment of Poland, and uncertain as to the future of the Austro-Hungarian Ausgleich, Germany decided that in the founding of a powerful colonial empire alone lay safety. The idea became popular, and the publication in 1879 of the theologian Fabri's Bedarf Deutschland der Colonien? acted as a powerful stimulant. Bismarck had long foreseen the time when Germany would enter the field of colonial enterprise, and had waited only for the development of public sentiment in that direction. His day had now come, and between 1884 and 1886 he was instrumental in founding the German colonies of Togo, the Cameroons, German Southwest Africa, German East Africa, in the Old World; and Kaiser Wilhelm Land, the Bismarck Archipelago, the Solomon Islands, and the Marshall Islands, in the New.

Let us return now to the development of the colonial idea in England. We have seen that as late as 1870 the question of a Greater Britain still hung in the balance, and I think it may be shown that it was not until 1887 that the first indications of the larger idea began to appear. The Colonial Conference was opened in London, on April 4, 1887, and at the first meeting Lord Salisbury made a speech, in which he said: "The desire for colonial and foreign possessions is increasing among the nations of Europe. The power of concentrating military and naval forces is increasing under the influence of scientific progress. Put all these things together, and you will see that the colonies have a very real and genuine interest in the shield which their imperial connection throws over them, and that they have a ground for joining us in making the defenses of the empire secure." These remarks are interesting, because we see a great English statesman speaking on a great national occasion to a body of men representing all parts of the British Empire, and taking the ground that the colonies are the parties who benefit under the imperial compact. There is no evidence in Lord Salisbury's speech that he foresaw the day when the tables would be turned, — when England would hold her high place amongst the nations because of, not in spite of, her colonies.

The London Times, however, talks no longer of the prudery of blinking inevitable events. The cry now is, "The real unity of the empire." In a leading article on the Colonial Conference, in its issue of April 4, 1887, we find: "Of all the events of the Jubilee year, none are likely to be more interesting and memorable than the approaching Conference. It is the expression of some of the best influences of her Majesty's reign. It has in it the promise of great things to come. Her colonial subjects have been

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quick to appreciate the advantages of such a Conference, which touches the pride, raises the hopes, and accords with the aspirations of every good citizen."

On April 21, 1887, the Times, in a leading article, expresses exactly the idea which I wish to make clear: "In these communities [the colonies], as we are all *beginning* to feel, there is a great reserve of strength for the mother country." Englishmen then were beginning to feel in 1887 that in the colonies lay the future greatness of England.

It is at this point that I see the birth of the great national idea which found such extraordinary expression in the occurrences surrounding the Queen's Diamond Jubilee in 1897. But for the sake of clearness I wish to trace its development a little more closely, and also that I may show how curiously various influences have combined to bring about the unification of the British Empire. From whatever standpoint we look at the United Kingdom, we see at once that the conditions there are much more favorable for the growth of a united public sentiment than in the United States. Its area is considerably less than that of the state of California, whilst its population is more than half that of the whole of the United States. Taking fourteen states — New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Texas, Missouri, Kansas, California, Iowa, Massachusetts, New Jersey, and Virginia — for the sake of comparison, we find that their population in 1890 was about equal to that of the United Kingdom in 1891, but that it was spread over an area of 962,000 square miles, whilst that of the United Kingdom was compressed into 121,000. This circumstance in itself brings the people of the United Kingdom more closely into touch with one another. But the limited area of England produces another factor which powerfully affects public sentiment. There is no great diversity of interests between one part of the country and another, such as one observes in the United States, and thus the whole country responds more uniformly to any influence which may be brought to bear on it than can be the case in a nation whose shores are washed by the Pacific on one side and the Atlantic on the other, and whose territory extends from the Arctic Circle to the Tropic of Cancer. Owing to the centralization of the governing power, the debates at Westminster play a much greater part in the formation of public sentiment than the debates at Washington; for in the one case the affairs of the several parts of the kingdom, as well as of the whole empire, are discussed, and in the other there is a distinct line between national and state interests. In a small country, also, individual influence is more easily established than in a large country, and a speech by Lord Salisbury or Mr. Chamberlain may conceivably produce effects which could not be looked for by any speaker in the United States, whatever his ability and strength of character. It has frequently been remarked that in England after-dinner speeches are extremely popular with "the man in the street;" and it would be difficult, I think, to overestimate the influence which such utterances exert on the public mind. Finally, although the interest which Englishmen take in politics is probably less intense than that shown by Americans, it is of a different kind, and can be more easily utilized for national purposes than would be the case if party lines were more rigid than they are.

Of the hundreds of men in all parts of the British Empire who, in recent years, by their writings, speeches, and works, have educated the English people to a true realization of the value of the colonies, I would name here five who seem to me to stand in the front rank of those who have brought about this national awakening. They are Professor Sir J. R. Seeley, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, James Anthony Froude, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, and Mr. Cecil Rhodes.

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Probably no single book has ever exerted a more powerful influence in the direction of the appreciation of English colonial enterprise than Professor Seeley's Expansion of England. In this extraordinary work, the author succeeds in unraveling from the tangled skein of European history during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the thread of England's development. Other historians had failed to see any continuous movement in one direction, because they were confronted at one time with the spectacle of Protestant Europe in arms against Catholic Europe, at another time with that of the allied forces of a Catholic and a Protestant power at war with a Protestant nation; and because they found the questions of the Austrian Succession and the Spanish Succession large enough, when placed close to the eye, to hide the causes which lay beyond in the wars incident to these disputes. But Professor Seeley approached his subject in a new spirit, and threw a light on English history which enabled Englishmen to look back over the path which their ancestors had trod, and perceive among all its windings that it tended ever in one general direction. Between 1688 and 1815 England was engaged in seven wars.[1] It was drawn into the first of these when William of Orange, who as king of the Netherlands was at war with France and Spain, became William III. of England. This war was terminated by the Peace of Utrecht in 1713, and the Treaty of Rastadt in 1714. Through this war England obtained Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, and the Hudson's Bay Territory from France, and Gibraltar and Minorca from Spain, together with the right to supply the Spanish-American colonies with slaves, and the privilege of sending one ship a year to Portobello, on the Isthmus of Panama. The second war has been called the War of Jenkins's Ear. It arose through the pretensions of Spain to control the navigation of the West Indies and South America, and her claim to the right of search of all vessels in West Indian waters. War was declared against Spain in 1739, and in 1744 France, taking advantage of the situation, declared war against England. This war was terminated by the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748, by the terms of which England and France mutually restored all conquered territory. But although peace was declared in Europe, fighting still went on in other parts of the world. "The peace which had been concluded between England and France in 1748," wrote Lord Macaulay, "had been no more than an armistice, and had not even been an armistice in the other quarters of the globe." Thus, although the two nations were at peace, we find Colonel George Washington defeating de Jumonville in the valley of the Ohio, and Clive destroying French influence in India by the defense of Arcot and the battle of Plassey. Then followed the Seven Years' War, in which we see England and France fighting all over the world, nominally over the question of who should own Silesia, but with the great colonial issue in the background. The war ended in 1763 with the Treaty of Paris. It left France in a pitiable condition, — her commerce destroyed, her colonial power broken. The fifth war was with the American colonies in the beginning, but by the year 1778 France was again in the fight, joined later by Holland and Spain. Although this war resulted in the loss of the American colonies, England had little reason to complain of its effects elsewhere, when it is reflected that she was at war with practically the whole of Europe. The sixth and seventh wars were also with France. By the former England obtained Trinidad and Ceylon, by the latter Mauritius.

As far as I am aware, Professor Seeley was the first historian to point out the true significance of this continual struggle with France. He says: "The

[1] Exclusive of the war of 1812.

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expansion of England in the New World and in Asia is the formula which sums up for England the history of the eighteenth century. I point out now that the great triple war of the middle of that century is neither more nor less than the great decisive duel between England and France for the possession of the New World. It was perhaps scarcely perceived at the time, as it has been seldom remarked since; but the explanation of that second Hundred Years' War between England and France which fills the eighteenth century is this, that they were rival candidates for the possession of the New World; and the triple war which fills the middle of the century is, as it were, the decisive campaign in that great world-struggle." But it is not only in this direction that Professor Seeley's book made the course of England's development clear to every reader; from the first page to the last, The Expansion of England is a convincing argument in favor of England's territorial expansion across the seas.

The quotations which I have made from the writings of James Anthony Froude render it unnecessary to dilate at any length on the influence his books exerted on public sentiment in England. The publication in 1887 of The English in the West Indies served to awaken a considerable interest in the islands, and resulted in the emigration from England of a number of young men who wished to try their fortunes in these forgotten possessions so charmingly described by Mr. Froude. The severe but just criticisms of England's policy toward the West Indian colonies had a much wider effect. Statesmen were brought to see that a great injustice had been done; and although remedial measures have been slow in coming, they are now being adopted, following the recommendations of a Royal Commission of Enquiry.

I turn now to Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, the present Secretary of State for the Colonies. We have it on the authority of the editor of Mr. Chamberlain's Foreign and Colonial Speeches that, "whether as a youth in the Birmingham and Egbaston Debating Society, in Parliament or outside, Mr. Chamberlain has given evidence of his strong sense both of the advantages and the obligations of empire;" and we have it on his own authority that he has "long believed that the future of the colonies and the future of this country [England] were interdependent."[1] In all his speeches we find this idea, the unity of the empire, strongly emphasized. Thus, speaking at the annual dinner of the Toronto Board of Trade in 1887, he said: "It may well be that the Confederation of Canada may be the lamp to light our pathway to the Confederation of the British Empire. That idea may only exist at present in the imagination of the enthusiast; but it is a grand idea. It is one to stimulate the patriotism of every man who loves his country; and whether or not it should ever prove capable of practical realization, let us all cherish the sentiment which it inspires; let us do all in our power to promote the closer relations, the kindly feelings, which ought always to exist between the sons of England throughout the world and the old folks at home." Ten years later, March 31, 1897, speaking at the Royal Colonial Institute dinner, he said: "We have now reached . . . the true conception of our empire. What is that conception? As regards the self-governing colonies, we no longer talk of them as dependencies. The sense of possession has given place to the sentiment of kinship. We think and speak of them as part of ourselves, — as part of the British Empire, united to us, although they may be dispersed throughout the world, by ties of kindred, of religion, of history, and of language, and joined to us by the seas that formerly seemed to

[1] Speech at the complimentary banquet to Lord Lammington, Hotel Métropole, London, January 21, 1896.

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divide us." It is not only in his speeches that Mr. Chamberlain has shown his interest in the colonies. Since he accepted his present office, in 1895, he has devoted all his energies to the advancement of colonial interests, and it was entirely due to the firm stand he made in the matter that the West India Royal Commission was appointed in 1896. It may be said that no very great results have followed the report of this commission; but it must be remembered that a change of policy concerning a large and important group of colonies cannot be effected in a day, and that many conflicting interests have to be considered before a definite line of action can be determined on.

In writing of the influence which Mr. Cecil Rhodes has exerted on public opinion in England relative to the colonies, I refrain from discussing those events which have occurred during the past few years in South Africa, and which are so intimately associated with his name. Whereas there may be two opinions as to the vigorous policy adopted by the Cape Parliament since Mr. Rhodes became a member of that body, about sixteen years ago, there can be but one sentiment in regard to the effect which that policy has had upon the masses of the people in England. Ever since the tragedy of Majouba Hill, in 1881, when Sir George Colley was killed and his small body of English troops almost annihilated by an overwhelming force of Boers, there has existed a very sore feeling in England respecting the cowardly and short-sighted policy adopted by Mr. Gladstone at that time, and every fresh evidence of Mr. Rhodes's activity in Bechuanaland, Mashonaland, and Matabeleland has been hailed with delight by a vast majority of Englishmen. But a climax was reached when news arrived in England of the Jamieson raid of December 28, 1895. I make no comment on the raid or on the circumstances which led up to it; my concern at present is with public opinion in England. Whatever may have been the judgment of wise heads on the affair, the people of England went wild with enthusiasm. Night after night, throughout the whole land, the performances at the theatres had to be interrupted in order that the audiences might sing songs about the raid, and scenes of indescribable excitement were to be witnessed wherever a handful of men got together. Finally, when Mr. Rhodes and Mr. Jamieson returned to England, they were accorded receptions, not officially, but by the people, scarcely equaled by that given to Lord Kitchener on his return from Egypt, after the battle of Omdurman. The effect of all this was to stimulate the spirit of empire enormously.

I do not claim for a moment that there was anything in the Jamieson raid or in Mr. Rhodes's Cape policy which materially altered the facts of English colonization in such a way as to make colonial enthusiasm amongst the English people more reasonable than it would have been previously; but the purely emotional effect of the events to which I have referred tended in no small degree to bring about a truer conception of the vital importance of the colonies to the future of England.

I pass now to Mr. Kipling; and I am inclined to think that if his influence on English thought in regard to the empire has not been greater than that of the men I have named above, it has been of a kind that appeals to a somewhat higher set of emotions. We see the others awakening the lust of empire, stimulating the admiration for brave fighting, urging on the spirit of commercial enterprise, administering to that love of adventure which has always characterized the English people; in Mr. Kipling's work we find something higher than all this. If I read Mr. Kipling's work, and especially his later work, aright, there is one dominating idea to be traced in it, — the capacity, the duty, of the men of the Anglo-Saxon race to do thoroughly the

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task laid on their shoulders, not for love of gain, not for hope of praise, but for the very joy of the accomplished thing. It seems to me that in these latter years of the century we have become peculiarly sensitive to emotional stimulus, more apt than ever before to be controlled for good or evil by sentimental considerations. It is to this quality in us that Mr. Kipling appeals. It is, of course, extremely difficult to gauge the influence which is exerted by such a writer, but my own experience of Englishmen in many lands — and I can scarcely think it exceptional — has shown me that his books have contributed more than those of any other writer to bring about a realization and an appreciation of the magnificent work which is being done by the silent thousands who are quietly, but earnestly, building up the British Empire. The creed he would have us learn is a simple one: —

"Go to your work and be strong, halting not in your ways,
Baulking the end half-won for an instant dole of praise.
Stand to your work and be wise — certain of sword and pen,
Who are neither children nor Gods, but men in a world of men."

We have seen how the sentiment in regard to colonization has passed through two distinct phases in England, and is now in a third. The first phase was that of the old colonial system; the second may be called the period of *laissez aller;* and the third, which dawned with the Queen's Jubilee in 1887, may be appropriately named the era of Greater Britain. As I have shown, many influences have been at work to produce the present state of feeling; there remains one which has intensified all the others, and marvelously strengthened the bonds which hold the British Empire together, — the character and duration of the reign of Queen Victoria. How great this influence has been cannot be told; it can only be felt. Those who attended the Queen's Diamond Jubilee in 1897, who saw that unparalleled demonstration of June 22, who witnessed the frenzied loyalty of four millions of her Majesty's subjects gathered from the corners of the world to do her homage, may understand something of it; but it is those who have seen her name honored and loved in the waste places of the earth, who have found that same loyalty beneath the palm and the pine, in the gold digger's camp and the shepherd's hut, who may know how large an element of England's greatness has been the personal devotion of the people to the sovereign.

W. Alleyne Ireland.

THE END OF AN ERA.

I. THE LAST OF LEE'S ARMY.

At the time of the evacuation of Richmond, in 1865, I had been in the Confederate army for about ten months, had reached the mature age of eighteen, and had attained the rank of lieutenant. I was for the time at Clover Station, on the Richmond and Danville railroad, south of the fallen capital. A light glimmered in headquarters and at the telegraph station. Suspecting that news of importance had been received, and knowing the telegraph operator well, I repaired to his office. He was sitting at his instrument, closely attentive to its busy clicking.

"Any news, Tom?" inquired I.

Holding up his hand he said, "Yes! Hush!" and continued to listen. Then,

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seizing his pad and pencil, he wrote rapidly. Again the clicking of the instrument began, and he resumed his attitude of intent listening. He was catching messages passing over the lines to Danville. During a lull, he informed me that heavy fighting on the right of the army at Five Forks had been going on all day, in which the slaughter on both sides had been very great, and that there were reports of the evacuation of Petersburg. Repairing to the quarters of General Walker, I found that he had substantially the same advices. Vainly and despondently we waited until late at night for more particulars.

Sunday morning broke clear and calm. It was one of the first of those heavenly spring days which to me seem brighter in Virginia than elsewhere. Sitting in a sunny spot near the telegraph station, a party of staff officers waited for telegrams until nearly eleven o'clock. Then a storm of news broke upon us, every word of which was freighted with deep import to our cause.

Click — click — click. "Our lines in front of Petersburg were broken this morning. General Lee is retiring from the city."

Click — click — click. "General A. P. Hill was killed."

Click — click — click. "Colonel William Pegram of the artillery also killed."

Click — click — click. "In the battle of Five Forks, which continued until long after dark last night, Pickett was overwhelmed by Sheridan with a greatly superior force of cavalry and infantry, and the enemy is now endeavoring to turn our right, which is retiring toward the Appomattox, to make a stand there."

Click — click — click. "Petersburg is evacuated. Our army in full retreat toward Burkeville."

Click — click — click. "General Lee has notified the President that he can no longer hold Richmond, and orders have been issued for the immediate evacuation of the city. The town is the scene of the utmost turmoil and confusion."

General Walker issued the necessary commands to place our own house in order. There was not much to be done. Such government stores and provisions as were at our post were promptly put on freight cars, and every preparation was made for an orderly departure, if necessary. We expected that Lee would make a stand at or near Burkeville, forty miles distant, and that, if he must, he would retreat along the line of the Richmond and Danville railroad. From the accounts of the fighting, I felt sure that my father's command was in the thick of it; and this fear gave an added trouble to the gloomy reflections of those sad hours.

When we recall the way in which the most startling events in our lives have happened, we note how differently they unfolded themselves from our previous thought of them. Nay, more: we all recall that when great events, which we had anticipated as possible or probable, have actually begun to occur, we have failed to recognize them. So it was now with me. That the war might end disastrously to the Confederacy, I had long regarded as a possibility; that our army was sadly depleted and in great want, I knew; but that it was literally worn out and killed out and starved out, I did not realize. The idea that within a week it would stack arms at Appomattox, surrender, and be disbanded did not enter into my mind even then. I still thought that it would retreat, and, abandoning Richmond, fall back to some new position, where it would fight many other battles before the issue was decided.

A few hours later, train after train, all loaded to their utmost capacity with whatever could be transported from the doomed capital, came puffing past Clover Station, on the way southward. These trains bore many men who, in the excitement, were unwilling to admit that all was lost. They frankly deplored the

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necessity of giving up the Confederate capital, but insisted that the army was not beaten or demoralized, and was retreating in good order. They argued that Lee, relieved of the burden of defending his long lines from Richmond to Petersburg, and of the hard task of maintaining his communications, would draw Grant away from his base of supplies, and might now, with that generalship of which we all knew him to be master, be free to administer a stunning if not a crushing blow to Grant, in the open, where strategy might overcome force. These arguments cheered and revived me. I hoped it might so turn out. I dared not ask myself if I believed that it would.

Monday morning, April 3, a train passed Clover bearing the President, his Cabinet and chief advisers, to Danville. They had left Richmond after the midnight of that last Sunday when Mr. Davis was notified, while attending St. Paul's Church, that the immediate evacuation of the city was unavoidable. Mr. Davis sat at a car window. The crowd at the station cheered. He smiled and acknowledged their compliment; but his expression showed physical and mental exhaustion. Near him sat General Bragg, whose shaggy eyebrows and piercing eyes made him look like a much greater man than he ever proved himself to be. In this car was my brother-in-law, Dr. Garnett, family physician to Mr. Davis. I entered and sat with him a few minutes, to learn what I could about the home folk. His own family had been left at his Richmond residence, to the mercy of the conqueror. The presidential train was followed by many others. One bore the archives and employees of the Treasury Department, another those of the Post Office Department, another those of the War Department. I knew many in all these departments, and they told me the startling incidents of their sudden flight.

I saw a government on wheels. It was the marvelous and incongruous débris of the wreck of the Confederate capital. There were very few women on these trains; but among the last in the long procession were trains bearing indiscriminate cargoes of men and things. In one car was a cage with an African parrot, and a box of tame squirrels, and a hunchback! Everybody, not excepting the parrot, was wrought up to a pitch of intense excitement. The last arrivals brought the sad news that Richmond was in flames. Our departing troops had set fire to the tobacco warehouses. The heat, as it reached the hogsheads, caused the tobacco leaves to expand and burst their fastenings, and the wind, catching up the burning tobacco, spread it in a shower of fire upon the doomed city. It was after dark on Monday when the last train from Richmond passed Clover Station, bound southward. We were now at the northern outpost of the Confederacy. Nothing was between us and the enemy except Lee's army, which was retreating toward us, — if indeed it were coming in this direction. All day Tuesday, and until midday Wednesday, we waited, expecting to hear of the arrival of our army at Burkeville, or some tidings of its whereabouts. But the railroad stretching northward was as silent as the grave. The cessation of all traffic gave our place a Sabbath stillness. Until now there had been the constant rumble of trains on this main line of supplies to the army. After the intense excitement of Monday, when the whole Confederate government came rushing past at intervals of a few minutes, the unbroken silence reminded one of death after violent convulsions.

We still maintained telegraphic communication with Burkeville, but we could get no definite information concerning the whereabouts of Lee. Telegrams received Tuesday informed us he was near Amelia Court House. Wednesday morning we tried in vain to call up Amelia Court House. A little later Burkeville

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reported the wires cut at Jetersville, ten miles to the north, between Burkeville and Amelia Court House. When General Walker heard this he quietly remarked, "They are pressing him off the line of this road, and forcing him to retreat by the Southside road to Lynchburg." I knew the topography of the country well enough to realize that if the army passed Burkeville Junction, moving westward, our position would be on the left flank and rear of the Union army, and that we must retire or be captured. Many messages came from Mr. Davis at Danville, inquiring for news from General Lee. Shortly after General Walker reported that the wires were cut at Jetersville, another message came from Mr. Davis. He asked if General Walker had a trusted man or officer who, if supplied with an engine, would venture down the road toward Burkeville, endeavor to communicate with General Lee, ascertain from him his situation and future plans, and report to the President. I was present when this telegram arrived. By good luck, other and older officers were absent. The suspense and inactivity of the past three days had been unendurable, and I volunteered gladly for the service. At first General Walker said that I was too young; but, after considering the matter, he ordered me to hold myself in readiness, and notified Mr. Davis that he had the man he wanted, and requested him to send the engine. The engine, with tender and a baggage car, arrived about eight P. M.

General Walker summoned me to headquarters, and gave me my final instructions. Taking the map, he showed me that in all probability the enemy had forced General Lee westward from Burkeville, and that there was danger of finding the Union troops already there. I was to proceed very slowly and cautiously. If the enemy was not in Burkeville, I must use my judgment whether to switch my train on the Southside road and run westward, or to leave the car and take a horse. If the enemy had reached Burkeville, as he feared, I was to run back to a station called Meherrin, return the engine, secure a horse, and endeavor to reach General Lee. "The reason that I suspect the presence of the enemy at Burkeville," said he, "is that this evening, after a long silence, we have received several telegrams purporting to come from General Lee, urging the forwarding of stores to that point. From the language used, I am satisfied that it is a trick to capture the trains. But I may be mistaken. You must be careful to ascertain the facts before you get too close to the place. Do not allow yourself to be captured."

The general was not a demonstrative man. He gave me an order which Mr. Davis had signed in blank, in which my name was inserted by General Walker, setting forth that, as special messenger of the President, I was authorized to impress all necessary men, horses, and provisions to carry out my instructions. He accompanied me to the train, and remarked that he had determined to try me, as I seemed so anxious to go; that it was a delicate and dangerous mission, and that its success depended upon my quickness, ability to judge of situations as they arose, and powers of endurance. He ordered the engineer, a young, strong fellow, to place himself implicitly under my command. I threw a pair of blankets into the car, shook hands cordially with the general, buttoned my papers in my breast pocket, and told the engineer to start. I did not see General Walker again for more than twenty years.

I carried no arms except a navy revolver at my hip, with some loose cartridges in my haversack. The night was chilly, still, and overcast. The moon struggled out now and then from watery clouds. We had no headlight, nor any light in the car. It seemed to me that our train was the noisiest I had ever heard. The track was badly worn and

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very rough. In many places it had been bolstered up with beams of wood faced with strap iron, and we were compelled to move slowly. The stations were deserted. We had to put on our own wood and water. I lay down to rest, but nervousness banished sleep. The solitude of the car became unbearable. When we stopped at a water tank, I swung down from the car and clambered up to the engine. Knowing that we might have to reverse it suddenly, I ordered the engineer to cut loose the baggage car and leave it behind. This proved to be a wise precaution.

About two o'clock we reached Meherrin Station, twelve miles south of Burkeville. It was dark, and the station was deserted. I succeeded in getting an answer from an old man in a house near by, after hammering a long time upon the door. He had heard us, but he was afraid to reply.

"Have you heard anything from Lee's army?" I asked.

"Naw, nothin' at all. I heerd he was at Amelia Cote House yisterday."

"Have you heard of or seen any Yankees hereabouts?"

"None here yit. I heerd there was some at Green Bay yisterday, but they had done gone back."

"Back where?"

"I dunno. Back to Grant's army, I reckin."

"Where is Grant's army?"

"Gord knows. It 'pears to me like it 's everywhar."

"Are there any Yankees at Burkeville?"

"I dunno. I see a man come by here late last evenin', and he said he come from Burkeville; so I reckin there were n't none thar when he lef', but whether they is come sence I can't say."

I determined to push on. When we reached Green Bay, eight miles from Burkeville, the place was dark and deserted. There was nobody from whom we could get information. A whip-poor-will in the swamp added to the oppressive silence all about. Moving onward, we discovered, as we cautiously approached a turn in the road near Burkeville, the reflection of lights against the low-hanging clouds. Evidently, somebody was ahead and somebody was building fires. Were these reflections from the camp fires of Lee's or of Grant's army, or of any army at all? On our right, concealing us from the village and the village from us, was a body of pine woods. Not until we turned the angle of these woods could we see anything. I was standing by the engineer. We were both uncertain what to do. At first I thought I would get down and investigate; but I reflected that I should lose much time in getting back to the engine, whereas if I pushed boldly forward until we were discovered, I should be safe if those who saw us were friends, and able to retreat rapidly if they were enemies.

"Go ahead!" I said to the engineer.

"What, lieutenant? Ain't you afraid they are Yankees? If they are, we 're goners," said he hesitatingly.

"Go ahead!" I repeated; and in two minutes more we were at the curve, with the strong glare of many fires lighting up our engine. What a sight! Lines of men were heaving at the rails by the light of fires built for working. The fires and working parties crossed our route to westward, showing that the latter were devoting their attention to the Southside road. In the excitement of the moment, I thought they were destroying the track. In fact, as I afterward learned, they were merely changing the gauge of the rails. Grant, with that wonderful power he possessed of doing everything at once, was already altering the railroad gauge so as to fetch provisions up to his army. The enemy was not only in Burkeville, but he had been there all day, and was thus following up his occupation of the place. Lee must be to the north or to the west of him, pushed away from Danville road, and

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either upon or trying to reach the Southside railroad, which led to Lynchburg. All these things I thought out a little later, but not just at that moment. A blazing meteor would not have astonished our foes more than the sight of our locomotive. They had not heard our approach, amid the noise and confusion of their own work. They had no picket out in our direction, for this was their rear. In an instant a number of troopers rushed for their horses and came galloping down upon us. They were but two or three hundred yards away.

"Reverse the engine," I said to the engineer. He seemed paralyzed. I drew my pistol.

"It 's no use, lieutenant. They 'll kill us before we get under way," and he fumbled with his lever.

"Reverse, or you 're a dead man!" I shouted, clapping the muzzle of my pistol behind his ear. He heaved at the lever; the engine began to move, but how slowly! The troopers were coming on. We heard them cry, "Surrender!" The engine was quickening her beats. They saw that we were running, and they opened fire on us. We lay down flat, and let the locomotive go. The fireman on the tender was in an exposed position, and seemed to be endeavoring to burrow in the coal. A shot broke a window above us. Presently the firing ceased. Two or three of the foremost of the cavalrymen had tumbled into a cattle-guard, in their reckless pursuit. We were safe now, except that the engine and tender were in momentary danger of jumping the rotten track.

When we were well out of harm's way, the engineer, with whom I had been on very friendly terms till this last episode, turned to me and asked, with a grieved look, "Lieutenant, would you have blowed my brains out sure 'nuff, if I had n't done what you tole me?"

"I would that," I replied, not much disposed to talk; for I was thinking, and thinking hard, what next to do.

"Well," said he, with a sigh, as with a greasy rag he gave a fresh rub to a piece of the machinery, "all I 've got to say is, I don't want to travel with you no mo'."

"You 'll not have to travel far," I rejoined. "I 'll get off at Meherrin, and you can go back."

"What!" exclaimed he. "You goin' to get off there in the dark by yourself, with no hoss, and right in the middle of the Yankees? Durn my skin if I 'd do it for Jeff Davis hisself!"

Upon our arrival at Meherrin, I wrote a few lines to General Walker, describing the position of the enemy, and telling him that I hoped to reach General Lee near High Bridge by traveling across the base of a triangle formed by the two railroads from Burkeville and my route, and that I would communicate with him further when I could.

It was a lonesome feeling that came over me when the engine went southward, leaving me alone and in the dark at Meherrin. The chill of daybreak was coming on, when I stepped out briskly upon a road leading northward. I knew that every minute counted, and that there was no hope of securing a horse in that vicinity. I think that I walked three or four miles. Day broke and the sun rose before I came to an opening. A kind Providence must have guided my steps, for, at the very first house I reached, a pretty mare stood at the horse-rack, saddled and bridled, as if waiting for me. The house was in a grove by the roadside. I received a hospitable reception, and was invited to breakfast. My night's work had made me ravenous. My host was past military age, but he seemed dazed by the prospect of falling into the hands of the enemy. I learned from him that Sheridan's cavalry had advanced nearly to his place, the day before. We ate breakfast almost in silence. At the table I found Sergeant Wilkins, of the Black Walnut troop, from Halifax County. He had

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been on "horse furlough." Confederate cavalrymen supplied their own horses, and his horse furlough meant that his horse had broken down, that he had been home to replace it, and that he was now returning to duty with another beast. His mare was beautiful and fresh, — the very animal that I needed. When I told him that I must take his horse he laughed, as if I were joking; then he positively refused; but finally, when I showed the sign manual of Jefferson Davis, he yielded, very reluctantly. It was perhaps fortunate for Sergeant Wilkins that he was obliged to go home again, for his cavalry command was engaged heavily that day, and every day thereafter until the surrender at Appomattox.

On the morning of April 6, mounted upon as fine a mare as there was in the Confederacy, I sallied forth in search of General Lee. I started northward for the Southside railroad. It was not long before I heard cannon to the northeast. Thinking that the sounds came from the enemy in the rear of Lee, I endeavored to bear sufficiently westward to avoid the Union forces. Seeing no sign of either army, I was going along leisurely, when a noise behind me attracted my attention. Turning in my saddle, I saw at a distance of several hundred yards the head of a cavalry command coming from the east, and turning out of a cross-road that I had passed into the road that I was traveling. They saw me, and pretended to give chase; but their horses were jaded, and my mare was fresh and swift. The few shots they fired went wide of us, and I galloped out of range quickly and safely. My filly, after her spin, was mettlesome, and as I held her in hand I chuckled to think how easy it was to keep out of harm's way on such a beast.

But this was not to be my easy day. I was rapidly approaching another road, which came into my road from the east. I saw another column of Union cavalry filing into my road and going in the same direction that I was going. Here was a pretty pickle! We were in the woods. Did they see me? To be sure they did. Of course they knew of the parallel column of their own troops which I had passed, and I think they first mistook me for a friend. But I could not ride forward: I should have come upon the rear of their column. I could not turn back: the cavalry force behind was not a quarter of a mile away. I stopped, thus disclosing who I was. Several of them made a dart for me; several more took shots with their carbines; and once more the little mare and I were dashing off, this time through the woods to the west.

What a bird she was, that little mare! At a low fence in the woods she did not make a pause or blunder, but cleared it without turning a hair. I resolved now to get out of the way, for it was very evident that I was trying to reach General Lee by riding across the advance columns of Sheridan, who was on Lee's flank. Going at a merry pace, just when my heart was ceasing to jump and I was congratulating myself upon a lucky escape, I was "struck flat aback," as sailors say. From behind a large oak a keen, racy-looking fellow stepped forth, and, leveling his cavalry carbine, called, "Halt!" He was not ten feet away.

Halt I did. It is all over now, thought I, for I did not doubt that he was a Jesse scout. (That was the name applied by us to Union scouts who disguised themselves in our uniform.) He looked too neat and clean for one of our men. The words "I surrender" were on my lips, when he asked, "Who are you?" I had half a mind to lie about it, but I gave my true name and rank. "What the devil are you doing here, then?" he exclaimed, his whole manner changing. I told him. "If that is so," said he, lowering his gun, to my great relief, "I must help to get you out. The Yankees are all around us. Come on." He led the way rapidly to where his own horse was tied behind some cedar bushes, and, mounting, bade

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me follow him. He knew the woods well. As we rode along, I ventured to inquire who he was. "Curtis," said he, — "one of General Rooney Lee's scouts. I have been hanging on the flank of this cavalry for several days. They are evidently pushing for the High Bridge, to cut the army off from crossing there."

After telling him of my adventure, I added: "You gave me a great fright. I thought you were a Yankee, sure, and came near telling you that I was one."

"It is well you did not. I am taking no prisoners on this trip," he rejoined, tapping the butt of his carbine significantly.

"There they go," said he, as we came to an opening and saw the Union cavalry winding down a red clay road to the north of us, traveling parallel with our own route. "We must hurry, or they 'll reach the Flat Creek ford ahead of us. Fitz Lee is somewhere near here, and there 'll be fun when he sees them. There are not many of them, and they are pressing too far ahead of their main column."

After a sharp ride through the forest, we came to a wooded hill overlooking the ford of Flat Creek, a stream which runs northward, entering the Appomattox near High Bridge.

"Wait here a moment," said Curtis. "Let me ride out and see if we are safe." Going on to a point where he could reconnoitre, he turned back, rose in his stirrups, waved his hand, and crying, "Come on, quick!" galloped down the hill to the ford.

I followed; but he had not accurately calculated the distance. The head of the column of Union cavalry was in sight when he beckoned to me and made his dash. They saw him and started toward him. As I was considerably behind him, they were much nearer to me than to him. He crossed safely; but the stream was deep, and by the time I was in the middle, my little mare doing her best with the water up to her chest, the Yankees were in easy range, making it uncomfortable for me. The bullets were splashing in the water all around me. I threw myself off the saddle, and, nestling close under the mare's shoulder, I reached the other side unharmed. Curtis and a number of pickets stationed at the ford stood by me manfully. The road beyond the ford ran into a deep gully and made a turn. Behind the protection of this turn Curtis and the pickets opened fire upon the advancing cavalry, and held them in check until I was safely over. When my horse trotted up with me, wet as a drowned rat, it was time for us all to move on rapidly. In the afternoon I heard Fitz Lee pouring hot shot into that venturesome body of cavalry, and I was delighted to learn afterward that he had given them severe punishment.

Curtis advised me to go to Farmville, where I would be beyond the chance of encountering more Union cavalry, and then to work eastward toward General Lee. I had been upset by the morning's adventures, and I was somewhat demoralized. About a mile from Farmville, I found myself to the west of a line of battle of infantry, formed on a line running north and south, moving toward the town. Not doubting they were Union troops, I galloped off again, and when I entered Farmville I did not hesitate to inform the commandant that the Yankees were approaching. The news created quite a panic. Artillery was put in position and preparations were made to resist, when it was discovered that the troops I had seen were a reserve regiment of our own, falling back in line of battle to a position near the town. I kept very quiet when I heard men all about me swearing that any cowardly, panic-stricken fool who would set such a report afloat ought to be lynched.

I had now very nearly joined our army, which was coming directly toward me. Early in the afternoon the advance of our troops appeared. How

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they straggled, and how demoralized they seemed! Eastward, not far from the Flat Creek ford, a heavy fire opened, and continued for an hour or more. As I afterward learned, Fitz Lee had collided with my cavalry friends of the morning, and seeing his advantage had availed himself of it by attacking them fiercely. To the north, about four o'clock, a tremendous fire of artillery and musketry began, and continued until dark. I was riding toward this firing, with my back to Farmville. Very heavy detonations of artillery were followed time and again by crashes of musketry. It was the battle of Sailors' Creek, the most important of those last struggles of which Grant said, "There was as much gallantry displayed by some of the Confederates in these little engagements as was displayed at any time during the war, notwithstanding the sad defeats of the past weeks." My father's command was doing the best fighting of that day. When Ewell and Custis Lee had been captured, when Pickett's division broke and fled, when Bushrod Johnson, his division commander, left the field ingloriously, my fearless father, bareheaded and desperate, led his brigade into action at Sailors' Creek, and, though completely surrounded, cut his way out, and reached Farmville at daylight with the fragments of his command.

It was long after nightfall when the firing ceased. We had not then learned the particulars, but it was easy to see that the contest had gone against us. The enemy had, in fact, at Sailors' Creek, stampeded the remnant of Pickett's division, broken our lines, captured six general officers, including Generals Ewell and Custis Lee, and burned a large part of our wagon trains. As evening came on, the road was filled with wagons, artillery, and bodies of men, hurrying without organization and in a state of panic toward Farmville. I met two general officers, of high rank and great distinction, who seemed utterly demoralized, and they declared that all was lost. That portion of the army which was still unconquered was falling back with its face to the foe, and bivouacked with its right and left flanks resting upon the Appomattox to cover the crossings to the north side, near Farmville. Upon reaching our lines, I found the divisions of Field and Mahone presenting an unbroken and defiant front. Passing from camp to camp in search of General Lee, I encountered General Mahone, who told me where to find General Lee. He said that the enemy had "knocked hell out of Pickett." "But," he added savagely, "my fellows are all right. We are just waiting for 'em." And so they were. When the army surrendered, three days later, Mahone's division was in better fighting trim and surrendered more muskets than any other division of Lee's army.

It was past midnight when I found General Lee. He was in an open field north of Rice's Station and east of the High Bridge. A camp fire of fence rails was burning low. Colonel Charles Marshall sat in an ambulance, with a lantern and a lap-desk. He was preparing orders at the dictation of General Lee, who stood near, with one hand resting on a wheel and one foot upon the end of a log, watching intently the dying embers as he spoke in a low tone to his amanuensis.

Touching my cap as I rode up, I inquired, "General Lee?"

"Yes," he replied quietly, and I dismounted and explained my mission. He examined my autograph order from Mr. Davis, and questioned me closely concerning the route by which I had come. He seemed especially interested in my report of the position of the enemy at Burkeville and westward, to the south of his army. Then, with a long sigh, he said: "I hardly think it is necessary to prepare written dispatches in reply. They may be captured. The enemy's cavalry is already flanking us to the

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south and west. You seem capable of bearing a verbal response. You may say to Mr. Davis that, as he knows, my original purpose was to adhere to the line of the Danville road. I have been unable to do so, and am now endeavoring to hold the Southside road as I retire in the direction of Lynchburg."

"Have you any objective point, general, — any place where you contemplate making a stand?" I ventured timidly.

"No," said he, slowly and sadly, "no; I shall have to be governed by each day's developments." Then, with a touch of resentment, and raising his voice, he added, "A few more Sailors' Creeks and it will all be over — ended — just as I have expected it would end from the first."

I was astonished at the frankness of this avowal to one so insignificant as I. It made a deep and lasting impression on me. It gave me an insight into the character of General Lee which all the books ever written about him could never give. It elevated him in my opinion more than anything else he ever said or did. It revealed him as a man who had sacrificed everything to perform a conscientious duty against his judgment. He had loved the Union. He had believed secession was unnecessary; he had looked upon it as hopeless folly. Yet at the call of his state he had laid his life and fame and fortune at her feet, and served her faithfully to the last.

After another pause, during which, although he spoke not a word and gave not a sign, I could discern a great struggle within him, he turned to me and said: "You must be very tired, my son. You have had an exciting day. Go rest yourself, and report to me at Farmville at sunrise. I may determine to send a written dispatch." The way in which he called me "my son" made me feel as if I would die for him.

Hesitating a moment, I inquired, "General, can you give me any tidings of my father?"

"Your father?" he asked. "Who is your father?"

"General Wise."

"Ah!" said he, with another pause. "No, no. At nightfall his command was fighting obstinately at Sailors' Creek, surrounded by the enemy. I have heard nothing from them since. I fear they were captured, or — or — worse." To these words, spoken with genuine sympathy, he added: "Your father's command has borne itself nobly throughout this retreat. You may well feel proud of him and of it."

My father was not dead. At the very moment when we were talking, he and the remnant of his brigade were tramping across the High Bridge, feeling like victors, and he, bareheaded and with an old blanket pinned around him, was chewing tobacco and cursing Bushrod Johnson for running off and leaving him to fight his own way out.

I had found a little pile of leaves in a pine thicket, and lay down in the rear of Field's division for a nap. Fearing that somebody would steal my horse, I looped the reins around my wrist, and the mare stood by my side. We were already good friends. Just before daylight she gave a snort and a jerk which nearly dislocated my arm, and I awoke to find her alarmed at Field's division, which was withdrawing silently and had come suddenly upon her. Warned by this incident, I mounted, and proceeded toward Farmville, to report, as directed, to General Lee for further orders. North of the stream at Farmville, in the forks of the road, was the house then occupied by General Lee. On the hill behind the house, to the left of the road, was a grove. Seeing troops in this grove, I rode in, inquiring for General Lee's headquarters. The troops were lying there more like dead men than live ones. They did not move, and they had no sentries out. The sun was shining upon them as they slept. I did not recognize them. Dismounting, and

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shaking an officer, I awoke him with difficulty. He rolled over, sat up, and began rubbing his eyes, which were bloodshot and showed great fatigue.

"Hello, John!" said he. "In the name of all that is wonderful, where did you come from?" It was Lieutenant Edmund R. Bagwell, of the forty-sixth. The men, a few hundred in all, were the pitiful remnant of my father's brigade.

"Have you seen the old general?" asked Ned. "He 's over there. Oh, we have had a week of it! Yes, this is all that is left of us. John, the old man will give you thunder when he sees you. When we were coming on last night in the dark, he said, 'Thank God, John is out of this!' Dick? Why, Dick was captured yesterday at Sailors' Creek. He was riding the general's old mare, Maggie, and she squatted like a rabbit with him when the shells began to fly. She always had that trick. He could not make her go forward or backward. You ought to have seen Dick belaboring her with his sword. But the Yanks got him!" and Ned burst into a laugh as he led me where my father was. Nearly sixty years old, he lay like a common soldier, sleeping on the ground among his men.

We aroused him, and when he saw me he exclaimed: "Well, by great Jehosaphat, what are you doing here? I thought you, at least, were safe." I hugged him, and almost laughed and cried at the sight of him safe and sound, for General Lee had made me very uneasy. I told him why I was there.

"Where is General Lee?" he asked earnestly, springing to his feet. "I want to see him again. I saw him this morning about daybreak. I had washed my face in a mud puddle, and the red mud was all over it and in the roots of my hair. I looked like a Comanche Indian; and when I was telling him how we cut our way out last night, he broke into a smile and said, 'General, go wash your face!'" The incident pleased him immensely, for at the same time General Lee made him a division commander, — a promotion he had long deserved for gallantry, if not for military knowledge.

"No, Dick is not captured. He got out, I 'm sure," said he, as we walked down the hill together. "He was separated from me when the enemy broke our line. He was not riding Maggie. I lent her to Frank Johnson. He was wounded, and, remembering his kindness to your brother Jennings the day he was killed, I tried to save the poor fellow, and told him to ride Maggie to the rear. Dick was riding his black horse. I know it. When the Yankees advanced, a flock of wild turkeys flushed before them and came sailing into our lines. I saw Dick gallop after a gobbler and shoot him and tie him to his saddle-bow. He was coming back toward us when the line broke, and, mounted as he was, he has no doubt escaped, but is cut off from us by the enemy.

"Yes, the Yanks got the bay horse, and my servants Joshua and Smith, and all my baggage, overcoats and plunder. A private soldier pinned this blanket around me last night, and I found this hat when I was coming off the field."

He laughed heartily at his own plight. I have never since seen a catch-pin half so large as that with which his blanket was gathered at the throat. As we passed down the road to General Lee's headquarters, the roads and the fields were filled with stragglers. They moved looking behind them, as if they expected to be attacked and harried by a pursuing foe. Demoralization, panic, abandonment of all hope, appeared on every hand. Wagons were rolling along without any order or system. Caissons and limber chests, without commanding officers, seemed to be floating aimlessly upon a tide of disorganization. Rising to his full height, casting a glance around him like that of an eagle, and sweeping the horizon with his long arm and bony forefinger, my father exclaimed, "This is

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the end!" It is impossible to convey an idea of the agony and the bitterness of his words and gesture.

We found General Lee on the rear portico of the house that I have mentioned. He had washed his face in a tin basin, and stood drying his beard with a coarse towel as we approached. "General Lee," exclaimed my father, "my poor brave men are lying on yonder hill more dead than alive. For more than a week they have been fighting day and night, without food, and, by God, sir, they shall not move another step until *somebody* gives them something to eat!"

"Come in, general," said General Lee soothingly. "They deserve something to eat, and shall have it; and meanwhile you shall share my breakfast." He disarmed everything like defiance by his kindness.

It was but a few moments, however, before my father launched forth in a fresh denunciation of the conduct of General Bushrod Johnson in the engagement of the 6th. I am satisfied that General Lee felt as he did; but, assuming an air of mock severity, he said, "General, are you aware that you are liable to court-martial and execution for insubordination and disrespect toward your commanding officer?"

My father looked at him, with lifted eyebrows and flashing eyes, and exclaimed: "Shot! You can't afford to shoot the men who fight for cursing those who run away. Shot! I wish you would shoot me. If you don't, some Yankee probably will within the next twenty-four hours."

Growing more serious, General Lee inquired what he thought of the situation.

"Situation?" said the bold old man. "There is no situation! Nothing remains, General Lee, but to put your poor men on your poor mules and send them home in time for spring ploughing. This army is hopelessly whipped, and is fast becoming demoralized. These men have already endured more than I believed flesh and blood could stand, and I say to you, sir, emphatically, that to prolong the struggle is murder, and the blood of every man who is killed from this time forth is on your head, General Lee."

This last expression seemed to cause General Lee great pain. With a gesture of remonstrance, and even of impatience, he protested: "Oh, general, do not talk so wildly. My burdens are heavy enough. What would the country think of me if I did what you suggest?"

"Country be d——d!" was the quick reply. "There is no country. There has been no country, general, for a year or more. You are the country to these men. They have fought for you. They have shivered through a long winter for you. Without pay or clothes or care of any sort, their devotion to you and faith in you have been the only things which have held this army together. If you demand the sacrifice, there are still left thousands of us who will die for you. You know the game is desperate beyond redemption, and that, if you so announce, no man or government or people will gainsay your decision. That is why I repeat that the blood of any man killed hereafter is upon your head."

General Lee stood for some time at an open window, looking out at the throng now surging by upon the roads and in the fields, and made no response. Then, turning his attention to me, he said cheerfully that he was glad that my father's plight was not as bad as he had thought it might be, at the time of our conversation the night before. After a pause, he wrote upon a piece of paper a few words to the effect that he had talked with me and that I would make a verbal report. If occasion arose, he would give further advices. "This," said he, "you will deliver to the President. I fear to write, lest you be captured, for those people are already several miles above Farmville. You must keep on the north side to a ford eight miles above here, and be careful about crossing even there." He

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always referred to the enemy as "those people." Then he bade me adieu, and asked my father to come in and share his breakfast.

I hugged my father in the presence of General Lee, and I saw a kindly look in his eyes as he watched us. Remembering that my father had no horse, I said, "Take my mare. I can easily get another."

"What!" said he, laughing, "a dispatch-bearer giving away his horse! No, sir. That is too pretty a little animal to make a present to a Yankee. I know they will bag us all, horse, foot, and dragoons, before long. No. I can walk as well as anybody. Have you any chewing tobacco?"

I was immensely flattered at this request, and gave him a plug of excellent tobacco. It was the first time that he had recognized me as entitled to the possession of all the "modern improvements" of a soldier.

And so I left them. As I rode along in search of the ford to which General Lee had directed me, I felt that I was in the midst of the wreck of that immortal army which, until now, I had believed to be invincible.

John S. Wise.

TALKS TO TEACHERS ON PSYCHOLOGY.

III.

INTEREST AND ATTENTION.

In my last paper I treated of the native tendencies of the pupil to react in characteristically definite ways upon different stimuli or exciting circumstances; in fact, I treated of the pupil's instincts. Now, some situations appeal to special instincts from the very outset, and others fail to do so until the proper connections have been organized in the course of the person's training. We say of the former set of objects or situations that they are *interesting* in themselves and originally; of the latter we say that they are natively uninteresting, and that interest in them has first to be acquired.

No topic has received more attention from pedagogical writers than that of interest. It is the natural sequel to the instincts we so lately discussed, and it is therefore well fitted to be the next subject which we take up.

INTERESTS NATIVE AND INTERESTS ACQUIRED.

Some objects, then, are natively interesting. In others interest is artificially acquired. The teacher must deal with both kinds of objects, and must know which the natively interesting ones are; for, as we shall see immediately, other objects can artificially acquire an interest only through first becoming associated with some of these natively interesting things.

The native interests of children lie altogether in the sphere of sensation. Novel things to look at or novel sounds to hear, especially when they involve the spectacle of action of a violent sort, will always divert the attention from abstract conceptions of objects, verbally taken in. The grimace that Johnny is making, the spitballs that Tommy is ready to throw, the dog fight in the street, or the distant firebells ringing,—these are the rivals with which the teacher's powers of being interesting have incessantly to cope. The child will always attend more to what a teacher does than to what the same teacher says: during the performance of experiments or while the teacher is drawing on the blackboard, the children are tranquil

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and absorbed. I have seen a roomful of college students suddenly become perfectly still, to look at their professor of physics tie a piece of string around a stick which he was going to use in an experiment, but immediately grow restless when he began to explain the experiment. A lady told me that one day, during a lesson, she was delighted at having captured so completely the attention of one of her young charges. He did not remove his eyes from her face; but he said to her after the lesson was over, "I looked at you all the time, and your upper jaw did not move once!" That was the only fact that he had taken in.

Living things, then, moving things, or things that savor of danger or of blood, that have a dramatic quality, — these are the objects natively interesting to childhood, to the exclusion of almost everything else; and the teacher of young children, until more artificial interests have grown up, will keep in touch with her pupils by constant appeal to such matters as these. Instruction must be carried on objectively, experimentally, anecdotally. The blackboard-drawing and story-telling must constantly come in. But of course these methods cover only the first steps, and carry one but a little way.

Can we now formulate any general principle by which the later and more artificial interests connect themselves with these early ones that the child brings with him to the school?

Fortunately, we can; there is a very simple law that relates the acquired and the native interests with each other.

Any object not interesting in itself may become interesting through becoming associated with an object in which an interest already exists. The two associated objects grow, as it were, together; the interesting portion sheds its quality over the whole; and thus things not interesting in their own right borrow an interest which becomes as real and as strong as that of any natively interesting thing. The odd circumstance is that the borrowing does not impoverish the source; the objects taken together being more interesting, perhaps, than the originally interesting portion was by itself.

Any one will immediately understand this abstract statement by the most frequent of concrete examples, — the interest which things borrow from their connection with our own personal welfare. The most natively interesting object to a man is his own personal self and its fortunes. We accordingly see that the moment a thing becomes connected with the fortunes of the self, it instantly becomes an interesting thing. *Lend* the child his books, pencils, and other apparatus; then *give* them to him, make them his own, and notice the new light with which they shine in his eyes at once. He takes a new kind of care of them altogether. In mature life, all the drudgery of a man's business or profession, intolerable in itself, is shot through with engrossing significance, because he knows it to be associated with his personal fortunes. What more deadly uninteresting object can there be than a railroad time-table? Yet where will you find a more interesting object if you are going on a journey, and by its means can find your train? At such times the time-table will absorb a man's entire attention; its interest being borrowed solely from its relation to his personal life. *From all these facts there emerges a very simple abstract programme for the teacher to follow in keeping the attention of the child: Begin with the line of his native interests, and offer him objects that have some immediate connection with these.* The kindergarten methods, the object-teaching routine, the blackboard and manual-training work, — all recognize this feature. Schools in which these methods preponderate are schools where discipline is easy, and where the voice of the master claiming

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order and attention in thundering tones need never be heard.

Next, step by step, connect with these first objects and experiences the later objects and ideas which you wish to instill. Associate the new with the old in some natural and telling way, so that the interest, being shed along from point to point, finally suffuses the entire system of objects of thought.

This is the abstract statement; and, abstractly, nothing can be easier to understand. It is in the fulfillment of the rule that the difficulty lies; for the difference between an interesting and a tedious teacher consists in little more than the inventiveness by which the one is able to mediate these associations and connections, and in the dullness in discovering such transitions which the other shows. One teacher's mind will fairly coruscate with points of connection between the new lesson and the circumstances of the children's other experience. Anecdotes and reminiscences will abound in her talk, and the shuttle of interest will shoot backward and forward, weaving the new and the old together in a lively and entertaining way. Another teacher has no such inventive fertility, and his lesson will always be a dead and heavy thing. This is the psychological meaning of the Herbartian principle of "preparation" for each lesson, and of correlating the new with the old. It is the psychological meaning of that whole method of concentration in studies of which you have been recently hearing so much. When the geography and English and history and arithmetic simultaneously make cross-references to one another, you get an interesting set of processes all along the line.

If, then, you wish to insure the interest of your pupils, there is only one way to do it, and that is to *make certain* that they have something in their minds *to attend with* when you begin to talk. That something can consist in nothing but a previous lot of ideas already interesting in themselves, and of such a nature that the incoming novel objects which you present can dovetail into them and form with them some kind of a logically associated or systematic whole. Fortunately, almost any kind of a connection is sufficient to carry the interest along. What a help is our Philippine war at present in teaching geography! But before the war you could ask the children if they ate pepper with their eggs, and where they supposed the pepper came from. Or ask them if glass is a stone, and if not, why not; and then tell them how stones are formed and glass manufactured. External links will serve as well as those that are deeper and more logical. But interest once shed upon a subject is liable to remain always with that subject. Our acquisitions become in a measure portions of our personal self; and little by little, as cross-associations multiply and habits of familiarity and practice grow, the entire system of our objects of thought consolidates, most of it becoming interesting for some purposes and in some degree.

An adult man's interests are almost every one of them intensely artificial; they have slowly been built up. The objects of professional interest are, most of them, in their original nature, repulsive; but by their connection with such natively exciting objects as one's personal fortune, one's social responsibilities, and especially by the force of inveterate habit, they grow to be the only things for which, in middle life, a man profoundly cares. But in all these the spread and consolidation have followed nothing but the principles first laid down. If we could recall for a moment our whole individual history, we should see that our professional ideals and all the zeal they inspire are due to nothing but the slow accretion of one mental object to another, traceable backward from point to point till we reach the moment when, in the nursery or in the schoolroom, some little story

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told, some little object shown, some little operation witnessed, brought the first new object and new interest within our ken by associating it with some one of those primitively there. The interest now suffusing the whole system took its rise in that little event, so insignificant to us now as to be entirely forgotten. As the bees in swarming cling to one another in layers, till the few are reached whose feet grapple the bough from which the swarm depends, so with the objects of our thinking, — they hang to one another by associated links, but the *original* source of interest in all of them is the native interest which the earliest one once possessed.

ATTENTION.

Whoever treats of interest inevitably treats of attention; for to say that an object is interesting is only another way of saying that it excites attention. But in addition to the attention which an object already interesting or an object just becoming interesting claims — passive attention or spontaneous attention, we may call it — there is a more deliberate attention, voluntary attention or attention with effort, as it is called, which we can give to objects less interesting or uninteresting in themselves. The distinction between active and passive attention is made in all books on psychology, and connects itself with the deeper aspects of the topic. From our present purely practical point of view, however, it is not necessary to be intricate, and passive attention to natively interesting material requires no further elucidation on this occasion. All that we need explicitly to note is that the more the passive attention is relied on, by keeping the material interesting, and the less the kind of attention requiring effort is appealed to, the more smoothly and pleasantly the class-room work goes on. I must say a few more words, however, about this latter process of voluntary and deliberate attention.

One often hears it said that genius is nothing but a power of sustained attention; and the popular impression probably prevails that men of genius are remarkable for their voluntary powers in this direction. *But a little introspective observation will show any one that voluntary attention cannot be continuously sustained; that it comes in beats.* When we are studying an uninteresting subject, if our mind tends to wander, we have to bring back our attention every now and then by using distinct pulses of effort which revivify the topic for a moment, the mind then running on for a certain number of seconds or minutes with spontaneous interest, until again some intercurrent idea captures it and takes it off. Then the processes of volitional recall must be repeated once more. Voluntary attention, in short, is only a momentary affair. The process, whatever it is, exhausts itself in the single act; and unless the matter is then taken in hand by some trace of interest inherent in the subject, the mind fails to follow it at all. The sustained attention of the genius, sticking to his subject for hours together, is for the most part of the passive sort. The minds of geniuses are full of copious and original associations. The subject of thought, once started, develops all sorts of fascinating consequences; the attention is led along one of these to another in the most interesting manner, and the attention never once tends to stray away. In a commonplace mind, on the other hand, a subject develops much less numerous associates; it dies out, then, quickly; and if the man is to keep up thinking of it at all, he must bring his attention back to it by a violent wrench. In him, therefore, the faculty of voluntary attention receives abundant opportunity for cultivation in daily life. It is your despised business man, your common man of affairs (so looked down on by the literary awarders of fame), whose virtue in this regard is likely to be most developed;

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for he has to listen to the concerns of so many uninteresting people, and transacts so much drudging detail, that the faculty in question is always kept in training. A genius, on the contrary, is the man in whom you are least likely to find the power of attending to anything insipid or distasteful in itself; he breaks his engagements, leaves his letters unanswered, neglects his family duties incorrigibly, because he is powerless to divert his attention from those more interesting trains of imagery with which his genius constantly occupies his mind.

Voluntary attention is thus an essentially instantaneous affair. You can claim it, for your purposes in the schoolroom, by commanding it in loud, imperious tones, and you can easily get it in this way. But unless the subject to which you thus recall their attention has inherent power to interest the pupils, you will have got it only for a brief moment, and their minds will soon be wandering again. To keep them where you have called them, you must make the subject too interesting for them to wander again. And for that there is one prescription; but the prescription, like all our prescriptions, is abstract, and to get practical results from it you must couple it with mother-wit.

The prescription is that *the subject must be made to show new aspects of itself; to prompt new questions; in a word, to change.* From an unchanging subject the attention inevitably wanders away. You can test this by the simplest possible case of sensorial attention. Try to attend steadfastly to a dot on the paper or on the wall. You presently find that one or the other of two things has happened: either your field of vision has become blurred, so that you now see nothing distinct at all; or else you have involuntarily ceased to look at the dot in question, and are looking at something else. But if you ask yourself successive questions about the dot, — how big it is, how far, of what shape, what shade of color, etc.; in other words, if you turn it over, if you think of it in various ways and along with various kinds of associate, you can keep your mind on it for a comparatively long time. This is what the genius does, in whose hands a given topic coruscates and grows. And this is what the teacher must do for every topic, if he wishes to avoid too frequent appeals to voluntary attention of the coerced sort. In all respects, reliance upon such attention as this is a wasteful method, bringing bad temper and nervous wear and tear as well as imperfect results. The teacher who can get along by keeping spontaneous interest excited must be regarded as the teacher with most skill.

There is, however, in all schoolroom work a large mass of material that must be dull and unexciting, and to which it is impossible in any continuous way to contribute an interest associatively derived. There are, therefore, certain external methods, which every teacher knows, of voluntarily arousing the attention from time to time and keeping it upon the subject. Mr. Fitch has a lecture on the art of securing attention, and he briefly passes these methods in review: The posture must be changed; places can be changed. Questions, after being answered singly, may occasionally be answered in concert; elliptical questions may be asked, the pupil supplying the missing word. The teacher must pounce upon the most listless child, and wake him. The habit of prompt and ready response must be kept up; recapitulations, illustrations, examples, novelty of order, and ruptures of routine, — all these are means for keeping the attention alive and contributing a little interest to a dull subject. Above all, the teacher must himself be alive and ready, and must use the contagion of his own example.

But when all is said and done, the fact remains that some teachers have a naturally inspiring presence and can

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iake their exercises interesting, while thers simply cannot. Here psychology and general pedagogy confess their failure, and hand things over to the deeper springs of human personality to conduct the task.

A brief reference to the physiological theory of the attentive process may serve still further to elucidate these practical remarks, and confirm them by showing them from a slightly different point of view.

What is the attentive process psychologically considered? Attention to an object is what takes place whenever that object most completely occupies the mind. For simplicity's sake, suppose the object to be an object of sensation, — a figure approaching us at a distance on the road. It is far off, barely perceptible, and hardly moving; we do not know with certainty whether it is a man or not. Such an object as this, if carelessly looked at, may hardly catch our attention at all; the optical impression may affect solely the marginal consciousness, whilst the mental focus keeps engaged with rival things. We may indeed not "see" it till some one points it out. But if so, how does he point it out? By his finger, and by describing its appearance, — by creating a premonitory image of *where* to look, and of *what* to expect to see. This premonitory image is already an excitement of the same nerve centres that are to be concerned with the impression. The impression comes and excites them still further; and now the object enters the focus of the field, consciousness being sustained both by impression and by preliminary idea. But the maximum of attention to it is not yet reached. Although we see it, we may not care for it; it may suggest nothing important to us; and a rival stream of objects or of thoughts may quickly take our mind away. If, however, our companion defines it in a significant way, arouses in the mind a set of experiences to be apprehended from it, — names it as an enemy or as a messenger of important tidings, — the residual and marginal ideas now aroused, so far from being its rivals, become its associates and allies; they shoot together into one system with it; they converge upon it; they keep it steadily in focus; the mind attends to it with maximum power.

The attentive process, therefore, at its maximum may be physiologically symbolized by a brain-cell played on in two ways, — from without and from within. Incoming currents from the periphery arouse it, and collateral currents from the centres of memory and imagination reinforce these.

In this process, the incoming impression is the newer element, the ideas which reinforce and sustain it are among the older possessions of the mind. And the maximum of attention may then be said to be found whenever we have a systematic harmony or unification between the novel and the old. It is an odd circumstance that neither the old nor the new, by itself, is interesting: the absolutely old is insipid; the absolutely new makes no appeal at all. The old *in* the new is what claims the attention, — the old with a slightly new turn. No one wants to hear a lecture on a subject completely disconnected with his previous knowledge, but all of us enjoy lectures on subjects of which we know a little already; just as in the fashions, every year must bring its slight modification of last year's suit, but an abrupt jump from the fashion of one decade into that of another would be distasteful to the eye.

The genius of the interesting teacher consists in sympathetic divination of the sort of material with which the pupil's mind is likely to be already spontaneously engaged, and in the ingenuity which discovers paths of connection from that material to the matters to be newly learned. The principle is easy to grasp, but the accomplishment is difficult in the

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extreme. And a knowledge of such psychology as this which I am recalling can no more make a good teacher than a knowledge of the laws of perspective can make a landscape painter of effective skill.

A certain doubt may now occur to some of you. Awhile ago, apropos of the pugnacious instinct, I spoke of our modern pedagogy as being possibly too "soft." You may perhaps here face me with my own words, and ask whether the exclusive effort on the teacher's part to keep the pupil's spontaneous interest going, and to avoid the more strenuous path of voluntary attention to repulsive work, does not savor also of sentimentalism. The greater part of schoolroom work, you say, must in the nature of things be repulsive. To face uninteresting drudgery is a good part of life's work; why seek to eliminate it from the schoolroom, or minimize the sterner law?

A word or two will obviate what might perhaps become a serious misunderstanding here.

It is certain that most schoolroom work, till it has become habitual and automatic, is repulsive, and cannot be done without voluntarily jerking back the attention to it every now and then. This is inevitable, let the teacher do what he will. It flows from the inherent nature of the subjects and of the learning mind. The repulsive processes of verbal memorizing, of discovering steps of mathematical identity, and the like, must borrow their interest at first from purely external sources, mainly from the personal interests with which success in mastering them is associated; such as gaining of rank, avoiding punishment, not being beaten by a difficulty, and the like. Without such borrowed interest the child could not attend to them at all. But in these processes what becomes interesting enough to be attended to is not thereby attended to without effort. Effort always has to go on, — derived interest for the n
not awakening attention tha o
however spontaneous it may now have to be called. The interest which the teacher, by his utmost skill, can lend to the subject proves over and over again to be only an interest *sufficient to let loose the effort*. The teacher, therefore, need never concern himself about *inventing* occasions where effort must be called into play. Let him still awaken whatever sources of interest in the subject he can by stirring up connections between it and the pupil's nature, whether in the line of theoretic curiosity, of personal interest, or of pugnacious impulse. The laws of mind will then bring enough pulses of effort into play to keep the pupil exercised in the subject's direction. There is, in fact, no greater school of effort than the steady struggle to attend to immediately repulsive or difficult objects of thought which have grown interesting through their association, as means, with some remote ideal end.

The Herbartian doctrine of interest ought not, therefore, in principle, to be reproached with making pedagogy soft. If it do so, it is because it is unintelligently carried on. Do not, then, for the mere sake of discipline, command attention from your pupils in thundering tones; do not too often beg it from them as a favor, nor claim it as a right, nor try habitually to excite it by preaching the importance of the subject. Sometimes, indeed, you must do these things; but the more you have to do them, the less skillful teacher you will show yourself to be. Elicit interest from within, by the warmth with which you care for the topic yourself and by following the laws I have laid down. If the topic be highly abstract, show its nature by concrete examples; if it be unfamiliar, trace some point of analogy in it with the known; if it be inhuman, make it figure as part of a story; if it be difficult, couple its acquisition with some prospect of personal gain. Above all things, make sure that it shall run

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through certain inner changes, since no unvarying object can possibly hold the mental field for long. Let your pupil wander from one aspect to another of your subject, if you do not wish him to wander from it altogether to something else; variety in unity being the secret of all interesting talk and thought. The relation of all these things to the native genius of the instructor is too obvious to need comment again.

One more point, and I am done with the subject of attention. There is undoubtedly a great native variety among individuals in the type of their attention. Some of us are naturally scatter-brained, and others follow easily a train of connected thoughts without temptation to swerve aside to other subjects. This seems to depend on a difference between individuals in the type of their field of consciousness. In some persons this is highly focalized and concentrated, and the focal ideas predominate in determining association. In others we must suppose the margin to be brighter, and to be filled with something like meteoric showers of images, which strike into it at random, displacing the focal ideas, and carrying association in their own direction. Persons of the latter type find their attention wandering every minute, and must bring it back by a voluntary pull. The others sink into a subject of meditation deeply, and when interrupted are "lost" for a moment before they come back to the outer world. The possession of such a steady faculty of attention is unquestionably a great boon. Those who have it can work more rapidly, and with less nervous wear and tear. I am inclined to think that no one who is without it naturally can by any amount of drill or discipline attain it in a very high degree. Its amount is probably a fixed characteristic of the individual. But I wish to make a remark here which I shall have occasion to make again in other connections. It is that no one need deplore unduly the inferiority in himself of any one elementary faculty. This concentrated type of attention is an elementary faculty; it is one of the things that might be ascertained and measured by exercises in the laboratory. But having ascertained it in a number of persons, we could never rank them in a scale of actual and practical mental efficiency based on its degrees. The total mental efficiency of a man is the resultant of the working together of all his faculties; he is too complex a being for any one of them to have the casting vote. If any one of them do have the casting vote, it is more likely to be the strength of desire and passion, the strength of the interest he takes in what is proposed. Concentration, memory, reasoning power, inventiveness, excellence of the senses, — all are subsidiary to this. No matter how scatter-brained the type of a man's successive fields of consciousness may be, if he really *care* for a subject, he will return to it incessantly from his incessant wanderings, and, first and last, do more with it and get more results from it than one whose attention may be more continuous during a given interval, but whose passion for the subject is of a more languid and less permanent sort. Some of the most efficient workers I know are of the ultra-scatter-brained type. One friend, who does a prodigious quantity of work, has in fact confessed to me that if he wants to get ideas on any subject he sits down to work at something else, his best results coming through his mind wanderings. This is perhaps an epigrammatic exaggeration on his part; but I seriously think that no one of us need be too much distressed at his own shortcomings in this regard. Our mind may enjoy but little comfort, may be restless and feel confused, but it may be extremely efficient, all the same.

William James.

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SOME RECENT FICTION.

THE stories which Mrs. Margaret Deland has collected under the attractive title of Old Chester Tales are, for the most part, in her very best vein; and two of them, Good for the Soul and Where the Laborers are Few, are not only highly dramatic in construction, but exceedingly impressive by reason of their moral and religious appeal. Mrs. Deland has always had two styles: one of them studied — and successfully studied — from Miss Austen and Mrs. Gaskell; the other less classic, but more her own, — the fervent, insistent, argumentative style of a woman with deep convictions and an earnest, philanthropic purpose, who tells her story for the sake of its moral, and will cheerfully mar the proportions of the one, if, by so doing, she may the better drive the other home. In John Ward, Preacher, the book by which her fame was won, the two styles ran side by side without blending; and the clear stream, which reflected the quaint prejudices and tranquil conservatisms of the secluded old Pennsylvania town, was so much pleasanter to follow than the turbid torrent of the preacher's theological agonies, that one felt tempted to beseech the author to abandon her higher purposes henceforth, and confine herself to the natural history of the American Cranford. That sleepy paradise dawned upon her pages, bathed in a delicious atmosphere of dignified indolence, full of mild local color, and animated by the oddities of no end of indigenous types whom Mrs. Deland knew root and branch, and portrayed with charming spirit and evident fidelity.

But the strong talent is bound to take its own course. In her succeeding stories, Mrs. Deland was still, by turns, the artist and the moralist, but the moralist rather more than the artist, and not seldom to the artist's detriment.

In her view of the irrepressible "woman question," for example, she often seemed to us distinctly morbid and mistaken; but that her sympathies were constantly broadening, her insight into character and motive growing deeper and her mastery of her material more complete, we were also constrained to admit. And now, when, after a decade or so of successful authorship, she returns to the scenes of her childhood and the first themes of her muse, we can measure all the gain she has made; and it is not small. What variety in superficial similarity, what humors both of speech and of situation, what passion under primness, what depths of human tragedy and heights of spiritual victory within the straggling limits of quiet Old Chester, whose wayward and somnolent streets Howard Pyle has drawn so delightfully, especially in their winter aspect! Moreover, the different sketches compose into a single picture; for all the action revolves about one venerable central figure, — that of the rector of Old Chester parish, Dr. Lavendar.

It is he who guides, counsels, upholds, reprimands, and absolves each member of his erring flock. There is a wonderful diversity of interest and charm in the figures that cluster around him, of those who live by his words and example: of Elizabeth Day, bearing humbly about with her the scar of her ancient and thrice-expiated fault; of delicate Miss Maria Wellwood; of Rachel King, who is a mother by the grace of God, not by the will of man; of the one-legged evangelist Paul Phillips, and of Jane Jay, with the heartbreak it would have unclassed her to confess; of the brothers Shields, who almost cast the brothers Cheeryble into the shade. But the aureoled rector, with his aging hands outspread in benediction, towers above them all, the pure

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ideal of the parish priest. We wonder if Mrs. Deland herself has ever perceived how exactly, in Dr. Lavendar, she has depicted the type of the sinless, selfless, nameless abbé of a remote French hamlet, or the Don Anselmo or Don Teodoro of some hunger-smitten Apennine district; how much more the rector's quiet course resembles those lives hidden with God than the more active, conspicuous, and seemingly responsible career of the average English or American parson or French or Swiss *pasteur*. Dr. Lavendar's memorial tablet should be set beside that of the vicar of the Deserted Village.

It is not far from Old Chester to that picturesque South of the days before the civil war, — sunny, peaceful, patriarchal, — which it has long been a labor of love with Mr. Thomas Nelson Page carefully to delineate. Thank God, the time has fully come, in hardly more than a generation, when readers all over our integral country can follow his thrilling Chronicle of Reconstruction with no swellings of partisan spite or rekindling of extinct hostilities, but with an equal pride in the author's literary distinction and captivating manner as a story-teller.

Mr. Page has, indeed, a very unusual gift of graphic and convincing narrative. To lounge in an easy-chair and listen to his personal reminiscences would be, one is inclined to think, one of the greatest luxuries in life. The tale of the Red Rock Plantation, with its remarkable vicissitudes of ownership, is long, but it is never dull. It runs an exciting but seemingly inevitable course, and ends exactly as it ought. The many personages of the play include a large number both of Northern and of Southern types; and Mr. Page gives proof of rare equanimity — using the word in its true and original sense — by the candid manner in which he places himself, successively, at points of view which were deeply antagonistic at the date of the story, and then, and for years afterward, believed to be irreconcilable.

The most admirable figure in the book, that of the grave, wise, clairvoyant, Dr. Cary, who foresaw without flinching the sad end of the Confederate struggle from its gallant beginning, is hardly more tenderly drawn than that of the equally estimable New Englander, Major Welch. The Northern maiden and the Southern, Ruth and Blair, are equally sweet, high-spirited, and deliciously unreasonable. Mr. Page's Jacquelin Grays and Stephen Allens are made no more "chivalrous" than his Lawrence Middletons. In his polite exactitude, he will not even give them finer names! We can all enjoy the humor with which he paints the character and rehearses the experience of Mrs. Welch, the convinced and high-minded Northern abolitionist: so perfectly sure she was right before she ever saw the South; so flabbergasted — if the word may be allowed — when she found herself face to face with the actual situation. We know that Mr. Page's negroes are drawn from the life; we bless him for using their "black babble" so sparingly in his text, and we are diverted alike by their whimsical fidelities to their former owners and by their childish contumacies toward their new employers. And above all, — for here we come to the pith of a story which has, of necessity, its very painful side, — we find no words of execration too bitter, and hardly any organized vendetta too merciless, for the vulgar tyrannies of the Northern "Carpetbagger" as represented by Jonadab Leech, or the spite of the treacherous overseer and permitted enormities of the sensual fanatic as exemplified in the foul deeds of Hiram Still and the negro Moses.

The best parts of Red Rock, from a purely literary point of view, are the graceful dedicatory preface and, what may be called the prologue, in which are simply and briefly rehearsed the causes and course of the war of seces-

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sion, the going out of the devoted Southern heroes and their coming home. By way of illustrating the breadth of Mr. Page's sympathies and the sincerity of his larger patriotism, let us quote a short scene. It is that in which Dr. Cary addresses the convention which voted the secession of his state.

"He broke the silence with a calm voice that went everywhere. Without appearing to be strong, his voice was one of those strange instruments that filled every building with its finest tone, and reached over every crowd to its farthest limit. With a gesture that, as men said afterward, seemed to sweep the horizon, he began: —

"'The time has passed for talking. Go home and prepare for war. For it is on us.'

"'Oh, there's not going to be any war!' cried some one, and a part of the crowd cheered. Dr. Cary turned on them: —

"'No war? We are at war *now* — with the greatest power on earth: the power of universal progress. It is not the North that we shall have to fight, but the World. Go home and make ready. If we have talked like fools, we shall at least fight like men.'"

One word remains to be added. We have reason to blush, as Americans, for the fact that the contemptible persecution of the vanquished, which went on, under the name of Reconstruction, in many parts of the South during the years immediately succeeding the war, should have received in some sort the sanction of the central government at Washington. But it should not be forgotten, in any résumé of the case, that those persecutions, and the wholly unmerited suffering which they often involved, were a direct and inevitable consequence of the senseless, needless theatrical crime which stained the last hours of the Confederacy. If Abraham Lincoln had lived, the Carpetbagger would have had no career.

Nothing could possibly be more purely sectional, or more scrupulously exact in the way the flat tints of its pallid local color are laid on, than Miss Eliza Orne White's dainty little New England romance, A Lover of Truth. There are several able pens busily engaged just now in depicting the more sordid and depressing phases of provincial life in the Northern States. But Miss White's is a nice story about very nice people; and the glimmer of demure and well-disciplined humor which plays over its pages relieves it of all suspicion of tedium. No one familiar with the environment of the tale can fail to admire the fidelity of her representation. The cubical colonial mansion; the densely shaded street; the Chippendale chairs, fine hall clock, and bad family portraits; the overbearing clang of church bells on a sweet Sunday morning in summer; the ominous creak of "runners" upon solidly packed snow in dark winter dawns, — we see and hear all these things as we turn the decorous pages. Miss White is very successful, also, with her human specimens; and if, for the most part, these are rather prim and colorless, it is not her fault. Of all the aristocracies ever founded upon merit, — and all aristocracies are founded upon merit of some kind, military, commercial, or other, — that of the New England country town in the lusty days of the all but extinct nineteenth century was the most blameless and the most *borné*. It was unconscious, or at least wholly unobservant of anything outside its annually whitewashed pale. Its ideal of caste was a lofty and severe abstraction; having little to show for itself outwardly, but strong in the testimony of the spirit and the record kept on the blank leaves of the family Bible. It was a very religious class, but not anxiously or ostentatiously so. If orthodox, it knew that its own soul was saved. If heretical, it had an equally cheering conviction that no salvation was necessary. For sheer cleanliness

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of life, and a mild monotony of virtue, refinement, good manners, and good grammar, the like of it was never seen on earth before, and will not, it is to be feared, be very soon seen again.

One grave element of weakness there was in this vanishing social order: it tended to early sterility. Men were restive under it, and ran away from it; and with the lapse of each decade it became more intensely and exclusively feminine. Miss White herself takes quiet note of this tendency, and has depicted, both in Theodora, the heroine of a former book, and in Jean, in A Lover of Truth, different varieties of the one-sided and more or less unsatisfied woman, who will be sure to grow up in an over-booked and under-manned world. Rueful, perhaps, for Theodora's obduracy, the author permits Jean, the other ice maiden, to melt near the end of the present romance; and, to our distinct Philistine satisfaction, all the other surviving personages of the little drama are left about as happy as their dignified circumstances will permit.

The prominent position which Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton has long occupied in the literary and artistic circles of London, and his power, as chief critic of the Athenæum, to make or mar the reputations of other men, have invested his own recent publications with a special and rather awe-struck interest. Not many months ago, his elaborate poem The Coming of Love was receiving the respectful attention of the more serious English critics, who, however they might differ upon minor points, were agreed in praising its marked originality of subject and treatment. The scene of the poem was laid chiefly among the gypsies; and to them Mr. Watts-Dunton returns in the most interesting portions of his long-promised novel of Aylwin. Like George Borrow and Charles Leland, he has lived among these strange people, mastered their primitive language, and assimilated much of their weird legendary lore. His treatment of gypsy life is more romantic in some ways even than Borrow's, and the finest of his gypsy characters, the magnanimous but terrible maiden Sinfi Lovell, is drawn of heroic size, and painted with a bizarre and violent splendor of color which recalls the early work upon canvas of Rossetti and Millais. The hero of the book, Henry Aylwin, had a grandmother who was a full-blooded gypsy, while his father was a moonstruck mediæval mystic, and his mother an entirely commonplace woman of the London world; the working in the youth's mind, and the influence upon his fate, of these conflicting elements are analyzed with great skill, though with a strong bias toward the unconventional, on the part of Aylwin's biographer.

In the earlier part of the story, the hero professes and probably believes himself to be a rationalist, a Darwinian rather than an "Aylwinian," a disciple of science and a survivor of faith. But never, surely, did reason make a feebler fight against superstition than in his person, and his conversion to the most fantastic form of supernaturalism is from the first a foregone conclusion. Wildly impossible as the story is, the simple, temperate language and cultivated manner of the narrator give it a certain persuasiveness, and the plot is ingenious enough to keep the interest of the least critical reader alive to the very end.

To readers of another class, the chief attraction of this visionary chronicle will be found in its personal reminiscences of those knights-errant of the pictorial art who are now almost all gone, but with whom Mr. Watts-Dunton, in his youth, lived upon terms of the closest intimacy, — the leaders of the so-called preraphaelite movement. There may be differences of opinion among the knowing as to the originals of Wilderspin, De Castro, and Cyril Aylwin, but D'Arcy is, beyond question, Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

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The personal appearance, the private menagerie in the Chelsea garden, the beautiful old manor house (afterward the property of William Morris), the solemn scorn of a large class of social conventions, and the exalted mysticism are all Rossetti's. Borrowed, also, or at least imbibed from him, are the peculiar forms of symbolism affected by Mr. Watts-Dunton, his manner of brooding over and subjectively interpreting the common sights and sounds and odors of external nature: "On the loneliest coast, in the dunnest night, a sense of companionship comes with the smell of seaweed." If this would scan, it might well be a fragment of the haunting lyric which begins: —

> "I have been here before,
> But when or how I cannot tell."

Aylwin is a very long book for a novel of to-day, — four hundred and fifty closely printed pages. It is the leisurely and loving work of a lettered old age, and should by all means be read slowly, sympathetically, and in a spirit of docile submission to the writer's ethereal spell. So read, with reminiscences of Zanoni and the Strange Story, Lavengro and the Romany Rye, rising like tinted exhalations in the mind of the reader, and deepening the atmosphere of the later tale, it will be found very fascinating; the naïf love story which is its main theme is full of a gentle but strongly individual charm.

It is strange indeed to turn from this dreamy performance to the brisk and brilliant pages flashing with the concentrated vitality of one who has much to say, and whose time is short, — of Harold Frederic's Gloria Mundi. It is also hard, in view of the peculiarly heart-sickening tragedy of the author's untimely end, to judge the book dispassionately and upon its actual merits. Of all the younger novelists of the day, save one, he seemed to give the most virile and splendid promise. His was the most varied and precocious knowledge of life, the broadest range of sympathy, the most striking power of synthesis. There were masterly touches even in the earliest and crudest of his efforts; in The Copperhead, for example. There was the gathered and controlled power which compels attention even to its least pleasing manifestations, in the strong and singular tale which we like so much better to call Illumination than by its rather brutal American title, The Damnation of Theron Ware. But the author's own thought had clarified wonderfully between that book and the one which was in course of publication when he died. We were confident that this clearing process would go on; that Gloria Mundi also would prove but a provisional effort, marking one stage more in an indefinite development. Already, in Illumination, Frederic saw life with surprising steadiness. He seemed to be on the sure way to see it "whole."

The finest thing in Gloria Mundi is, undoubtedly, the character of the hero, Christian Tower. It is very original, exquisitely conceived, and perfectly consistent from first to last. He is not in the least English, this fair and candid youth, with his English name, his frugal Continental traditions, his attitude reverent as that of the young Cavour toward all things English when seen from afar, — who, by a singular but perfectly possible chain of circumstances, becomes the heir apparent to an English dukedom. His is a Latin type, and one of the sweetest and most distinguished, — such a type as George Meredith drew in the young Italian patriots of his inspired early novel, Vittoria; and no one who has not known and loved that type in some living person can understand how faithfully Harold Frederic has portrayed it here.

To the simple, disinterested, affectionate soul, with its ingrain *gentilezza*, its visionary remoteness from all sordid

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or snobbish considerations, its quaint mixture of the childlike and the astute, of docility and the most intrepid independence, the special glories of the great world of aristocratic England appeal otherwise than they can ever do to one of our more material race. They move, but they do not dazzle or unman him. He sees the very best side of the free and sumptuous existence of the English great, in the home of Julius and Emanuel Tower. He is all but converted to the generous but highly artificial "system" whereby those two philanthropists are seeking to promote the well-being of their less privileged compatriots, and atone for the long tyranny of their ancient race. Already, in Theron Ware, we had been made to see how powerfully what may be called the feudal or mediæval theory of the higher life — the theory espoused and so eloquently advocated by Ruskin, Carlyle, and William Morris — appealed at one time both to the imagination and to the reason of Frederic. In Gloria Mundi, the picturesque aspects of that alluring scheme, and its claims upon the heart and conscience of mankind, are once again reviewed, only to be reluctantly but definitively rejected. After six months of the most flattering experience, Christian Tower suddenly discovers that he is surfeited with the rich cream of English civilization.

"'I do not like it,' Christian replied, enforcing his words with eager hands. Lingfield had cautioned him against this gesticulatory tendency, but the very consciousness that he was in rebellion brought his hands upward into the conversation. 'It is not what I care for. I came into it too late, no doubt, to understand — appreciate it properly. . . . The country-gentleman idea which you make so much of in England — it does not appeal to me. It is too idle, too purposeless. Of course, my cousin Emanuel — he makes a terrible toil of it, and does some wonderful things, beyond doubt. But, after all, — what does it come to? He helps people to be extremely fine, who without him would be only tolerably fine. But I have the feeling that one should help those who are not fine at all, — who have never had the chance to be fine, who do not know what it means. Emanuel's wife — oh, a very lovely character! — she said to me that they disliked coming up to town, the sight of the London poor distressed them so much. Well, that is the point, — if I am to help anybody at all, it is the London poor that I should try to help. Emanuel's plan is to give extra bones and teach new tricks to dogs already very comfortable. My heart warms to the dogs without collars, — the homeless and hungry devils who look for bones in the gutters.'

"'Oh, you 're going in for settlements and that sort of thing,' commented Dicky. 'I hear that is rather disappointing work. If you don't take the sporting-papers at the reading-room, they say the men won't come at all. Slingsby Chetwynd was awfully keen on the thing. He went down to stop a whole week at Shoreditch, or Houndsditch, or the Isle of Dogs, or somewhere like that, — and a woman smashed his hat in, and he fell into a cellar, and he was jolly glad to get back again the same night.'

"But Christian was pursuing thoughts of his own."

The dialogue is all as natural as this, even when the deepest and most difficult problems of sociology are broached, as in some of the conversations between Christian and Emanuel and Kathleen, Emanuel's wife. When Christian's hour of revolt arrived, his first naïf thought had been that he could even evade the ducal inheritance lying ready to his hand, and dependent only upon the demise of a paralytic and barely animate old man. This he discovered that he could not do; and there is no more powerful page in modern fiction than the description of the old duke's funeral,

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with all the grim irony of its feudal pomp, and the crushing sense of inevitable responsibility which descended upon the restive soul of the heir as the gloomy pageant went forward. What he would have done with his unwelcome inheritance, how administered the affairs of his alien realm, we shall never know. Much, doubtless, would have depended upon the bride he chose, in flat defiance of the traditions of his class, — a good and brave woman, but one of the newest, who commands the respect rather than wins the admiration of the reader. The impeccable typewriter, Frances, is assuredly a far nobler creature than Celia, the tawdry temptress in Illumination. But will not Frances, also, be one day outgrown? The question is idle. The vivid little drama remains a fragment, like the ominous words upon its title-page, and all is said when we have completed the wistful proverb, "Sic transit Gloria Mundi."

IMPROVEMENT IN CITY LIFE.

I. PHILANTHROPIC PROGRESS.

AFTER the civil war, and when the great financial depression of the early seventies was passing, conditions were already shaping themselves for the beginning of a new phase in the development of our cities. The rapid rise in population was well under way. About half of the increase in the population of the whole country, from 1860 to 1870, was in cities. Other factors, also, in the striking change toward city life, were at work. The war had given an enlarged idea of nationality. Patriotism was more conscious of its own depth, and had laid a strong foundation for civic pride. Prosperity was returning. The larger field offered by more populous cities, the strong invitation to public spirit which they extended, the means to better them and the impulse to do so, all came together.

Yet the immediate result was disappointing. The opportunities offered by the cities were for evil as well as for good. There was the chance for public works that should benefit large numbers and make fairer or better cities, but over against that opportunity was the temptation to officials of great private gains. In 1871, this official unscrupulousness received a notable demonstration in the revelations regarding the Tweed ring at New York. How influential a part it played in turning attention throughout the country to reform in the management of cities, it would be hard to say. The part was certainly great.

There has been a new awakening of civic spirit in more recent years. In the winter of 1889, for instance, there was much discussion, at least, — a series of lectures in Boston on Municipal Government Reform, one in Providence on Problems of Municipal Government; and so urgent was the demand in Cincinnati, Cleveland, Toledo, and Columbus for reform that a conference was held of representatives from each of those cities. The national conferences on good city government were begun soon afterward. Perhaps as much was done in the permanently important department of revising charters as in the attempt to elect good men to office. This special political agitation for good municipal government is necessary. The very swiftness of city growth involves political danger. Whether a city owes its rapid increase in numbers to immigration or to the draining

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of the country districts, it can make no claim on an hereditary loyalty of its newcomers. In most of our principal cities a large majority of the inhabitants are foreign born or children of foreign parentage; and in some of them, unfortunately, this mixed character of the population is helped to longer life and sharper distinctness by the existence of communities which discourage a sense of unity. Such communities are collections of nationalities rather than of citizens. The cities that have grown most rapidly have hardly had time, as Dr. Albert Shaw has said, to arrive at "civic self-consciousness," and yet they have swallowed up the older, smaller cities of which they are the successors.

The specific efforts for the improvement of cities, apart from the sporadic general effort along political lines, divide themselves into three classes, — æsthetic, educational, and philanthropic. The dividing line is not always clear, yet this classification serves to group the struggles with fair accuracy. In passing, it may be noted how these divisions correspond to the three Old World classes of society. If we have no "higher, middle, and lower" classes, as they exist in Europe, we yet have that form of them expressed by an English writer who has said that "humanity is divided into pounds, shillings, and pence." The philanthropic efforts mainly help the pence, the educational reach the shillings, and the æsthetic, while ostensibly devised for all, gratify chiefly the pounds. Happily, with us this social coinage is interchangeable, but the three denominations can always be found. It is curious to note, too, though the distinction is of no importance, how well philanthropic, educational, and æsthetic effort to make fairer cities conform respectively with Plato's the Good, the True, and the Beautiful.

Charitable and educational work, the one through the influence of the church and the other through the state, already had organization, with all that organization implies. The need of these, also, was more pressing. Statues, monuments, sky-lines, can wait; but bodies and minds must be fed. It is not surprising that, in the development of the higher urban life, æsthetic improvement comes last. But we are a people that make history rapidly. When a single life may span the time between virgin forest or sandy plain and a city noble in size, aspect, and altruistic endeavor, we may expect to find movements which are logically far apart crowded close together. An important point in the history of an American city is reached when its people have time to turn their attention from its sewers, its protection, and other fundamental necessities, to what is recognized as its "higher life." The commonness of the term shows how generally that point has been reached. All things will not be done orderly and wisely in a democracy, for progress proceeds in a zigzag line. An administration dependent on the good will of taxpayers is not likely, for instance, to order the building of great parks until the demands upon the treasury for sewers, pavements, and even schools have to some extent been satisfied, or until the public is willing to incur an increase in expense to gain this end. One may regret the delay, from a sociological point of view, and it may largely increase the expense over what would have been necessary before land had appreciated in value; but when the work is undertaken it is full of significance. It means that the bulk of the people want parks. At the same time, there is preserved, by the freedom of the rich to use their money as they please, whatever charm and instruction lie in watching the acts of an untrammeled and blundering individual. If it were possible, in the compass of a magazine article, to give a detailed history of the popular movement in any one of the three directions for better cities, we should find a bewildering mixture of humor, pathos, tragedy,

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and achievement. But detail must be sacrificed; efforts must be valued for their relation to the general movement rather than for themselves. Judgments must be stated summarily, and a seemingly arbitrary choice of examples must be made. Yet it is easy to see the drift, and to note how wide and strong the movement is become. In this article I shall make a rapid survey of some of the most significant results of the strong philanthropic movement in city life, and in two subsequent articles I shall summarize some results of educational and æsthetic work.

The replies of most of the individuals whom, in preparing these articles, I asked to name what had been done "to improve life" in their cities, contained lists of charities. This fact is suggestive. It shows how large and important a place the altruistic effort holds in the popular mind. The replies repay scrutiny. There is rarely mention of that official effort in which the government — state, county, or town — assumes responsibility for the physical well-being of its poor. Almshouses, poor departments, city physicians, and asylums are not given in the lists. These institutions are supported by taxes, and are not regarded as evidences of especial activity. Some of the activities named were not relevant. That which merely relieves a social condition, without attempting to prevent the recurrence of the need of relief, does not lift the city to higher things. Curative work is better than palliative, and preventive is best of all. Unhappily, this distinction is not fully grasped. The philanthropic impulse is so strong, and until lately has acted with so little authoritative check or economic study, that much harm has always to be deducted from the good which the altruistic fashion of the time has done. We must bear this waste in mind, in noting the general course which our urban philanthropy takes.

Church work comes first. Urban problems have caused the old methods to undergo a gradual change, and the "institutional church" has been developed. A notable example is one in New York city. The church expended $160,000 in 1896 from voluntary contributions for poor relief. It employed six clergymen; conducted clubs for men, mothers, boys, and girls; and had an employment bureau, in addition to its other agencies for moral, physical, and intellectual betterment. It is a particularly well-marked case; but every city has some such example; nearly all churches are affected to some degree; and the aggregate effect upon city life is great. For the church — Gentile and Jew, Catholic and Protestant — still plays the largest part in the social activity of modern cities.

There has always been a mass of urban beneficence which could not act through the church, and would not if it could. How great this mass has become, and how wide and varied are its manifestations, may be shown by statistics regarding the beneficent societies in New York city. These omit all church organizations, missions, and religious orders. There appear[1] to be 106 "public" in the sense of "official" charities in the limits of the enlarged New York. Of this number 73 are city and county, and no account is made of baths, schools, and parks. In addition to these, 538 societies are supported by individuals for the purpose of giving temporary relief; 95 more are for rendering special kinds of relief for special causes. There are also 36 for foreigners; 158 for various forms of permanent relief; 328 for surgical and medical assistance; 50 homes and asylums for the defective and afflicted; 9 provident and savings associations; and 103 societies for the furtherance in other ways of social, economic, and physical improvement. In other words, aside from all the public charities which are supported by general taxation, and aside from

[1] New York Charities Directory, 1898.

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the immense beneficence directly carried on by the churches and maintained by voluntary contributions, there are 1423 organized forms of philanthropic endeavor in the single city of New York. The showing might be made considerably stronger by including mutual and beneficial societies, savings banks, and reformatories.

Much of this effort, however, has little to do with the subject in hand. A great hospital — and there are superb ones in some of our cities — is a noble institution, but its only addition to the growing loveliness of the city is its indication of a sentiment of pity. The hospital, it may be added, is a flatteringly high type of the activities here referred to. That philanthropic work is too much duplicated is obvious. Dr. F. G. Peabody says, in an article on Poor-Relief in America, written for a German encyclopædia, that "the multiplication of voluntary relief societies has become not only a source of pride in the country, but also one of its embarrassing riches." The New York State Board of Charities, in its annual report to the legislature for 1898, also called attention to the matter, saying that it believed there were more than 4000 empty beds in the children's institutions of New York city.

This strange evil of excessive or ill-distributed urban generosity had, however, been realized before. At Buffalo, late in 1877, the first Charity Organization Society was established, as a protest against a lavishness in beneficence which was wasteful of resources and pauperizing in tendency. To some extent in Buffalo, and distinctly in Brooklyn, the organization was preceded by an effort to abolish or reform municipal outdoor relief. In Philadelphia and many other cities charity organization practically supplanted outdoor relief. An idea of the saving to taxpayers thus effected is gained from a report made at the twentieth National Conference of Charities and Correction (1893). It appears that Brooklyn, where outdoor relief was abolished in 1878, had appropriated $141,207 in the previous year for this purpose; that Indianapolis saved $82,000 in its appropriation; that Philadelphia saved $60,000 by abolishment, and Buffalo $50,000 by reduction. Other similar gains are recorded. This movement of association, which was already proving successful in London, and toward which there had been attempts in Boston, in Germantown (a suburban ward of Philadelphia), and in New York city, spread rapidly. In 1882 there were 22 charity organization societies in the United States. Ten years later there were 92 of these and affiliated societies, having many thousand special visitors; for the effort to individualize relief is happily coupled with the effort to systematize it. The population of the cities they represented exceeded then 11,000,000. National, district, and local conferences had been instituted, and a periodical literature of the subject was appearing. There has since been no backward step, and in organization we recognize an important principle of urban philanthropy.

Charity organization, as a protest against waste and duplication, has secured in addition to economy and system two other advantages. They are efficiency and the procurement of data for scientific social study. The efficiency achieved is not wholly in the granting of temporary relief. There is a permanent gain to the beneficiary, and so to society at large, in the stand against pauperization. Direct gratuitous help is discouraged, and employment is found for beneficiaries. Organization helps men to help themselves, in realization that the truest charity, like the truest art, is that which conceals itself. In such work it is a permanent factor in city betterment. The securing of reliable data for study is a later development of the movement, growing out of appreciation of its peculiar opportunities for investigation.

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Half a dozen years ago the invested resources of charity organization were put at $630,000, though the accumulation of endowments had then had slight opportunity. It does not lack now for material evidence. The Charities Building in Boston, the headquarters of the local movement, is a memento of early efforts to systematize popular beneficence, and antedated the Associated Charities. The first distinct endowment of charity organization was, appropriately, at Buffalo. This was in 1880, when one of the citizens established the Fitch Crèche. It is not only one of the leading institutions of the city, but is probably the best of its kind in the country. The Crèche affords accommodation for the offices of the society, includes an accident hospital, and, in furtherance of its purpose to promote industry and thrift among the poor, contains a training school for domestics and nursery maids, which is unique in the United States. Of greater spectacular impressiveness is the United Charities Building in New York, dedicated in 1893. The structure is shared in common by many philanthropic associations, so that the whole cost, $600,000, may properly be included here among the assets of organized private charity, though the equity of the Charity Organization Society is estimated at only a fourth of this. In general, charity organization, in some form, has come to be indissolubly associated with the philanthropic side of municipal development. Private munificence, through individual donors or by popular subscription, has erected in many cities a central structure which is the charitable power house of the city. This is often in itself, as well as in what it stands for, one of the landmarks of the perfectly developed city; for under the general head of charity organization, with its central buildings, its salaried secretaries, and its elaborate printed directories, is to be included much of the philanthropic activity of a modern city. The vital, permanent force in the better city's development is, not the multiplicity of movements, but the principle of systematic coöperation. This has the directing power to urge — or, better yet, to curb — the unparalleled profuseness of our public and private charity.

Within the last few years a modification in the charity organization plan has been suggested and has had limited trial. Curiously, this also originated in Buffalo; and under the title of the Church District or Buffalo Plan it has been adopted in a few other places. It proposes a division of the city into districts, and a distribution of these among the churches. The church which takes a district is to look after it with the thoroughness with which a politician looks after votes. It is to become responsible for its "moral elevation," and, with the aid of the charitable institutions of the city, for the material relief of its needy. In Buffalo the plan has been tried in connection with the Charity Organization Society, and the first working report — published in January, 1898 — indicates a moderate degree of success. The experiment is interesting, as suggesting within the church a growing sense of responsibility to the city. The assumption of obligation seems, however, unduly to relieve those outside of a church. New York is trying with considerable success a church federation for sociological work. Cleveland during the last few months, and Allegheny for a longer time, have made use of a Charity Clearing House. The idea underlying the church plans was well expressed by Mr. Talcott Williams, who, writing of the higher life of Philadelphia, a few months before the Buffalo Plan was adopted, said, in unconscious advocacy of its principle, that if Philadelphia — in which every third adult in four fifths of the population had assumed the solemn vows of church membership — failed to be "a city of God on earth," the fault lay "in divided churches, in

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scattered responsibility, in 546 organizations where 100 would do the work infinitely better, in lack of all sense of territorial responsibility, so that the wearied clergymen I know are doubling and triplicating each other's trips, like milkmen seeking each a family or two in a block."

Passing from attempts at coöperative and systematic charity, we come to another movement generally confined to the largest communities. This is the college, university, or neighborhood settlement. There are more than a score of these institutions, conducted by educated men and women, who have consecrated themselves to the task of practicing instead of preaching the brotherhood of man. In spite of the seeming hopelessness of their small number, they exert a strong influence for permanent betterment, since a little "soul," a little consciousness of man's divinity, and a little hope do much to instill manhood and womanhood, and the will to conquer adverse circumstances. It is significant of how far we have gone in our respect for humanity, however dragged down and disguised by ignorance, extreme poverty, vice, and bestiality, that we think it worth while to arouse aspirations and ambitions that often can lead only to struggle and discontent.

A large and real part of the work of the neighborhood settlement is material and intellectual. It is a centre of clubs, lectures, classes, and concerts. At Hull House, Chicago, which was founded in 1889, and has become the most famous settlement in America, there are also cooperative boarding houses for both sexes. These are cordially indorsed by the labor unions. There is a day nursery, a gymnasium, a restaurant, and a "noon factory delivery," supplying hot lunches at ten cents. There is a free physician and a trained nurse, a public dispensary and a labor bureau. Hull House has secured and maintains a playground in the ward. It publishes a Bulletin, and is the ward post office. At least 2000 persons are regular visitors at the House every week. A settlement in another city includes upward of thirty clubs, of which that composed of kindergarten children is the only one not self-governing. All this work is done without attempting to preach a special religion or any social economy except the simple doctrine of better, cleaner living.

For several years our universities have offered courses in sociology. Those undergraduates whose enthusiasm and earnestness have led them to choose the task of poor relief as a career find encouragement in instruction in theory and practice. These courses make of philanthropy the science which undoubtedly it ought to be. With the summer of 1898 the movement extended a little further. The Charity Organization Society of New York offered a post-graduate course in sociology, open to qualified graduates of universities and to experienced workers. It lasted six weeks. Four weeks' work of actual practice in the offices or districts of the society was accepted in lieu of tuition. Sessions were held, with lectures, five mornings a week. Wednesday mornings and Saturday afternoons were given to visiting institutions, and the course which began with an examination for admission ended with an assigned thesis. The new idea that poor relief is a science, not a sentiment, expects to find justification in the products of such instruction as this. To these class rooms go much of the data so carefully collected, and from them ought to come formulated knowledge and working plans.

All these agencies represent fairly well the organized effort at relief that puts its stamp on the hearts of the people rather than on the city itself. Except for a larger church, a group of church buildings, or a charity building, the effect of these associations on the aspect of the city is indirect. They lead to cleaner streets, neater doorsteps, and less mendi-

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cancy by their operation on human hearts. There is, however, an increasingly large department of urban philanthropic effort which acts directly upon the city's aspect. Possibly the most striking example is the better tenement movement. It can be best studied in New York, where the need is greatest. Philadelphia is celebrated as a city of small homes. In Chicago there has been such room for growth as to avoid serious congestion, except in the foreign colonies. But New York has the foreign colonies, many old buildings as well, and the most terrible congestion in the world. The nearest approach to New York is in the plague-ridden districts of Bombay. In all of Europe there is only one city district, a small part of Prague, that is even half as crowded as are parts of New York. About eight fifteenths of the population of one part of the city live in tenements, in the common meaning of that term, as this leaves out of the count the tenants of the higher class of flats. Yet it was only in 1895 that the movement for the better housing of the poor was put into legal form, and it was two years later that a similar effort was made in Boston.

The reports of the various investigation committees have led to good results in some of the reforms insisted upon. The Board of Health in New York, for example, had not been conscientious in its revelation of the tenement evils. In 1878 the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor appointed a Committee of Public Hygiene, to act in coöperation with the Health Board and the Tenement House Inspection. This was the beginning of the efforts which had their highest development in the Tenement House Commission of 1894. On this commission were some of the most prominent and respected men of the city. Its report commanded such confidence as to give to the proposed legislation the successful backing of public sentiment; and there happened to be a municipal administration that was not deaf to appeals for reform. The result was a tenement law that may well be studied. The risk of night fire is lessened by the banishment of dangerous trades from the tenement houses. It is required that 25 per cent of each lot be left open, and that every room have a window to the outer air. In addition to the direct benefits of securing a window, this is a gain to the tenant of three square feet in the hundred over the previous custom of the Building Department; and the commission reported the discovery of many old rookeries in which 93 per cent of the lot was covered with brick and mortar. The law requires, also, that every new tenement shall be provided with sufficient fireproof stairs and doors. A census discovered 14,000 tenements in which there was no light in the hallways at night. The new law insists that halls shall be lighted not only at night, but by day if no outer light enters.

In addition to such corrective legislation, the Health Department, in 1896 and 1897, seized 93 tenements. All but two or three were rear buildings. In the condemnation proceedings the death rate was taken as the guide, with such success that, although the landlords had resort to the courts, they were beaten. The results fully justified the Tenement House Commission in having declared that "the legislation which will most favorably affect the death rate of New York is such as will do away with the rear tenements, and root out every old, ramshackle, disease-breeding tenement house in the city."

But the better housing movement needs to be positive as well as negative. It was well enough to turn tenants out of "veritable slaughter houses" and tear the buildings down, but where should the tenants go? Real estate in crowded cities is so valuable that the solution of the problem cannot safely be left to individual munificence. Our large cities do have model tenements so provided.

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and there are several small societies, such as the Coöperative Building Society of Boston, that have this aim; but the solution of the problem must rest, as it does in foreign cities, on a large associated effort. In response to this requirement, an enterprise is under way which is the outcome of an Improved Housing Council that was held in New York. A stock company was formed, with a capital of $1,000,000 (increased to $2,000,000 in June, 1898) and the best financial backing. It was incorporated under the title of the City and Suburban Homes Company. Late in 1896 it offered its shares at $10 each at public sale. The stock had been already taken by the original guarantors, but it was thought best to distribute it widely, in order to interest a larger number of people. The directors offered the shares as a safe five per cent investment. The company's field is Greater New York. The first buildings erected were on a plot of 19 city lots on Sixty-Eighth and Sixty-Ninth streets, between Tenth and Eleventh avenues. The handsome buildings are of a type which is generally called fireproof. Each is 100 feet square, with an interior court about 30 feet square. Apartments have two, three, or four rooms. No bedroom contains less than 70 square feet of floor area, and no living room less than 144 feet. Laundries equipped with steam-drying rooms are furnished free, as are baths, in the basement. Each little suite is provided with conveniences. Another branch of the company's business is the construction of suburban cottages, to be sold to wage earners on the installment plan. Applicants are required to select sites within areas owned by the company, and the latter erects the houses. As the company's profit is limited, the tenant has the advantage of the saving from wholesale building and of the rise in the value of land. Before the stock was offered for public sale nearly 400 applications had been received for homes, and suburban areas have been laid out in very attractive ways. A system of life insurance accompanies the installment payment for these houses.

Such an enterprise by no means solves the tenement problem, though perhaps it is not an objection that, from the sociological point of view, the beginning is at the top. The incorporators believe that if the financial practicability of the plan can be made evident, more capital will be attracted. It is said that in Great Britain £12,000,000 are invested in this way, and that in London alone 160,000 people are provided for in model tenements. The work has been well termed "philanthropy at five per cent." The influence of rapid transit on this phase of urban development is obvious. For instance, it has made the suburban part of the New York company's work possible. In far larger measure it works through individual action to relieve municipal congestion.

On similar lines with this movement are many good lodging houses, small and large, where the poor may find cleanliness, moral and physical, no dearer than filth and temptation. Extending from the $1,000,000 Mills House in New York to the little mission lodging, and accepting pay in coin or in work, they are numerous enough to deserve an article by themselves. But they supply the needs chiefly of the homeless; for their guests are mainly the single and the transient, and their relation to urban development is palliative rather than curative or preventive. The "homes" established for various more permanent boarders, such as apartment houses for business women and flats for clerks, have a better claim to attention; but in this country they have not generally met with large success. The enterprise is interesting, and has long been attractive to capitalists. Some day one of the experiments may succeed on a scale that will encourage imitators.

But at best the dream of a city whose

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renting poor live in model homes maintained by philanthropic landlords is felt to be utopian. Perhaps no one confesses to having such a dream. At all events, there is a consciousness that in the meantime much can be done to alleviate present conditions. Attention is turned, therefore, not only upon wretched homes themselves, but upon their environment, and for this the municipality is directly responsible. Work that is done to this end is closely connected with a city's improvement. The more popular remedies — one is tempted to join in the enthusiastic shouting and call them panaceas — are asphalt pavements in the poorer quarters, baths, playgrounds, and recreation piers.

The first asphalt pavement in the United States was laid only twenty-five years ago. So closely have these pavements been identified with the effort to make handsomer cities, and so great has been their cost, that the idea of laying them in a city's poorest quarter is very new. But that idea has lately had a chance to show its value on a generous scale. In New York city, during Mayor Strong's administration, many thousand square yards were laid in the tenement districts. The advantages claimed were increased cleanliness, with its consequent healthfulness, and a more satisfactory playground for children. Public baths and lavatories are still a novelty in America. The public lavatories are mainly confined to parks and buildings. Until lately, the best free public baths in the United States were in Brookline, Massachusetts. In New York, the Tenement House Commission reported that only 306 persons out of a population of more than a quarter of a million had access to bathrooms in the houses in which they lived. Yet there were no baths open all the year round, provided by the city; for those on the river front are available during only a short period. The lack is partially met by private philanthropy in the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, the Baron de Hirsch fund, the Riverside Association, the De Milt Dispensary, and a few minor organizations. Philadelphia organized in 1895 a Public Baths Association. This has erected an excellent bath house. In Boston the city took up the matter, with the result that on October 15, 1898, there was formally opened to the public a bath house of much beauty, and one that had the unique distinction, in a city well provided with bathing facilities for hot weather, of being its first permanent bath for use throughout the year. It is a three-story structure, cost $70,000, and can accommodate 1500 persons. The basement contains an up-to-date laundry, where the experiment of washing at a moderate cost for poor families is to have trial in a small way. It is expected that this will prove but the first of several permanent bath houses in different sections of Boston, supplementing the summer facilities offered by the state at Revere Beach, by various private associations, and in some of the gymnasiums and parks. In Baltimore the city makes a small appropriation for free summer baths, and the Maryland Public Health Association has enlisted in a movement for free indoor baths. At Yonkers, Chicago, and Buffalo there are city baths. The natatorium which was constructed, along with a gymnasium, in Douglas Park at Chicago, in 1896, is said to have been the first free resort of the kind in the West; and Buffalo's bath house, which was opened June 1, 1897, bears a tablet to the effect that it is the "first free public bath house in the United States." It was erected under the provisions of a state law, passed as far back as 1895, requiring all cities with a population of 50,000 or more to "establish and maintain such free public baths as the local board of health may determine to be necessary." The law adds that the maintenance of river or ocean baths shall not be deemed a compliance with its provisions. The act, applying

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to the most prominent cities of the state of New York, promises the beginning, still strangely delayed, of an important movement in this direction; and the success of the first experiment under it has been so marked that another public bath house is to be opened, in the summer of 1899, in the Polish district of the city where it was tried. Other legislation in 1895, 1896, and 1897 authorized the city of New York to proceed at once to the erection of one or more public baths; but compelling sentiment on the subject is of slow growth. In Brooklyn, an appropriation of $150,000 has been secured for the erection of a large public bathing pavilion at the foot of the Ocean Parkway.

Playgrounds open the way to a larger movement. New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, and smaller cities are in the enthusiasm of their equipment and trial. The playground movement is to be distinguished from that for parks, as more purely philanthropic. Agitation several years ago opened the schoolhouse yards of Philadelphia to children in the summer, public opinion approving the engagement of teachers, and the provision of necessary materials and conveniences, at the expense of the Board of Education. Private owners have been induced to permit lots to be used for the same purpose, until they should find a commercial use for them. The furnishing of these has been looked after by the Culture Extension League. To this organization is due great credit; for it was early and persistent in its efforts to arouse public sentiment to the need, though a City Park Association had opened a playground as early as 1894. The summer of 1897 witnessed in Philadelphia the opening of other grounds. In Fairmount Park a large area was set aside for this purpose, and a rich Philadelphian, who recently died, left $50,000 by will for the erection in the park of an excellent playground house. It was to be provided with nurses and attendants. The success of the experiment was the city's excuse for an extension of the plan. The Small Parks Association was organized, and so crystallized public sentiment that the city began the purchase and equipment of special playgrounds. One of these, opened in 1898, is said to be the most complete of its kind in the country. The expense of it was shared equally by the city and the Culture Extension League. It is situated in a neighborhood where there are more than 3000 children who have no other place to play in than the streets and alleys, and near four populous foreign settlements which have nothing in common with one another, and which have refused ordinary friendly advances. Its function is thus twofold, since it brings the parents together at the band concerts, and at other times, in social intercourse. At the north and south ends there are substantial buildings for boys and girls. In each a large room is devoted to games and gymnastics. At one end are the lunch room and the shower baths, and at the other is the room for the teacher who directs the play within doors. The building is heated by steam. Around the outer edge of the square are broad grass plats, with flower beds and public fountains. The winding gravel walks are dotted with swings, seesaws, and seats, for the little folks and their elders. Maples and lindens will beautify and shade the grounds. There is a bicycle track, protected by an iron fence and spanned by a bridge. Inside the track there will be a skating pond in winter, and in summer tennis courts and ball grounds. On a raised grass plat to the south is the girls' playground. A large sand pile for the little children is protected from the weather, and near this are the flagstaff and the band stand. Two teachers are in attendance. In the summer of 1898 twenty-five school yards were opened, and a small appropriation was made for their maintenance.

Other cities have not been backward.

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In Boston, which was the pioneer, the municipal sand piles of 1887 were the first pathetic expression of the need of a playground and of an effort to satisfy it. Their success has led to their adoption in many large cities, and on an extensive scale in Baltimore. Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells has happily described their creation in Boston. Her description, condensed from The Congregationalist, is as follows: The use of three mission chapel yards was obtained, and at the end of the season there had been less sickness and more order among the children living near those yards than for many a summer. The next year ten sand heaps flourished, some in courts of tenement houses, the tenants themselves acting as overseers from their windows. Then the sand was given, as it has been since. The third year the ladies petitioned for a few school yards, guaranteeing neither expense nor injury to the city, and the school committee granted the request. In 1896 there was an average daily attendance of 1802 children, in ten weeks, in ten yards. Every yard has two or three paid kindergartners or young matrons and a visitor.

The work on Charlesbank, in Boston, is of the advanced type of playground movement. It is managed by women, with the financial aid of the city, where the river Charles flows through the poorer quarters. A street marks the line between the men's and women's divisions. The children have sand heaps and grass plats, and the gymnasium constructed here was the first open-air one in the world. There is also a lodge, containing books and baths. In the seventh annual report, covering the year 1897, it was stated that 218,572 women and children attended one of these divisions, and the statistics were practically those of six months only. The Massachusetts Emergency and Hygienic Association maintains playgrounds, and the Episcopal City Mission has playrooms. In the winter of 1898 permission was given to the city to expend $200,000 a year to obtain a comprehensive system of playgrounds, and under the Park Act ten tracts were secured. Some school yards also were opened last summer.

In New York the beginning of the playground movement was made about October, 1890. In 1887 a state law had been passed authorizing the city to expend $1,000,000 annually for small parks below One Hundred and Fifty-Fifth Street. This law showed a recognition of a need for such parks, but the opportunity granted was never fully embraced until 1893. In October, 1890, at a meeting presided over by Bishop Potter, the Society for Parks and Playgrounds for Children was organized. It grew out of a distinct sentiment in favor of the movement for the tenement districts. In December of 1890 the first playground under this society's control was opened. It comprised sixteen full lots in a tenement neighborhood. The lots were given to the society without rent by their owners, and were fitted up with apparatus for exercise, play, and comfort. An employee was put in charge of the children, and the opening of the ground exerted a wide influence through the sympathetic descriptions in the city press. As a result of this agitation, and perhaps under the influence of a Playground Society that was already established in Brooklyn, public-spirited private citizens in New York were led to open several small plats, which are not under society control. The Tenement House Commission, in addition to other legislation, secured the passage of an act to compel the city to expend $3,000,000 in three years for small parks, at least two of which should be below Fourth Street. This, with the strongly awakened public sentiment, which in 1898 secured from the legislature permission to open the schoolhouse playgrounds for summer recreation, seemed to assure the progress of the movement. In the spring of 1898, however, it was made more cer-

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tain by the formation of the People's Recreation League. This is a union of a large number of societies, including the Social Reform Club, the Charity Organization, the Children's Aid, the Society for Improving the Condition of the Poor, the various East Side settlements, and many others. The league becomes the playground committee of these societies, centralizing their influence and unifying their efforts. It furnishes playground attendants, purchases apparatus, and last winter turned some of the grounds into skating rinks, supplementing the work of the School Board of Manhattan, which last year appropriated $15,000 for maintaining and equipping playgrounds in a score of school yards. Last summer, also, the Federation of Churches conducted a playground, and the movement had a good start in Brooklyn, where ten school yards were open and other grounds were maintained by private subscription.

The crowded condition of the city gave to the movement in New York some novel expressions. Of these, the recreation or play pier has become, perhaps, the most popular. The idea weds commerce to philanthropy, by building over a long pier a second story, where the children of the city can have a playground, and where the mothers and babies can enjoy the coolness and the panorama of the river. Mr. Jacob A. Riis, in a lecture, has called play piers the "most roaring success in all this world." The first of them was opened in July, 1897. Every evening and on Saturday afternoons, during the summer, a brass band furnished music such as the people could enjoy, and they were encouraged to join in singing the popular songs. How successful the experiment proved from the first is shown in part by statistics. The pier was visited by an average of 4000 persons a day for eighty-one days, or by a total of 325,000 persons. On July 27, 1897, Philadelphia established a similar play pier; this was followed by others, and in the summer of 1898 the Civic Club provided concerts on one of them. Late in September, 1897, New York opened a second pier. This is nearly three times as large as the first, having a capacity of 15,000 persons. In the summer of 1898 Brooklyn took up the experiment, and in New York permission was given to the School Board to have kindergartners in attendance to teach the children how to play. There is also a proposal to have all the piers inclosed in glass and heated, so that they may be available in winter. In Boston the municipal clearing at the North End is nearly akin to a play pier. There the houses and wharves have been removed, and the salt water is permitted to lave the earth again, as it did in the beginning. "The city," said a Boston paper, "has lost two wharves, but it has gained for its people enough sweetness and light to pay back the cost handsomely." We may well consider what a triumph the new philanthropic movement is making when a daily paper puts forward such an opinion. It had been something for one man to come to the belief that two city wharves might be less precious than the pleasure they kept from the poor; for we have been accustomed to learn that on commerce is the prosperity of our seaports builded. But a man did think so, and a newspaper published the statement, and nobody protested.

A second peculiar development of the playground idea in New York has been the construction of roof gardens on some of the schools. These not only have economy to recommend them, where land is so valuable, but they lift the children far above the dust, the heat, and the turmoil of the street. Less can be said for the use of basements.

The narrow and crowded thoroughfares of New York and Boston have of course made playgrounds especially necessary. In Boston, to be sure, the children have had the Common from colonial times; but in New York, as a city

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committee on small park sites reported in 1897, the children seem to have been forgotten in the planning. The rapid improvement of vacant ground left to them no other place than the streets for play. The committee added that the lack of playgrounds, where the children could expend, free from temptation, the physical vitality which is their heritage, had been "the most efficient cause of the growth of crime and pauperism." But in no city, as we have seen, are there better playgrounds than in Philadelphia. Hull House, at Chicago, has had a playground for about five years; but the movement there has only recently spread. Now various philanthropic societies have taken it up, the City Council has made a small appropriation, schoolhouse yards have been opened and private munificence has cared for them. The mayor of Toledo presented a little playground to that city in 1897, in the heart of the workingmen's district. Providence, Baltimore, Hartford, Cleveland, Minneapolis, New Haven, and Worcester are other cities in which the movement has started, with women generally as its most prominent backers.

We need not pause to consider the work of the Fresh Air Fund and various vacation societies. Their beneficence has grown to immense proportions; but the principle on which they operate is that of making the life of the poor in great cities a little better worth living, in spite of existing conditions. While this is a form of distinctly municipal benevolence, the cities are in no sense their subjects. The large work of the Children's Aid Society and similar societies claims attention. But their effort is for the individual, without regard to the community in which he may live, though there is important negative benefit to the city in their preventive work.

The monts-de-piété and the provident loan associations of cities are a form of that wise economic benevolence, percentage philanthropy. They save the borrower from the pawnbroker's extortionate interest, but they decline to give him something for nothing. One of the societies in New York lent $765,000 in 1897, to about 36,000 persons. Another reported that with loans of nearly $11,000 it had lost only $11. Municipal farming, which had its origin in Detroit, and has become well known under the alliterative title of the Pingree Potato Patch Plan, was an ingenious provision to meet special conditions. The newness of most American cities and their rapid growth give to it, for the present at least, a favorable opportunity. In 1897 it was carried on in Boston, Brooklyn, Buffalo, Chicago, Dayton, Denver, Detroit, Duluth, Kansas City, Minneapolis, New York, Omaha, Philadelphia, Providence, Reading, Seattle, and Springfield. In New York there was great scarcity of land, but returns were from double to triple the expense. In Brooklyn it was helped along by the elevated railroad's granting free transportation to and from the lots. In Buffalo, where, as in Detroit, it is managed by the city, 10,590 persons were aided in 1897, and taxpayers were probably saved $30,000. As a shift to take care of passing needs it is successful.

In conclusion, one can say that the tendency of modern urban philanthropy is mainly good. It is immensely overdone. A recent English observer, while praising the manifestation of this kind of public spirit, unconsciously condemned its management. He said that he thought the gifts made during this century in Philadelphia alone, for philanthropy and education, were ten times greater than those made in any city of similar size in Europe. Much of urban philanthropy, also, is insincere. Ostentatious charity covers a multitude of purposes in city life. But, on the whole, these evils are recognized. The institutional church and the church district plan tend to put benevolence in the light of a duty rather than a virtue. Charity organization is

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designed to prevent waste and pauperization. Neighborhood settlement and the personal visiting system of church and associated charity are a protest against making charity mechanical. In the movements for better housing, baths, and playgrounds there is a distinct endeavor permanently to make the city a better habitation. Rapid transit, better paving, and wiser sanitary provision are doing their possibly soulless but helpful work. The future must reveal what is to be the effect of a patronage by politics of the philanthropic movement, — a condition which has lately become marked, notably in the case of the Citizens' Union campaign in New York, in 1897. Certainly, the past gives little encouragement to hope that the result will be an improvement. But at least the condition has this significance: it marks how widespread and popular the movement has become, and how fully it has passed from a fad and an impulse into conviction and earnest purpose. Another and more striking lesson to be drawn from this swift review is, how little of all the philanthropic effort really makes for the permanent betterment of our cities, or helps, in measure proportionate to the effort put forth, to solve municipal problems by genuine municipal progress.

Charles Mulford Robinson.

A MARCH WIND.

When the clouds hung low, or chimneys refused to draw, or the bread soured overnight, a pessimistic public, turning for relief to the local drama, said that Amelia Titcomb had married a tramp. But as soon as the heavens smiled again, it was conceded that she must have been getting lonely in her middle age, and that she had taken the way of wisdom so to furbish up mansions for the coming years. Whatever was set down on either side of the page, Amelia did not care. She was whole-heartedly content with her husband and their farm.

It had happened, one autumn day, that she was trying, all alone, to clean out the cistern. This was while she was still Amelia Titcomb, innocent that there lived a man in the world who could set his foot upon her maiden state and flourish there. She was an impatient creature. She never could delay for a fostering time to put her plants into the ground, and her fall cleaning was done long before the flies were gone. So, today, while other house mistresses sat cosily by the fire, awaiting a milder season, she was toiling up and down the ladder set in the cistern, dipping pails of sediment from the bottom, and, hardy as she was, almost repenting her of a too fierce desire. Her thick brown hair was roughened and blown about her face, her cheeks bloomed out in a frosty pink, and the plaid kerchief tied in a hard knot under her chin seemed foolishly ineffectual against the cold. Her hands ached, holding the pail, and she rebelled inwardly against the inclemency of the time. It never occurred to her that she could have put off this exacting job. She would sooner have expected heaven to put off the weather. Just as she reached the top of the cistern, and lifted her pail of refuse over the edge, a man appeared from the other side of the house, and stood confronting her. He was tall and gaunt, and his deeply graven face was framed by grizzled hair. Amelia had a rapid thought that he was not so old as he looked; experience, rather than years, must have wrought its trace upon him. He was leading a little girl, dressed with a very patent re-

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gard for warmth, and none for beauty. Amelia, with a quick, feminine glance, noted that the child's bungled skirt and hideous waist had been made from an old army overcoat. The little maid's brown eyes were sweet and seeking; they seemed to petition for something. Amelia's heart did not respond; at that time she had no reason for thinking she was fond of children. Yet she felt a curious disturbance at sight of the pair. She afterward explained it adequately to the man by asserting that they looked as odd as Dick's hatband.

"Want any farm work done?" asked he. "Enough to pay for a night's lodgin'?" His voice sounded strangely soft from one so large and rugged. It hinted at unused possibilities.

But though Amelia felt impressed, she was conscious of little more than her own cold and stiffness, and she answered sharply: "No, I don't. I don't calculate to hire except in hayin' time, an' then I don't take tramps."

The man dropped the child's hand, and pushed her gently to one side. "Stan' there, Rosie," said he. Then he went forward and took the pail from Amelia's unwilling grasp. "Where do you empt' it?" he asked. "There? It ought to be carried further. You don't want to let it gully down into that beet bed. Here, I 'll see to it."

Perhaps this was the very first time in Amelia's life that a man had offered her an unpaid service for chivalry alone; and somehow, though she might have scoffed, knowing what the tramp had to gain, she believed in him and in his kindliness. The little girl stood by, as if she were long used to doing as she was told, with no expectation of difficult reasons, and the man, as soberly, went about his task. He emptied the cistern, and cleansed it, with plentiful washings. Then, as if guessing by instinct what he should find, he went into the kitchen, where were two tubs full of the water Amelia had pumped up at the start. It had to be carried back again to the cistern; when the task was quite finished, he opened the bulkhead, set the tubs in the cellar, and then, after covering the cistern and cellar-case, rubbed his cold hands on his trousers and turned to the child.

"Come, Rosie," said he, "we 'll be goin'."

It was a very effective finale, but still Amelia suspected no trickery. The situation seemed to her, just as the two new actors did, entirely simple, like the usual course of nature. Only, the day was a little warmer because they had appeared. She had a new sensation of welcome company. So it came about that, to her own surprise, she answered as quickly as he spoke, and her reply also seemed an inevitable part of the drama: "Walk right in. It 's 'most dinner time, an' I 'll put on the pot."

The two stepped in before her, and they did not go away.

Amelia herself never quite knew how it happened; but, like all the other natural things of life, this had no need to be explained. At first there were excellent reasons for delay. The man, whose name proved to be Enoch Willis, was a marvelous hand at a blow; and she kept him a week splitting some pine knots that defied her and the boy who ordinarily chopped her wood. At the end of the week, Amelia confessed that she was "terrible tired seein' Rosie round in that gormin' kind of a dress." So she cut and fitted her a neat little gown from her own red cashmere. That was the second reason. Then the neighbors heard of the mysterious guest, and dropped in, to place and label him. Following the lead of undiscouraged fancy, they declared that he must be some of cousin Silas's connections from Omaha; but even before Amelia had time to deny that, his ignorance of local tradition denied it for him. He must have heard of this or that, by way of cousin Silas; but he owned to nothing defining place or time,

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save that he had been in the war, — "all through it." He seemed to be a man quite weary of the past and indifferent to the future. After a half hour's talk with him unseasonable callers were likely to withdraw, — perhaps into the pantry, whither Amelia had retreated to escape catechism, — and remark jovially, "Well, 'Melia, you ain't told us who your company is!"

"Mr. Willis," Amelia would say. She was emulating his habit of reserve. It made a part of her new loyalty.

Even to her Enoch had told no tales; and strangely enough, she was quite satisfied. She trusted him. He did say that Rosie's mother was dead; for the last five years, he said, she had been out of her mind. At that Amelia's heart gave a fierce, amazing leap. It struck a note she never knew, and wakened her to life and longing. She was glad Rosie's mother had not made him too content. He went on a step or two into the story of his life. His wife's last illness had eaten up the little place; and after she went he got no work. So he tramped. He must go again. Amelia's voice sounded sharp and thin, as she answered: —

"Go! I dunno what you want to do that for. Rosie 's terrible contented here."

His brown eyes turned upon her in a kindly glance.

"I've got to make a start somewhere," said he. "I've been thinkin' a machine-shop 's the best thing. I shall have to depend on somethin' better 'n days' works."

Amelia flushed the painful red of emotion without beauty.

"I dunno what we 're all comin' to," she said brokenly.

Then the tramp knew. He put his gnarled hand over one of hers. Rosie looked up curiously from the speckled beans she was counting into a bag, and then went on singing to herself an unformed baby song.

"Folks 'll talk," said Enoch gently. "They do now. A man an' woman ain't never too old to be hauled up an' made to answer for livin'. If I was younger an' had suthin' to depend on, you 'd see; but I 'm no good now. The better part o' my life 's gone."

Amelia flashed at him a pathetic look, half agony over her own lost pride, and all a longing of maternal love.

"I don't want you should be younger," she whispered.

Next week they were married.

Comment ran races with itself, and brought up nowhere. The treasuries of local speech were all too poor to clothe so wild a venture. It was agreed that there 's no fool like an old fool, and that folks who ride to market may come home afoot. Everybody forgot that Amelia had had no previous romance, and dismally pictured her as going through the woods and getting a crooked stick at last. Even the milder among her judges were not content with prophesying the betrayal of her trust alone. They argued from the tramp nature to inevitable results, and declared it would be a mercy if she were not murdered in her bed. According to the popular mind, a tramp is a distinct species, with latent tendencies toward crime. It was recalled that, in the old days, a white woman had married a comely Indian, whose first drink of fire water, after six months of blameless happiness, had sent him raging home, to kill her "in her tracks." Could a tramp, pledged to the traditions of an awful brotherhood, do less? No, even in honor, no! Amelia never knew how the tide of public apprehension surged about her, nor how her next-door neighbor looked anxiously out, the first thing on rising, to exclaim, with a sigh of relief, and possibly a dramatic pang, "There! her smoke 's a-goin'!"

Meantime, the tramp fell into all the usages of life indoors, and without he worked revolution. He took his natural

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place at the head of affairs, and Amelia stood by, rejoicing. Her besetting error of doing things at the wrong moment had disarranged great combinations as well as small. Her impetuosity was constantly misleading her, bidding her try, this one time, whether harvest might not follow faster on the steps of spring. Enoch's mind was of another cast. For him tradition reigned, and law was ever laying out the way. Some months after their marriage, Amelia had urged him to take away the winter banking about the house, for no reason save that the Mardens clung to theirs; but he had only replied that he 'd known of cold snaps 'way on into May, and he guessed there was no particular hurry. The very next day brought a bitter air laden with sleet, and Amelia, shivering at the open door, exulted in her feminine soul at finding him triumphant on his own ground. Enoch seemed, as usual, unconscious of victory. His immobility had no personal flavor. He merely acted from an inevitable devotion to the laws of life; and however often they might prove him right, he never appeared to reason that Amelia was consequently wrong. Perhaps that was what made it so pleasant to live with him.

It was "easy sleddin'" now. Amelia grew very young. Her cheeks gained a bloom, her eyes brightened. She even, as the matrons noticed, took to crimping her hair. They looked on with a pitying awe. It seemed a fearsome thing to do so much for a tramp, who would only kill you in the end. Amelia stepped deftly about the house. She was a large woman, whose ways had been devoid of grace; but now the richness of her spiritual condition informed her with a charm. She crooned a little about her work. Singing voice she had none, but she grew into a way of putting words together, sometimes a line from the psalms, sometimes a name she loved, and chanting the sounds in unrecorded melody. Meanwhile, little Rosie, always irreproachably dressed, with a jealous care lest she should fall below the popular standard, roamed in and out of the house, and lightened its dull intervals. She, like the others, grew at once very happy, because, like them, she accepted her place without a qualm, as if it had been hers from the beginning. They were simple natures, and when their joy came they knew how to meet it.

But if Enoch was content to follow the beaten ways of life, there was one window through which he looked into the upper heaven of all: thereby he saw what it is to create. He was a born mechanician; a revolving wheel would set him to dreaming, and still him to that lethargy of mind which is an involuntary sharing in the things that are. He could lose himself in the life of rhythmic motion; and when he discovered rusted springs or cogs unprepared to fulfill their purpose, he fell upon them with the ardor of a worshiper and tried to set them right. Amelia thought he should have invented something; and he confessed that he had invented many things, but somehow failed in getting them on the market. That process he mentioned with the indifference of a man to whom a practical outcome is vague, and who finds in the ideal a bright reality. Even Amelia could see that to be a maker was his joy; to reap rewards of making was another and a lower thing.

One cold day in the early spring he went "up garret" to hunt out an old saddle, gathering mildew there, and came upon a greater treasure, — a disabled clock. He stepped heavily down, bearing it aloft in both hands.

"See here, 'Melia," asked he, "why don't this go?"

Amelia was scouring tins at the kitchen table. There was a teasing wind outside, with a flurry of snow, and she had acknowledged that the irritating weather made her as nervous as a witch. So she had taken to a job to quiet herself.

"That clock?" she replied. "That

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was Gran'ther Eli's. It give up strikin', an' then the hands stuck, an' I lost all patience with it. So I bought this nickel one, an' carted t'other off into the attic. 'T ain't worth fixin'."

"Worth it!" repeated Enoch. "Well, I guess I 'll give it a chance." He drew a chair to the stove, and there hesitated. "Say, 'Melia," said he, "should you jest as soon I 'd bring in that old shoemaker's bench out o' the shed? It 's low, an' I could reach my tools off'n the floor."

Amelia lacked the discipline of contact with her kind, but she was nevertheless smooth as silk in her new wifehood.

"Law, yes, bring it along," she said. "It 's a good day to clutter up. The' won't be nobody in."

So while Enoch laid apart the clock, with a delicacy of touch known only to square, mechanical fingers, and Rosie played with the button box on the floor, assorting colors and matching white with white, Amelia scoured the tins. Her energy kept pace with the wind: it whirled in gusts and snatches, yet her precision never failed.

"Made up your mind which cow to sell?" she asked, opening a discussion still unsettled, after days of animated talk.

"Ain't much to choose," said Enoch. He had frankly set Amelia right on the subject of live stock; and she smilingly acquiesced in his larger knowledge. "Elbridge True 's got a mighty nice Alderney, an' if he 's goin' to sell milk another year, he 'll be glad to get two good milkers like these. What he wants is ten quarts apiece, no matter if it 's bluer 'n a whetstone. I guess I can swap off with him, but I don't want to run arter him. I put the case last Thursday. Mebbe he 'll drop round."

"Well," concluded Amelia, "I guess you 're pretty sure to do what 's right."

The forenoon galloped fast, and it was half past eleven before she thought of dinner.

"Why," asked she, "ain't it butcher day? I 've been lottin' on a piece o' liver."

"Butcher day is Thursday," Enoch said. "You 've lost count."

"My land!" exclaimed Amelia. "Well, I guess we can put up with some fried pork an' apples." There came a long, insistent knock at the outer door. "Good heavens! Who 's there? Rosie, you run to the sidelight an' peek. It can't be a neighbor. They 'd come right in. I hope my soul it ain't company, a day like this."

Rosie got on her fat legs with difficulty. She held her pinafore full of buttons; but disaster lies in doing too many things at once. There came a slip, a despairing clutch, and the buttons fell over the floor. There were a great many round ones, and they rolled very fast. Amelia washed the sand from her parboiled fingers, and drew a nervous breath. She had a presentiment of coming ill, painfully heightened by her consciousness that the kitchen was "riding out," and that she and her family rode with it. Rosie came running back from her peephole, husky with importance. The errant buttons did not trouble her. She had an eternity of time wherein to pick them up; and indeed, the chances were that some tall, benevolent being would do it for her.

"It 's a man," she announced. "He 's got on a light coat with bright buttons, and a fuzzy hat. He 's got a big nose."

Now it was that despair entered into Amelia, and sat enthroned. She sank down on a straight-backed chair, and put her hands on her knees, while the knock came again, a little querulously.

"Enoch," she called, "do you know what 's happened? That 's cousin Josiah Pease out there." Her voice bore the tragedy of a thousand past encounters; but that Enoch could not know.

"Is it?" asked he, with but a mild appearance of interest. "Want me to go to the door?"

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"Go to the door!" echoed Amelia, so stridently that he looked up at her. "No, I don't want anybody should go to the door till this room 's cleared up. If 't wan't so everlastin' cold, I 'd take him right into the clockroom an' blaze a fire; but he 'd see through that. You gether up them tools an' things, an' I 'll help carry out the bench."

If Enoch had not just then been absorbed in a delicate combination of metal, he might have spoken more sympathetically. As it was, he seemed kindly, but remote.

"Look out!" he cautioned her. "You 'll joggle. No, I guess I won't move. If he 's any kind of a man, he 'll know what 't is to clean a clock."

Amelia was not a crying woman, but the hot tears stood in her eyes. She was experiencing for the first time that helpless pang born from the wounding of pride in what we love.

"Don't you see, Enoch?" she insisted. "This room looks like the Old Boy — an' so do you — an' he 'll go home an' tell all the folks at the Ridge. Why, he 's heard we 're married, an' come over here to spy out the land. He hates the cold. He never stirs till 'way on into June; an' now he 's come to find out."

"Find out what?" inquired Enoch absorbedly. "Well, if you 're any ways put to 't, you send him to me." That manly utterance, if enunciated from a "best room" sofa, by an Enoch clad in his Sunday suit, would have filled Amelia with rapture; she could have leaned on it as on the tables of the law. But alas! the scene-setting was meagre, and though Enoch was very clean, he had no good clothes. He had pointedly refused to buy them with his wife's money until he should have worked on the farm to a corresponding amount. She had loved him for it; but every day his outer poverty hurt her pride. "I guess you 'd better ask him in," concluded Enoch. "Don't you let him bother you."

Amelia turned about with the grand air of a woman repulsed.

"He *don't* bother me," said she, "an' I *will* let him in." She walked to the door, stepping on buttons as she went, and conscious, when she broke them, of a bitter pleasure. It added to her martyrdom.

She flung open the door, and called herself a fool in the doing; for the little old man outside was in the act of turning away. In another instant she might have escaped. But he was only too eager to come back again, and it seemed to Amelia as if he would run over her, in his desire to get in.

"There, there, 'Melia!" said he, pushing past her. "Can't stop to talk till I git near the fire. Guess you 're settin' in the kitchen, wan't ye? Don't make no stranger o' me. That your man?"

She had shut the door and returned, exasperated anew by the rising wind. "That 's my husband," she answered coldly. "Enoch, here 's cousin Josiah Pease."

Enoch looked up benevolently over his spectacles, and put out a horny left hand, the while the other guarded his heap of treasures. "Pleased to meet you, sir," said he. "You see I 'm tinkerin' a clock."

To Enoch the explanation was enough. All the simple conventions of his life might well wait upon a reason potent as this. Josiah Pease went to the stove, and stood holding his tremulous hands over a cover. He was eclipsed in a butternut coat of many capes, and his parchment face shaded gradually up from the garment, as if into a harder medium. His eyes were light, and they had an exceedingly uncomfortable way of darting from one thing to another, like some insect born to spear and sting. His head was bald, all save a thin fringe of hair not worth mentioning, since it disappeared so effectually beneath his collar; and his general antiquity was grotesquely emphasized by two sets of aggressive

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teeth, displaying their falsity from every crown.

Amelia took out the broom and began sweeping up buttons. She had an acrid consciousness that by sacrificing them she was somehow completing the tragedy of her day. Rosie gave a little cry; but Amelia pointed to the corner where stood the child's chair, exhumed from the attic after forty years of rest. "You set there," she said in an undertone, "an' keep still."

Rosie obeyed without a word. Such an atmosphere had not enveloped her since she entered this wonderful house. She remembered vaguely the days when her own mother had had "spells," and she and her father had effaced themselves until times should change. She folded her little hands, and lapsed into a condition of mental servitude.

Meanwhile, Amelia followed nervously in the track of Enoch's talk with cousin Josiah, though her mind kept its undercurrent of foolish musing. Like all of us, snatched up by the wheels of great emergencies, she caught at trifles while they whirled her round. Here were soldier buttons. All the other girls had collected them, though she, having no lover in the war, had traded for her few. Here were the goldstones that held her changeable silk, there the little clouded pearls from her sister's raglan. Annie had died in youth; its glamour still enwrapped her. Poor Annie! But Rosie had seemed to bring her back. Amelia swept litter, buttons, and all into the dustpan, and marched to the stove to throw her booty in. Nobody marked her save Rosie, whose playthings were endangered; but Enoch's very obtuseness to the situation was what stayed her hand. She carried the dustpan away into a closet, and came back to gather up her tins. A cold rage of nervousness beset her, so overpowering that she herself was amazed at it.

Meantime, Josiah Pease had divested himself of his coat, and drawn the grandfather chair into a space behind the stove.

"You a clock-mender by trade?" he asked of Enoch.

"No," returned Enoch absently. "I ain't got any reg'lar trade."

"Jest goin' round the country!" amended cousin Josiah, with the preliminary insinuation Amelia knew so well. He was, it had been said, in the habit of inventing lies, and challenging other folks to stick to 'em. But Enoch made no reply. He went soberly on with his work.

"Law, 'Melia, to think o' your bein' married!" continued Josiah, turning to her. "I never should ha' thought that o' you."

"I never thought it of myself," said Amelia tartly. "You don't know what you 'll do till you 're tried."

"No, no," agreed Josiah Pease, — "never in the world. You remember Sally Flint, how plain-spoken she is? Well, Betsy Marden's darter Ann rode down to the poorhouse t'other day with some sweet trade, an' took a young sprig with her. He turned his back a minute to look out o' winder, an' Sally spoke right up, as ye might say, afore him. 'That your beau?' says she. Well, o' course Ann could n't own it, an' him right there, so to speak. So she shook her head. 'Well, I 'm glad on 't,' says Sally. 'If I could n't have anything to eat, I 'd have suthin' to look at!' He was the most unsignifyin'est creatur' you ever put your eyes on. But they say Ann 's started in on her clo'es."

Amelia's face had grown scarlet. "I dunno 's any such speech is called for here," she said, in a furious self-betrayal. Josiah Pease had always been able to storm her reserves.

"Law, no," answered he comfortably. "It come into my mind, — that 's all."

She looked at Enoch with a passionate sympathy, knowing too well how the hidden sting was intended to work. But Enoch had not heard. He was absorbed

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in a finer problem of brass and iron; and though Amelia had wished to save him from hurt, in that instant she scorned him for his blindness.

"I guess I shall have to ask you to move," she said to her husband coldly. "I 've got to get to that stove, if we 're goin' to have any dinner to-day."

She felt that even Enoch might take the hint, and clear away his rubbish. Her feelings would have been assuaged by a clean hearth and some acquiescence in her own mood. But he only moved back a little, and went on fitting and musing. He was not thinking of her in the least, nor even of Josiah Pease. His mind had entered a brighter, more alluring world. She began to fry her pork and apples, with a perfunctory attempt at conversation.

"You don't often git round so early in the spring," said she.

"No," returned cousin Josiah. "I kind o' got started out, this time, I don't rightly know why. I guess I 've had you in mind more of late, for some Tiverton folks come over our way, tradin', an' they brought all the news. It sort o' stirred me up to come."

Amelia turned her apples vigorously, conscious that the slices were breaking. That made a part of her bitter day.

"Folks need n't take the trouble to carry news about me," said she. There was an angry gleam in her eyes. "If anybody wants to know anything, let 'em come right here, an' I 'll settle 'em." The ring of her voice penetrated even to Enoch's perception, and he looked up in mild surprise. She seemed to have thrown open, for an instant, a little window into a part of her nature he had never seen.

"How good them apples smell!" said Josiah innocently. "Last time I had 'em was down to cousin Amasa True's, — he that married his third wife, an' she run through all he had. I went down to see 'em arter the vandoo, — you know they got red o' 'most everything, — an' they had fried pork an' apples for dinner. Old Bashaby dropped in. 'Law!' says she. 'Fried pork an' apples! Well, I call that livin' pretty nigh the wind!'" Josiah chuckled. He was very warm now, and the savory smell of the dish he decried was mounting to what served him for fancy. "'Melia, you ain't never had your teeth out, have ye?" he asked, as one who spoke from richer memories.

"I guess my teeth 'll last me as long as I want 'em," replied Amelia curtly.

"Well, I did n't know. They looked real white an' firm last time I see 'em, but you never can tell how they be underneath. I knew the folks would ask me, when I got home. I thought I 'd speak."

"Dinner 's ready," said Amelia. She turned an alien look upon her husband. "You want to wash your hands?"

Enoch rose cheerfully. He had got to a hopeful place with the clock.

"Set ri' down," he said. "Don't wait a minute. I 'll be along."

So Amelia and the guest took their seats, while little Rosie climbed, rather soberly, into her higher chair, and held out her plate.

"You wait," commanded Amelia harshly. "Can't you let other folks eat a mouthful before you have to have yours?" Yet, as she said it, she remembered, with a remorseful pang, that she had always helped the child first; it had been so sweet to see her pleased and satisfied.

Josiah was not a talkative man during meals. As he was not absolute master of his teeth, his mind dwelt with them. Amelia considered that, with a malicious satisfaction. But he could not be altogether dumb. That, people said, would never happen to Josiah Pease while he was aboveground.

"That his girl?" he asked, indicating Rosie with his knife, in a gustatory pause.

"Whose?" inquired Amelia willfully.

"His." He pointed again, this time

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to the back room, where Enoch was still washing his hands.

"Yes."

"Mother dead?"

Amelia sprang from her chair, while Rosie looked at her with the frightened glance of a child to whom some half-forgotten grief has suddenly returned.

"Josiah Pease!" cried Amelia. "I never thought a poor insignificant creatur' like you could rile me so, — when I know what you 're doin' it for, too. But you 've brought it about. Her mother dead? Ain't I been an' married her father?"

"Law, 'Melia, do se' down," said Josiah indulgently. There was a mince pie warming on the back of the stove. He saw it. "I did n't mean nuthin'. I 'll be bound you thought she 's dead, or you would n't ha' took such a step. I only meant, did ye see her death in the paper, for example, or anything like that?"

"'Melia," called Enoch from the doorway, "I won't come in to dinner jest now. Elbridge True 's drove into the yard. I guess he 's got it in mind to talk it over about them cows. I don't want to lose the chance."

"All right," answered Amelia. She took her seat again, while Enoch's footsteps went briskly out through the shed. With the clanging of the door she felt secure. If she had to deal with Josiah Pease, she could do it better alone, clutching at the certainty that was with her from of old, that, if you could only keep your temper with cousin Josiah, you had one chance of victory. Flame out at him, and you were lost. "Some more potatoes?" asked she, with a deceptive calm.

"Don't care if I do," returned Josiah, selecting greedily, his fork hovering in air. "Little mite watery, ain't they? Dig 'em yourself?"

"We dug 'em," she said coldly.

Rosie stepped down from her chair, unnoticed. To Amelia, she was then no bigger than some little winged thing flitting about the room in time of tragedy. Our greatest emotions sometimes stay unnamed. At that moment Amelia was swayed by as tumultuous a love as ever animated damsel of verse or story; but it merely seemed to her that she was an ill-used woman, married to a man for whom she was called on to be ashamed. Rosie tiptoed into the entry, put on her little shawl and hood, and stole out to play in the corn house. When domestic squalls were gathering, she knew where to go. The great outdoors was safer. Her past had taught her that.

"Don't like to eat with folks, does he? Well, it 's all in what you 're brought up to."

Amelia was ready with her countercharge. "Have some tea?"

She poured it as if it were poison, and Josiah became conscious of her tragic self-control.

"You ain't eat a thing," said he, with an ostentatious kindliness. He bent forward a little, with the air of inviting a confidence. "Got suthin' on your mind, ain't you, 'Melia?" he whispered. "Kind o' worried? Find he 's a drinkin' man?"

She was not to be beguiled, even by that anger which veils itself as justice. She looked at him steadily, with scorching eyes.

"You ain't took any sugar," she returned. "There 't is, settin' by you. Help yourself."

Josiah addressed himself to his tea, and then Amelia poured him another cup. She had some fierce satisfaction in making it good and strong. It seemed to her that she was heartening her adversary for the fray, and she took pleasure in doing it effectually. So great was the spirit within her that she knew he could not be too valiant, for her keener joy in laying him low. Then they rose from the table, and Josiah took his old place by the stove, while

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Amelia began carrying the dishes to the sink. Her mind was a little hazy now; her next move must depend on his, and cousin Josiah, somewhat drowsy from his good dinner, was not at once inclined to talk. Suddenly he raised his head snakily from those sunken shoulders, and pointed a lean finger to the window.

"'Melia!" cried he sharply. "I'll be buttered if he ain't been and traded off both your cows. My Lord! be you goin' to stan' there an' let them two cows go?"

Amelia gave one swift glance from the window, following the path marked out by that insinuating index. It was true. Elbridge was driving her two cows out of the yard, and her husband stood by, watching him. She walked quietly into the entry, and Josiah laid his old hands together in the rapturous certainty that she was going to open the door and send her anger forth. But she only took down his butternut coat from the nail on which it hung, and returned with it, holding it ready for him to insert his arms.

"Here 's your coat," said she, with that strange, deceptive calmness. "Stand up, an' I'll help you put it on."

Josiah looked at her, with helplessly open mouth, and with eyes so vacuous that she felt the grim humor of his plight.

"I was in hopes he 'd harness up" — he began; but she ruthlessly cut him short.

"Stand up! Here, put t'other arm in fust. This han'kercher yours? Goes round your neck? There 't is. Here 's your hat. Got any mittens? There they be, in your pocket. This way. This is the door you come in, an' this is the door you 'll go out of." She preceded him, her head thrown up, her shoulders back. Amelia had no idea of dramatic values, but she was playing an effective part. She reached the door and flung it open; but Josiah, a poor figure in its huddled capes, still stood abjectly in the middle of the kitchen. "Come!" she called peremptorily. "Come, Josiah Pease! Out you go!" And Josiah went, though, contrary to his usual habit, he did not talk. He quavered uncertainly down the steps, and Amelia called a halt. "Josiah Pease!"

He turned and looked up at her. His jaw had dropped, and he was nothing but a very helpless old child. Vicious as he was, Amelia realized the mental poverty of her adversary, and despised herself for despising him. "Josiah Pease!" she repeated. "This is the end. Don't you darken my doors ag'in. I 've done with you, — egg an' bird!" She closed the door, shutting out Josiah and the keen spring wind, and went back to the window, to watch him down the drive. His back looked poor and mean. It emphasized the pettiness of her victory. She realized that it was the poorer part of her which had resented attack on a citadel that should be as impregnable as time itself. Enoch stepped into the kitchen just then, and his voice jarred upon her tingling nerves.

"Well," said he, more jovially than he was wont to speak, "I guess I've made a good trade for ye. Company gone? Come here an' se' down while I eat, an' I 'll tell ye all about it."

Amelia turned about and walked slowly up to him, by no volition of her conscious self. Again, love, that august creature, veiled itself in an unjust anger, because it was love, and nothing else.

"You 've made a good bargain, have you?" she retorted. "You 've sold my cows, and had 'em drove off the place without if or but. That 's what you call a good bargain!" Her voice frightened her. It amazed the man who heard. These two middle-aged people were waking up to passions neither had felt in youth. Life was strong in them, because love was there.

"Why, 'Melia!" repeated the man. "Why, 'Melia!"

Amelia was hurried on before the

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wind of her destiny. Her voice grew sharper. Little white stripes, like the lashes from a whip, showed themselves on her cheeks. She seemed to be speaking from a dream, which left her no will save that of speaking.

"It 's been so ever sence you set foot in this house. Have I had my say once? Have I been mistress on my own farm? No! You took the head of things, an' you 've kep' it. What 's mine is yours."

Her triumph over Josiah repeated itself grotesquely; the scene was almost identical. The man before her stood with his hands hanging by his sides, the fingers limp, in an attitude of the profoundest patience. He was thinking things out: she knew that. Her hurrying mind anticipated all he might have said, and would not. And because he had too abiding a gentleness to say it, the insanity of her anger rose anew.

"I 'm the laughin'-stock o' the town," she went on bitterly. "There ain't a man or woman in it that don't say I 've married a tramp."

Enoch winced, with a sharp, brief quiver of the lips; but before she could dwell upon the sight, to the resurrection of her tenderness, he turned away from her and went over to the bench.

"I guess I 'll move this back where 't was," he said in a very still voice; and Amelia stood watching him, conscious of a new and bitterer pang, — a fierce contempt that he could go on with his poor, methodical way of living, when greater issues waited at the door. He moved the bench into its old place, gathered up the clock with its dismantled machinery, and carried it into the attic. She heard his steps on the stairs, regular and unhalting, and despised him again; but in all those moments the meaning of his movements had not struck her. When he came back he brought in the broom; and while he swept up the fragments of his work Amelia still stood and watched him. He put the dustpan and broom away in their places, but did not reënter the room. He spoke to her from the doorway, and she could not see his face.

"I guess you won't mind if I leave the clock as 't is. It needs some new cogs, an' if anybody should come along, he would n't find it any the worse for what I 've done. I 've jest thought it over about the cows, an' I guess I 'll leave that, too, jest as it is. I made you a good bargain, an' when you come to mull it over, I guess you 'd ruther it 'd stan' so than run the resk of havin' folks make a handle of it. Good-by, 'Melia. You 've been good to me, — better 'n anybody ever was in the world."

She heard his step, swift and steady, through the shed and out at the door. He was gone. She turned toward the window to look after him, and then, finding he had not taken the driveway, she ran into the bedroom, to gaze across the fields. There he was, a lonely figure striking vigorously out. He seemed glad to go; and, seeing his haste, her heart hardened against him. She gave a little disdainful laugh.

"Well," said Amelia, "*that* 's over. I 'll wash my dishes now."

Coming back into the kitchen with an assured step, she moved calmly about her work, as if the world were there to see. Her pride enveloped her like a garment. She handled the dishes as if she scorned them, yet her care and method were exquisite. Presently there was a little imperative pounding at the side door. It was Rosie. She had forgotten the cloudy atmosphere of the house, and, being cold, had come, in all her old imperious certainty of love and warmth, to be let in. Amelia stopped short in her work, and an ugly frown roughened her brow. Josiah Pease, with his evil imaginings, seemed to be at her side, his lean forefinger pointing out the baseness of mankind. Now, indeed, she realized where Enoch had gone. He meant to take the three o'clock train where it halted, down at the Crossing, and he had left the child behind. Tear-

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ing off her apron, she threw it over her head. She ran to the door, and, opening it, almost knocked the child down, in her haste to be out and away. Rosie had lifted her frosty face in a smile of welcome, but Amelia did not see it. She gathered the child in her arms, and hurried down the steps, through the bars, and along the narrow path toward the pine woods. The sharp brown stubble of the field merged into the thin grasses of the greener lowland, and she heard the trickling of the little dark brook, where gentians lived in the fall, and where, still earlier, the cardinal flower and forget-me-not crowded in lavish color. She knew every inch of the way; her feet had an intelligence of their own. The farm was a part of her inherited life; but at that moment she prized it as nothing beside that newly discovered wealth which she was rushing to cast away. Rosie had not striven in the least against her capture; she knew too much of life, in some patient fashion, to resist it in any of its phases. She put her arms about Amelia's neck, to cling the closer, and Amelia, turning her face while she staggered on, set her lips passionately to the little sleeve.

"You cold," asked she, "*dear?*" But she told herself it was a kiss of farewell.

She stepped deftly over the low stone wall into the Marden woods, and took the slippery downward path, over pine needles. Sometimes a rounded root lay above the surface, and she stumbled on it; but the child only tightened her grasp. Amelia walked and ran with the prescience of those without fear; for her eyes were unseeing, and, her thoughts hurrying forward, she depicted to herself the little drama at its close. She would be at the Crossing and away again before the train came in; nobody need guess her trouble. Enoch must be there, waiting. She would drop the child at his side, the child he had deserted, and before he could say a word turn back to her desolate home. And at the thought she kissed the little sleeve again, and felt how good it would be if she could only stand once more, though alone, within the shielding walls of her house, and the parting were over and done. She felt her breath come chokingly.

"You 'll have to walk a minute," she whispered, setting down the child. "There 's time enough. I can't hurry."

At that instant she felt the slight warning of the ground beneath her feet, shaken by another step, and saw, through the pines, her husband running toward her. Rosie started to meet him, with a little cry, but Amelia thrust her aside, and hurried swiftly on in advance, her eyes feeding upon his face. It was piteously changed.

Sorrow, the great despair of life, had eaten into it, and aged it more than years of patient want. His eyes were like lamps burned low, and the wrinkles under them had guttered into misery. But to Amelia his look had all the sweet familiarity of faces we shall see in paradise. She did not stop to interpret his meeting glance, nor ask him to read hers. Coming upon him like a whirlwind, she put both her shaking hands on his shoulders and laid her wet face to his.

"Enoch! Enoch!" she cried sharply. "In the name of God, come home with me!"

She felt him trembling under her hands, but he only put up his own and very gently loosed the passionate grasp. "There! there!" he said in a whisper. "Don't feel so bad. It 's all right. I jest turned back for Rosie. Mebbe you won't believe it, but I forgot all about her."

He lowered his voice, for Rosie had gone close to him and set her hands clingingly to his coat. She did not understand, but she could wait. A branch had almost barred the path, and Amelia, her dull gaze fallen, noted idly how bright the moss had kept and how the scarlet cups enriched it. Her strength

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would not sustain her, void of his, and she sank down on the wood, her hands laid limply in her lap.

"Enoch," she implored, from her new sense of the awe of life, "don't lay up anything ag'inst me. You could n't, if you knew."

"Knew what?" asked Enoch gently. He did not forget that circumstance had struck a blow at the roots of his being; but he could not turn away while she still suffered.

Amelia began stumblingly: "He talked about you. I could n't stan' it."

"Did you believe it?" he queried sternly.

"There wan't anything to believe. That 's neither here nor there. But — Enoch, if anybody should cut my right hand off — Enoch" — Her voice fell brokenly. She was a New England woman, accustomed neither to analyze nor to talk. She could only suffer in the elemental way of dumb things who sometimes need a language of the heart. One thing she knew: the man was hers; and if she reft herself away from him, then she must die.

He had taken Rosie's hand, and Amelia was aware that he turned away.

"I don't want to bring up anything," he said hesitatingly, "but I could n't stand bein' any less 'n other men would, jest because the woman had the money, an' I had n't. I dunno 's 't was exactly fair about the cows, but somehow you kind o' set me at the head o' things in the beginnin', an' it never come into my mind" —

Amelia sat looking wanly past him. She began to see how slightly argument would serve. All at once the conventions of life fell away from her, and left her young.

"Enoch," she said vigorously, "you 've got to take me; somehow, you 've got to. Talkin' won't make you see that what I said never meant no more than the wind that blows. But you 've got to keep me, or remember all your life how you murdered me by goin' away. The farm 's come between us. Le' 's leave it! It 's 'most time for the cars. You take me with you. If you tramp, I 'll tramp. If you work out, so 'll I. But where you go, I 've got to go too."

Some understanding of her began to creep upon him; he dropped the child's hand, and came a step nearer. Enoch, in these latter days of his life, had forgotten how to smile; but now a sudden mirthful gleam struck upon his face, and lighted it with the candles of hope. He stood beside her, and Amelia did not look at him.

"Would you go with me, 'Melia?" he asked.

"I 'm goin'," said she doggedly. Her case had been lost, but she could not abandon it. She seemed to be holding to it in the face of righteous judgment.

"S'pose I don't ask you?"

"I 'll foller on behind."

"Don't you want to go home, an' lock up, an' git a bunnit?"

She put one trembling hand to the calico apron about her head. "No."

"Don't you want to leave the key with some o' the neighbors?"

"I don't want anything in the world but you," owned Amelia shamelessly.

Enoch bent quickly, and drew her to her feet. "'Melia," said he, "you look up here."

She raised her drawn face and looked at him, not because she wished, but because she must. In her abasement, there was no obedience she would deny him. But she could only see that he was strangely happy, and so the more removed from her own despair. Enoch swiftly passed his arm about her and turned her homeward. He laughed a little. Being a man, he must laugh, when that bitter ache in the throat presaged more bitter tears.

"Come, 'Melia," said he, "come along home, an' I 'll tell you all about the cows. I made a real good bargain. Come, Rosie."

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Amelia could not answer. It seemed to her as if love had dealt with her as she had not deserved; and she went on, exalted, afraid of breaking the moment, and conscious only that he was hers again. But just before they left the shadow of the woods he stopped, holding her still, and their hearts beat together.

"'Melia," said he brokenly, "I guess I never told you in so many words, but it 's the truth: if God Almighty was to make me a woman, I 'd have her you, not a hair altered. I never cared a straw for any other: I know that now. You 're all there is in the world."

When they walked up over the brown field, the sun lay very warmly there with a promise of spring fulfilled. The wind had miraculously died, and soft clouds ran over the sky in flocks. Rosie danced on ahead, singing her queer little song, and Enoch struggled with himself to speak the word his wife might wish.

"'Melia," said he at last, "there ain't anything in my life I could n't tell you. I jest ain't dwelt on it, — that 's all. If you want to have me go over it" —

"I don't want anything," answered Amelia firmly. Her eyes were suffused, and yet lambent. The light in them seemed to be drinking up their tears. Her steps, she knew, were set within a shining way. At the door only she paused, and fixed him with a glance. "Enoch," said she threateningly, "whose cows were them you sold to-day?"

He opened his lips, but she looked him down. One word he rejected, and then another. His face wrinkled up into obstinate laughter, and he made the wry face of a child over its bitter draught.

"'Melia, it ain't fair," he complained. "No, it ain't. I 'll take one of 'em, if you say so, or I 'll own it don't make a mite o' difference whose they be. But as to lyin'" —

"Say it!" commanded Amelia. "Whose were they?"

"Mine!" said Enoch.

They broke into laughter, like children, and held each other's hands.

"I ain't had a mite o' dinner," declared Amelia happily, as they stepped together into the kitchen. "Nor you. An' Rosie did n't eat her pie. You blaze up the fire, an' I 'll fry some eggs."

Alice Brown.

LOVE AND A WOODEN LEG.

I DO not quite know how to begin the telling of this tale, unless I first say who I am. So, I am Ned Stirling, a freeholder, owning near to two hundred tillable acres in fee simple, as the lawyers say out of their books, beside some woodland uncleared. I do not make the chance for saying this from any idle vanity, but only because the owning of freehold estates gives weight and value to a man, and also some substance to his opinions in matters of politics and religion. So it may make this tale more simple and clear if it be known beforehand that I who tell it am no mere weaver of romance, but a man of some position and dignity, and with a love for truth-telling. I doubt not that without such suretyship what I shall here set down might be hard of belief.

I know not at all how I shall justify myself for the writing of these things; for I am now near to two-and-eighty years old, and have been through all this time a hearty scorner of gossip, and of those habits which lead men to speak lightly of the failures and shortcomings of mankind. Another of my greatest fears is that I may be thought afflicted with that common ailment of old age,

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— the ailment of talking too freely. So I have held back and delayed the beginning, as when a man stands beside cold water, trying to think of other things and to admire the landscape, putting off the sharp shock of the plunge. But maybe I can do no better than try to forget my fears, and let the tale justify me and itself together.

And so, to let my story move forward with due following of its parts one upon another, I must first tell of William von Stein, who, when I was a lad of seventeen or eighteen years, was made a justice of the peace. As I now remember him, he was a man of very good girth indeed at the waistband, and with fat neck and cheeks, only part way hid by some thin gray beard. His head was quite bald on top, and very shining; but he had some hair standing upright around his ears and down by the back of his neck, so that his head looked like a good piece of cleared land with a stout hedge fence surrounding it. His eyes were so nestled away in their two fat holes above his cheeks, and so set about with many wrinkles, that they seemed small and unhandy, like pigs' eyes, until one got to know them; and then, upon friendly acquaintance, they would come out quite large eyes, clear blue sometimes, and sometimes gray, changing as his humor changed, as when little patches of sky peep through drifting clouds. But they had a kindly straightforwardness in them, which spoke well for the thoughts that directed their glances.

William von Stein did not talk much, even when his opinion was asked, and thereby he was saved no little time and effort of mending his mistakes; for if there be taken away from us those errors which come from our much speaking, but few are left to trouble us. He liked to smoke his long pipe, taking it from his lips only for eating, or for sometimes refreshing himself with brown ale or small beer. His slow way about everything got him much respected; and indeed it went a great way to keep our county people at peace with one another. For after he had heard a case before him, and had listened to all the whys and wherefores, he would always say, moving his pipestem a little bit to make room for the speech: "For so weighty a matter as this I must have time to think clearly. When I have made up my mind, I will call you into court to have the decision." Then, so slow was he in getting at a conclusion which satisfied him with its justice that the contentious parties would have repented of their strife with one another, and would have made a peaceful settlement of their difference. But William von Stein got a strong reputation to himself for sagacity, and was so well liked and pleased the people so well that he was chosen over and over again for his office.

And now I think I have told all that need be told about him, except that he had a wooden leg. I beg you not to grow impatient with me for dwelling upon trifles, because you shall see by and by how poorly such impatience becomes you, when you learn all of what is to follow. I know not how he had got his wooden leg, but only that he had it, and that he seemed to take much pride in it, as though he had come by it honorably. It was just a straight stick of dark wood, with a knob of iron upon the lower end, and made fast by straps to his own leg (or to what was left of it) somewhat above where the knee once was. With most men, and surely with those who lack in deportment, such a leg magnifies their awkwardness in walking, giving a hobbling and halting gait; but it was not so with him; for, on the contrary, his slow step would have wanted very much of its impressiveness had he gone upon two legs of flesh and bone. It is not easy to say, and so I do not try to say, whether he was more distinguished by his wooden leg or by his high office; nor did he seem quite clear in which of them he had the greater pride;

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and when he sat in his justice's chair, with a case in law before him, he would attend sometimes to the lawyers, and sometimes to his leg, which he would lift and lay upon the table in front of him, there regarding it with much affection. By rubbing it with his red silk kerchief right often, he had made the wood very shining and polished. Sometimes, when the lawyers were at their subtlest points and most bewildering with their hard words, his head would go nodding, and after that he would draw forth his kerchief from his deep pocket, as though to begin again at the work of rubbing his stick; and thereupon the lawyers, if they were indeed subtle of thought as well as of speech, would know that it was time for them to say that there was no need for saying more.

But by and by, when I was about five-and-twenty (three years after I had won my own sweet wife), it came about that the lads and the young men of our part of the county, and indeed from the farthest parts too, came to think of William von Stein with a very fine respect. This was not the same respect which was shown him because of his high position, nor yet because of his wooden leg, but because of his being father to a young and comely daughter. And Katherine von Stein was a daughter fit to make any man respected who might chance to be father to her. She was comely alike in form, which was slight, not like her father's; and in face, which was all pink and white, and still less like his; and in spirit, which was honest and straightforward, in which she resembled her sire more than in aught else. She had very beautiful eyes and hair; and though I had my own dear Ruth, and was in no need of doing so, I grew quite fond, like the rest of the young men, of looking at her when she came my way. But I did not go out of my way to seek her, which reconciled my conscience to looking at her as much as I pleased, at such times as she came nigh me.

William von Stein was right proud of her, as became him. Old mother von Stein was long ago numbered with those who had lived a useful life and gone to get the reward for it; so that the care Katherine's father showed her was all the care she got, except as the young men cared for her. And not one of them with an honest heart in him but loved her very well indeed.

I have always loved to see a man love a good woman. There is only one thing well worth while and of long endurance in this world, after all, and all a good man's life shapes itself to this end: I mean, getting and keeping the love of good women. When I hear evil of a man, I like to know, before forming judgment on him, what the woman may be who is loved by him and who loves him. No matter about the rest; life is all very plain and easy for a man when the woman he loves loves him. Then all justice and goodness are easy to him; and even growing old is easy, as I, who am now old myself, have found it.

Katherine von Stein, being a shy and demure maid, and knowing so little of these things, made no show of liking any of the youths above another, which was very hard upon us; for what man or woman but loves to know the outcome of love? She went about her duties in her father's house, and was a lady to all the young men who looked at her. But if she even so much as guessed that any of them looked at her with any more than the admiration which is always the due reward of comeliness, she failed to show it. She had her place in the gallery which was built for the choir in our church, and I know how well the church prospered in those days, from the way the young men got of coming twice on a Sunday, and being in such form of mind as made them generous toward the money box.

I remember how that once Ruth and I were at dinner at William von Stein's house; and after the dinner was done,

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and his daughter had set out some wine and two pipes for her father and me, then, made bold by having my own wife with me to hear, and by the familiarity which comes to a man when he has eaten dinner in another's house, I said (trying to hide that I said it curiously), "Some time, Katherine, I doubt not you will be getting a home of your own, with a husband to fill a pipe for."

But, without the lightest change of color or of feature, she looked at me and at her father before she answered me. Then she said, and said it as quietly as though she spoke of the commonest fowl in her dooryard, "My husband must be one whom I love better than I love my father."

And then she laid her light hand upon his bald crown; and he turned about in his chair, looking at her fondly, taking her small hand in his own big one, and drawing her down to him so that he might kiss her cheek; and that made me feel as though I had said a thing of which I had no right to be vain. Yet this did not hinder me from keeping my eyes upon her, and upon the young men who loved her; for, as the way is among us, no man ever is at any pains to hide his true love for a maid. But I found it to take much time and patience to observe them all, and to determine in my own mind the one most fitting to be her husband.

There was one who loved her, but who, as I thought, had no right to do so; at least not with the ardor of youth, for he was twice my own age, and white-haired. Looking at it now, I might have more charity for him; for I know, and say it without shame, that a man must be even older than I am before he loses the way of loving fair maids. Then, being young, and thinking love youth's privilege and prerogative, my patience was not strong with the ways of old men, and I felt some hardness of heart and mind toward him. But I find I have not yet said who he was. He was Judge Ravenel, the chiefest judge of these counties, and a man of good and ancient family, and with very great pride in his position. He was stern, and with a strong, bold sense of doing his duty; indeed, he would always talk upon every chance (and even making the chance for it, sometimes) of man's stern place in this life. In this he was not like William von Stein; for William von Stein talked little of duty, but did it quite honestly, while Thomas Ravenel, despite his much speaking about it, sometimes went wide of duty.

I do not think that Katherine loved him well, though maybe she had some awe of his position. It was this which I feared most; for a woman is like a man in that matter. I mean that while she lifts her eyes to look upward upon dignities which she covets, she may lose sure sight of the way in which her own feet walk, and so stumble. I do not charge this upon Katherine; she made no sign to him of favor, nor seemed to carry in her fair head any thought save the thought of dutiful affection to her father. But her father gave token of favoring Judge Ravenel; no doubt because he thought it well to have a son-in-law in his own way of life, so that the business of doing justice might be kept in one family. I know that Judge Ravenel paid his court courteously and strongly, and gave time and care to the cultivation of graces of deportment toward William von Stein, as became one with his hopes. He was, moreover, a man of good possessions, living alone in his own big house, with only an old woman for a housekeeper, and some other servants.

Then there came to our county a young man who was a stranger in our parts. He came as a lawyer, and a very poor one (I mean in point of pocket). His dress marked him as a man whose heritage had been little or nothing, or else it had all been spent, for his clothes were poor and mean. But in his face

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and eyes, and in the firm lines about his mouth, he carried proof of a heritage finer than any other, and I liked him right well. His brow was broad, and set low down over his great dark eyes, in which there were fine thoughts; not to be read clearly, but only guessed at and studied out by little and little, after friendship had deepened. He had a clear, sweet voice, which he could make rise and fall in a way to insure liking in one who loves the softer side of a man's character. I liked him all, and liked him best of all because he had pride in his poverty, and seemed not able to tell a lie, — which has ever been to me the strongest test of a man's manhood.

He had been but a little time in our county town, where Katherine lived with her father, before his voice took him too into the choir gallery in our church, where he stood and sang by Katherine's side. When I listened to them on Sunday, after a long week's hard work, and most like after a long, slow sermon, I was glad to be there, and found worship of God to come easy. I know now, and knew quite well then, that I had my own thoughts about them. For they two, Katherine and John Smithson, seemed to me to be but the two halves of one whole. When I thought of them thus, I was satisfied in my own mind; and I do not know any truer test of the righteousness of a man's thought than that it truly satisfies himself.

When they would sit together in the choir gallery through the length of the sermon, John Smithson, not having much to occupy his mind, would keep his eyes drifting now and again to Katherine's face. This I was glad to see; though if Katherine knew it, she knew it by some other way than seeing, for she kept her eyes downcast, as was her wont, or only lifted them sometimes to the parson's face.

William von Stein did not like John Smithson, and his dislike was built upon the very thing for which I liked him best, — his proud poverty. This was an unjust and unreasoning thing, as I am bound to say, and one to be questioned in a man who was trained to the doing of justice. But (as I have observed in the course of a long life) men of broadest parts are wont sometimes to conceive and bear the narrowest thoughts, if their own notions of dignity or pride be touched upon. For great men are for the most part men of few thoughts, by long dwelling upon which they have grown great; and when a man has but a few thoughts, and those got by hard labor of the intellect, he is unwilling to give one of them up. I say so much to try to justify William von Stein, who was a worthy man, in his faint regard for John Smithson. But, however true the reasons may be which I have given, it is certain that the old man did not like the young one, and made no pains to avoid showing his slight respect. If John Smithson resented this, he failed to show it; he kept his own dignity and lived his own life quietly, holding himself apart, with his manhood about him. This gave me both joy and sorrow; for as my thoughts were upon the young man and the maid, I was sorry; but as one who loves the quality of upright self-respect in a man, I was glad.

Why it is so I do not try to guess; nevertheless, I have seen that women's hearts warm but slowly toward men like John Smithson; I mean men whose best strength is that which helps them to control their thoughts and deeds, and who live their lives through in such struggle. I know, both from what I have observed and from what Ruth and some other women have told me, that a woman (even the best) can forgive in a man many sins, so that they be but committed ardently and with a warm heart; but that as a man lacks in ardor and impulsiveness of action, so must he also lack in women's admiration. Perhaps (and I should like to think this to be true) it is because women do not know how much

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of a man's strength it takes to keep his nature under the dominion of his will. For so it is, as I know from my own life, that when a man has fought within himself the hard battle which is to make his will the king and ruler over all his other parts, he is too weary to be ardorous. Since I knew this (though not so well then as I know it now), I did not find myself greatly surprised when I saw that Katherine kept toward John Smithson that demeanor which he bore toward her, — a demeanor not cold nor haughty, but only full of the show of respect. Yet sometimes when I would watch him watching her, and while his lips and brow were held in close check as though he found it a hard thing, his eyes would be full of strange light which he could not keep down, any more than the glow can be kept out of the east sky at dawn. And I came to love this man like a brother; for by the aid of what I had gone through in the time when I first loved Ruth, I knew that love was working its way with him. I was at the pains, also, to get to know him better as a friend, and we were much together.

Another thing which made me think well of him was his likeness to my own ways in many things, and most of all his way of living outdoors and loving the sight of the sky both by day and by night, and his way of thinking softly and fondly of living things. I remember that one day, when we might do it with clear conscience, we lay together in the midst of a bit of woodland near my home, with the broad part of our backs upon deep moss beds and our faces turned upward. It was a way I had of doing, sometimes, when I found myself thinking too long on small things. God, who fashioned me, made me eager and impatient of delays, so that I like to have rewards follow close upon the heels of effort, as the furrow follows the ploughshare; but the woodland says, "There is no hurry; have patience." And so, to heal wounds of folly or anger or any other passion, woodland balm is strong and gentle. When we lay so, that day, he said to me, without any other introduction than his own thoughts, "I think the best parts of a man's life are the dreams which he dreams at times like this." Then, after a little time, and after I had agreed with him, or perhaps had asked him some question, he said again: "But so few of our best dreams come true; though they might, if we would only have it so. Such broad, good lives we would have, if our deeds might be as strong and true as our dreams are pure. If we willed, I think even the dreams our mothers dream over us in our cradles might not fail of coming true."

And I knew what he thought, and so I said to him, having a purpose in saying it, "A man must needs have a good woman to help him make his best dreams come out realities, as I have found with my own dear wife." But when I had said this, I saw that his face, which had been full of soft and free delight, with his lips smiling, now fell away into deep sadness and silence.

While my love and admiration for this man were growing and strengthening, I longed that Katherine might love him. To be sure, she knew her own woman's heart best, as even I was willing to grant her; but if a woman is privileged to know her own heart, so does a man know his. And my heart beat to the measure of certainty that John Smithson was the one man in all the world (or in our county, as I ought to say, as that was all the world I knew) who could give her that love whose strength might not be measured, unless by the strength of her own.

I cannot say what joy I felt when by and by — not all at once, but by degrees and with shy half-willingness — sweet Katherine seemed to find herself with her tender heart yielding soft answer to love's inquiries. For I knew that so it ought to be, being so willed of God, as I believe.

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In this, however, she did not please her father, as I knew before she would not. And this was no doubt cause of her slow willingness to love John Smithson (or to show that she loved him), she being dutiful. None the less when, I had seen so much as I have said, I knew that it would end well, for such a love does not stop even at the pleasure of a father.

But John Smithson was an honorable man, even as he was a true lover, and he did his best in all honorable ways to gain the willing respect of the father, as he had gained the willing love of the daughter. This, however, he could not do, William von Stein being stubborn in his nature, and not subject to change; having so set his mind against it at the first, he would not yield.

Then it happened that one time John Smithson came to tell me of his puzzle of mind, and also of a new circumstance to make him uneasy. For it had become known that William von Stein had got the fashion of late of going quite often to Judge Ravenel's home, taking strange times for his visits, and telling no one why, and himself grown much into the fault of the intellect called absence of mind. He would sit brooding by himself, so lost to things around him that he would even sometimes let his pipe die out, only half burned. He had got out of his way of sleeping healthily, which Katherine knew by hearing his wooden leg go stumping up and down in his bedchamber in the night. By putting things together, as lovers will, these two had got the fear that William von Stein and Thomas Ravenel were making plot against John Smithson. When he told me this, he told me further how that he and Katherine were persuaded to strangle all chance of accident by going over into the county next to ours to be wedded there in peace and quiet, taking chance of finding peace and quiet after it was done, and might not be undone. And to this John Smithson asked my aid.

I think I must be a very simple fellow, and foolish, too; which I say by reason of my long experience with myself, because no man can ask me for help and not be sure of getting it. I do not seem to have gathered much skill in finding the false part of a man (maybe because I have not much practiced to look for it); for no matter what a man may be, if he do but ask me for help, then I am helpless to help myself, and helpless to keep from helping him. And so, more from force of long habit than from ready willingness, I agreed to help John Smithson and Katherine, even before I knew what they would have me do. It was this: that they should come, one at a time and quietly, to my home, which lay only three miles from the town where they lived, and but five miles from the town of Coleton, which was the next county town, whither they should go in Ruth's phaeton and be wedded. I was glad to find how light a matter it was, after all, and how little there seemed to be of any chance of failure in it. I do not say that I would not gladly have helped them in anything toward that end for which I longed as well as they, — only that I am of a cautious mind, and like to ponder well before acting; though pondering has never kept me from acting when the time came for it.

The day set for their going came at last, and right soon, they being impatient of delay. A strange day it was, in the midst of a week of rain, with no quick and sudden showers, and then laughter of twinkling sunlight, but only a calm, slow downfall of fine drops which hung heavily upon everything, and a raw coldness which found the inside of a man. But a good day we thought it, after all, and one well fitted for the use they were to make of it; for it seemed unlikely that pursuit would be quick or willing, if they were found out.

More than ever on that day I loved John Smithson, and joyed with him in his strong manhood and in the ending

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of his perplexities. Of Katherine I can say nothing, though I have tried to think of something which might satisfy me by way of telling of her sweetness and shyness and beauty. Even with Ruth at hand, busy with many light duties of aiding them in their designs, I felt a heavy and dull weight of envy, and found myself wondering what I should do were I in John Smithson's place.

But by and by they were gone away, wrapped up warmly against the weather, with warm good wishes from Ruth and me, as we stood to see them go.

Then, after we had come back into the house together, and were taking delight in the warmth of the log fire in our big kitchen, and before my breath came regularly and with smoothness, all at once I heard a sound which broke up my breathing worse than before, and made my heart swell until it seemed too large for the place made for it by nature, and it came upward to my throat. The sound I heard was a sound upon the wood floor of our large porch, being a sound I knew very well from long hearing it, namely, the blunt tapping of the end of William von Stein's wooden leg as he walked up to our door. He came in much uneasiness and haste of mind, as I well knew by the speed of his step. When, upon his knocking at the door, I went to open it for him, he was a sorry sight. He had been dressed in his best clothes, with a long black coat and a yellow waistcoat, and a collar of linen that came high over his short and fat neck, so that it held him by the ears. Over all his clothes, and over himself too, was soft mud of the road, as though he had turned pig and wallowed. So amazed was I that I could not say a word, but only hold the door open, and my mouth and eyes as wide as the door, and let him come halting in, every step dropping mud and water upon our white scoured floor. Nor did he speak, being in such mind that speech seemed to come hard to him, until he had got to the fire, and had turned himself about a time or two and shaken himself like a wet collie. And then when I looked at Ruth, who stood by, I saw at once that she thought not so much of the old man and his sad condition as she thought of Katherine and John Smithson, wondering whether I might be equal to protecting them; for she knew, better than any other knew, my short way of speaking honest truth (not from virtue, but by habit fastened upon me). As I read this in her eyes, I gave her a little nod of my head for reassurance and to bid her go away, so that if I might be under the need of telling a lie for the sake of Katherine and John she should not be a party to it. But William von Stein did not speak once of Katherine and John; he only told me, in a brief way, how he had come out on horseback, and how, a little way from our house, his horse had stumbled in the deep mire of the road, so that he, being not much accustomed to being on horseback, had gone head over heels into the mud, finding it hard to get up again, both because of his short roundness and the awkwardness of his wooden leg, and because of his being so shaken in the wits by his fall. And when he did get up, and rub the water and mud out of his eyes, it was only to see his horse many rods away, going back with all speed the way he had come. So, with nothing else to do, he had come on to our house. And now he begged me that I would give him such clothes as I could, and send him on his way by any means of conveyance I had at hand; for he said that it was most peremptory that he should be at Coleton with no waste of time.

I wondered to hear him say nothing of the two young people, he not even asking a question about them. For I thought it most likely that by this time he would have learned from the ways of the lawyers that the best fashion of finding out things is by asking questions. But though I marveled, I thought warily

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of the matter; and so I made out in my mind that maybe he knew all he wished to know, without asking. To gain time for thinking at my leisure, I went away to my bedchamber, where I kept my clothes, to find what I could for him. I brought him such as I had, and then helped him to get out of his own garments and into mine. But there was a strange thing, — a thing to laugh at, if I had not had my mind too full of other things for laughing. As I have said, William von Stein was a short man, while I stood a full foot's length above him; so that when he was in my clothes, he was no more than a seed in a pod after frost, and likely to lose himself in the deep recesses, even when he had turned back the legs and arms until their white inside showed by many gaping inches. He was much of my way of thinking, as I knew by the way he looked down at himself ruefully, though saying nothing, only bidding me be quick to send him on his way. I made out to tell him (telling nothing but the truth) that I had no way of sending him on, our phaeton being borrowed, and only a heavy wagon left, which could not go over the deep mud of the roads. He was much distressed, so that he seemed to forget the strange sight he made, and walked up and down, shaking his head strongly and making his lips go without speaking. By and by he asked me to send to a neighbor's for a conveyance, only to make all haste. And so I went out and sent one of my farming men to do as he asked, knowing well that it would be a good half hour before he could return, and grasping at every chance for delay to keep the old man in my house.

When my man had gone, I went back to sit with William von Stein, desiring to learn something from him of what he intended. But here I met with grievous disappointment; for he was not minded to talk at all, but only to think, sitting down before the blaze of the fire, with his feet (or his one foot and the iron knob on his wooden leg) resting upon the fender, to warm himself after his cold and wet encounter. As he sat there, with me sitting a little way off and watching him curiously, I saw that his head began to nod downward toward his breast. Whether from weariness, or the comfort of the fire, or his much losing of sleep of late, I know not, but know only that he had soon gone away into deep slumber, drawing his breath hard through his bent throat, with little sounds as when water trickles from a pump spout into a horse trough. Then there befell that which I do not relish telling, having some shame in it even now, but I cannot help telling to make the tale full, just as it happened. As he slept he went downward in his chair, by the weight of his body, sliding a little at a time, until the end of his wooden leg was gone into the fire. When I saw this I started up to waken and warn him, but then sat down again. For it came upon me like daybreak that here would be one more stay and impediment to his going onward; and then I remember thinking (trying to justify myself for my unkindness to an old man) that his being so was none of my doing, after all, and that if it might be God's will that his leg burn off I had no authority to dispute it, any more than any other of the ways of Providence. And so, because of the conflict of my thoughts, I got up and went away, leaving him where he was.

When my farming man came back, not having got what he was sent to get (no carriage being in my neighbor's barn), I went in to tell William von Stein about it. Upon being waked he started up quickly, but only to fall over with all his weight sharp against my middle, so that the suddenness of it was like to deprive me of the breath of life. The cause of such strange behavior was that the end of his wooden stick leg had been burned short by two inches, leaving

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the stick charred and sharpened down to a point. I am glad that I can say truthfully, for the saving of my good name for respect for age, that when I saw him so, and found how deeply he grieved at the ruin of that ornament in which he had taken such pride, I was truly sorry for him, and wished that I had been quicker to show sorrow; for what sorrow, even of the deepest, can mend a wooden leg? But there he was, and with five good miles between himself and Coleton, where Katherine and John were gone. I thought that now he would not go on because he could not; wherein I was greatly at fault, for despite his plight, both as to clothes and the leg, he was but a little time in saying that he would go on because he must. Though I used what power I had to convince him, he would not listen to me, but drew his hat on his head and went away, without even the courtesy of saying good-day. It is a mystery to me even now, though I have thought of it often, how he was able to walk at all; for with every step he had to bend himself down until his stump leg might touch the earth, and his clothes (they being mine) were so much in his way to hinder him. As I stood watching him, he hobbled down the roadway and out of my sight.

After he was gone, and I went to find Ruth, so that I might tell her about it, it was only then that I thought to laugh at all that had passed. When it did come, it was with strength to atone for slowness, so that I did nothing for many minutes but tip my body backward and forward, laughing until the taste of salt was in my mouth by reason of my tears running into it from my cheeks. When laughter was done, only small tickles of it coming back now and again, compassion came to me (being tardy, like my laughing), and in this feeling Ruth aided and abetted me. For she said that he was a poor old man, — a nearly helpless one now, — no doubt feeling sorrow and sadness at losing his daughter against his will, and so much of other words like these that, after a little time, she persuaded me to get on my clothes for outdoors and wet weather and go after him, to see that no evil had befallen him. This I did, not so much because of my own will, neither from any fear of what might happen to him, but more because of my way of pleasing Ruth and doing what she told me.

When I had taken to the road, finding it very heavy and deep with mud, I was not long in coming up to William von Stein; and but that I had laughed all I could before, and as much as was good for me, I must have laughed again. For as he walked, stooping downward with each step on his foreshortened leg, and resting his weight (which was very good weight) upon it each time, the soft mud yielded to it in such measure that it would go down and down, like putting knife into deep meat pie; and then he would have to bring himself to balance upon his sound foot, and use his greatest strength to pull the stump up again, only to have it serve him in like manner on the next step forward. When I came up to him, and spoke to him as kindly as I might, with offer of help (willing to help him now when I knew it might do no good to stop what was going forward), he was in such shortness of breath, and so weary in muscle and sinew, that he could not answer me, but only lean against me, trembling and panting.

Then while we stood so, and before he had got courage to attempt going on again, all at once I heard the sound of the splashing of a horse's hoofs upon the wet roadway, coming from around a bend before us; and as soon as sight could follow hearing, there was Ruth's phaeton, drawn by my own gray mare, with Katherine and John sitting together, and so engaged with sight of one another that they did not take the pains to see us standing before them, nor anything else before them beyond prospect

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of love and happiness. I knew that all was well. But the gray mare was not so concerned with her thoughts as they with theirs; for though she was a most sedate animal, when she came within a few yards of us, catching a sudden sight of William von Stein, she set back her ears, with a snort of terror, and went off sideways to the very road's edge. This aroused Katherine and John to see us, though they were slow about adjusting their sight to know who we were. It was John who first called my name, speaking it with surprise; but it was Katherine who knew her father, knowing him not by sight, as I believe, but in some strange way given to women. She cried out to him, and then came down out of the phaeton, with her dainty feet in the mud and water, and threw her arms about his neck with so much of impetuous affection that they must both have gone down together had I not stood behind him to support him. It was truly a pretty sight, notwithstanding the oddness of it, to see those two lovers (lovers now more than ever) throw themselves upon his grace and mercy and beg to be forgiven, now that forgiving mercy was the only course open to him. While I listened with all my ears for a burst of rage from the old man at being treated so, and might not have been surprised at any words from him, his face showed nothing beyond an expression of uneasiness and perturbation, such as it had worn from the time of his coming to my house, and all he said to them was: "Forgive you! Yes, gladly will I, if you do but go back with Ned afoot, and give me use of the phaeton for going on to Coleton." When I heard that, my wits went hopelessly straying, and would not come back to me.

Then there was another sound as of approaching horses; and this time it was one of Judge Ravenel's horses which came upon us, with his ancient housekeeper sitting in the carriage in lonely state. She would have gone by us unheeding, looking straight before her; but we so filled the road, with my horse and phaeton and us four standing together, that she could not go by, but must stop. As soon as he saw who it was, William von Stein went all a-tremble, shrinking up into himself weakly, until of all poor plights I ever saw a man in, his was the worst. When he could make out to do it, he cried out piteously, "Lucy, Lucy!" and then went toward her, standing by the carriage and grasping at her skirts with his hand to hold her. And most strange of all, he did call her lover's names, like "darling" and "sweetheart," and more of that sort, which came from his lips as with the skill of practice. He told her with pleading how his delay was not his fault, but of stern necessity, and neither had his heart turned cold nor his mind relented. Then he begged her to take him up into the carriage by her side, and let them go back together to Coleton.

Now, if those who read this tale are folk of any power of discerning, I have no need to say more. For the old dame by and by let her wrinkled face escape from its sternness, and she smiled upon William von Stein with much show of yellow teeth, and made a place for him by her side; and then they turned about and went away to their own wedding.

After that there is surely nothing more to be told, except that when, after a time, the news of these happenings came to Judge Ravenel's hearing, he pondered awhile in silence before he made out to say that it was just as well so; for had he wedded Katherine, according to his design, then must he have turned son to his own housekeeper, and she his mother, with authority over him, which did not become his dignity.

William R. Lighton.

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A NEW ENGLAND HILL TOWN.

I. ITS CONDITION.

I.

We are an old-fashioned folk in Sweet Auburn, — we go to church. We think we ought to; besides, we can't help it. In Boston, they tell me, you expect your minister to draw. That is because you have newspapers. Our country parson never thinks of drawing; why should he?

In "meetin'," as in no place else, is the latest bucolic legend or mythus bodied forth. To obey the insistent behest of the church bell is perchance to learn that Jim Asa meditates shingling his barn, or that Ichabod's Alderney is stricken with the garget, or that Deacon Abram has slain his fatted Chester whites. When the old Cap'n Anthony homestead had gone up in lamentable flames late one Saturday night, and kept us all awake until morning, I said, "Slender congregation to-day for the Little Giant," — wherein I erred. There were more worshipers than usual. They came to talk it all over. So I have seen living beings bestir themselves at the newsboy's cry of "Extra!"

Moreover, at divine service one gets close and familiar glimpses of one's neighbors. The "dummies," who have eyes *et præterea nihil*, are punctual and indefatigable in their attendance. Isolated all the week upon scattered farms, these villagers become monstrously gregarious on Sunday. Not even our choir can scare them away from the weekly assemblies. The church is the club, and there is no other.

Furthermore, beyond a certain satisfaction at having worsted the moral law, there is no very zestful relish in staying at home. You cannot read a ponderous, "feature"-laden journal, because, please God, you cannot get one. You cannot ride on a Sunday train, for ours is a Sabbatarian railroad. Should you mount your wheel for a quiet little spin across the valley, your ethical adviser would "tuck it to you like a yellow wasp." Before venturing upon anecdote or reminiscence, it is the part of godliness to ask yourself, "Is that a Sunday story?" If you lie late in bed, as old rabbis urged the faithful to do, you must suffer a recital of the ancient quatrain: —

> "This is the day that Christ arose
> So airly from the dead;
> An' shall we keep aour eyelids closed,
> An' waste aour haours in bed?"

In sugaring time, Deacon Abram deliberately lets five barrels of maple sap soak into the brown earth rather than gather it upon the Lord's Day. Deacon Seth rides to church in a closed carriage, lest he sinfully behold the beauties of nature. As my worthy landlord was bringing in a basket of eggs, I said, "How many, Mr. Glenn?" "Dunno," replied the conscientious patriarch; "don't caount my aiggs of a Sabbath." To be frank, we make Sunday a many-antlered, looming bugbear. *Vis a tergo* conspiring with *vis a fronte*, lo, the vast and reverent congregation!

Our reverence is, as Mr. Cable would say, "remarkable." "Damn that Bill Wilkins!" roared Cap'n Anthony. "I'll whip him, — God knows I'll whip him! Snapped apple seeds at me, right in church, right in God's haouse!" Sentiment hallows the church. It also flings an aura of sanctity round the person of the Little Giant. As we meet him we doff our hats (though we merely nod our heads to women), and we say with a sort of powdered and brocaded gallantry, "How do you do, Reverend — Mr. — Dorchester?" Little Ted Holliday, hav-

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ing inadvertently pitched snow at the clergyman, wept scalding tears of contrition, and would not be comforted. That is representative. But our devotion to our minister is not entirely personal; it is also religious. To pay him his six hundred dollars per annum is an act of faith, to acquiesce in his teachings a requirement of godliness. The truth is, Sweet Auburn is half a century behind the times. It is as yet untouched by the influences that elsewhere have robbed the pulpit of its aforetime high prerogatives.

We are old-fashioned in our religion; but in our theology, which is altogether a different matter, we mean to be progressive. We are Congregationalists of the liberal kind. We grant our preacher the utmost freedom of thought and utterance. He has lectured to us (and we packed the town hall to hear him) upon the Higher Criticism of the Bible, upon the Religious Interpretation of the Evolutionary Philosophy, and upon the Ethnic Faiths considered in their Relation to Christianity. We so earnestly respect his scholarship that we are ready to follow him out to the far, dim borders of truth, and there to stand and wait, and, peering, watch the horizon. Once, to my knowledge, — and *I* trust only once, — the Little Giant had doubt of his people. "I 'm afraid I 'm giving you too much new theology," he said. "Gawsh, no!" replied an enthusiastic parishioner. "Let her sizzle!"

Sometimes, however, I wonder whether our liberalism is altogether ingenuous. I have begun to suspect that we relish dabbling in heterodoxy a little as we enjoy pulling the cat's tail. It makes us feel clever. Our Sunday-school superintendent reads The Outlook to tease his wife; he has named his two bulldogs Preserved Smith and Dr. Briggs; he was edified beyond all continency when the Little Giant said Lyman Abbott three times in one sermon. "Docterns" are obsolete; give us heresies. We fearlessly criticise the dogma of the Trinity. We are ever ready to discuss the probable fate of the wicked. We are fretted with impatience when we fail to elucidate the origin of evil. Yes, but why complain? Heterodoxy makes us think. Nevertheless, it not infrequently recalls that shrewd aphorism of Confucius: "Learning without thought is labor lost; thought without learning is dangerous."

Of course, it is not to be supposed that such tendencies in pulpit and pew go tranquilly unrebuked. Good Deacon Seth demurs. He believes in the divinity of Abraham, the deity of Moses, and the eternal procession of Daniel. He accepts the plenary inspiration of Pilgrim's Progress. He takes all the patent medicines advertised in the Boston Congregationalist. He finds sweet peace in the eternal damnation of others. But his weakness — his pathetic and irremediable weakness — lies in this, that he is invariably sound asleep in sermon time.

Religion, viewed from the evolutionist's standpoint, is first a sentiment, then a philosophy, then an ethical impulse. What now of our morality? As Squeers would put it, you have come to the right shop for morals. In the two hundred years of its history there has never been a murder in Sweet Auburn. Ichabod was constable for twelve consecutive years, and never made an arrest. In the interest of the home, we vote regularly for prohibition. We believe also in kindness. Were ever hearts warmer than ours? We delight to do you a service. Ask our cloak, and we thrust our coat upon you also; bid us go with you a mile, and I defy you to prevent our going twain. Besides, we are in love with decency. We ostracize a youth who enters upon a career of vice: witness the case of Wilkins Glenn. Wilkins has "gone right daown on his prayin'-bones to every gal in taown," yet a doleful bachelor he remains, and all because he

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was "church-mauled" for going in bad company. But, rigorous though our enforcement of the moral law, I fear we are far from progressive in our application of religion to life. Sometimes I think that conduct and belief are quite separate. Be that as it may, we have here the neo-rabbinism of John Alden and Miles Standish.

Ethically considered, we are the children of the code. Like our forefathers in Howard Pyle drabs and russets, we maintain a dual tabulation of rights and wrongs. There is a white list for "Thou shalt," a black list for "Thou shalt not." In matters not treated in either column we do as we happen to please. We achieve our morality by inches, — line upon line, precept upon precept. We have no real grasp of broad principles. We have acquired cultivated memories rather than cultivated consciences. We have not yet attained to ethical autonomy.

Hence a world of incidental inconsistencies. We are intolerant of dancing, but indulgent toward kissing games. We are certain that if we drink a glass of beer we shall be cast into a lake of fire, but we consume hard cider with infinite enjoyment, and confidently look for a crown of glory that fadeth not away. By no possible device of rhetoric could you persuade our best deacon to smoke, though he raises tobacco by the acre for the use of his countrymen. None of us will steal your purse, yet few of us can baffle the serpentine temptation to cheat you. We think it sinful to tell malicious lies, though meanwhile we believe all the malicious lies that come to our ears, and we invariably condemn our neighbor unheard. What is this but a survival of stagnant, unthinking Puritanism? We are as consistent as our consecrated Pilgrim ancestors, who never went to plays. Bless you, no! Instead they went to hangings.

Would that the applied Christianity of Sweet Auburn suffered no graver lack than that of inconsistency. Vastly more serious is our intense individualism. We know nothing of social ethics. Our civic theory is atomic, not organic. We lack leadership, we lack public spirit, we lack genuine social consciousness. We need some fearless Whitman to tell us that a man is not contained between his hat and his boots. It has never occurred to us that isolation is irreligious.

As regards isolation, Sweet Auburn is like an enthusiastic invalid, joyfully making the worst of a bad matter. Instead of asserting the spirit of neighborliness, and earnestly alleviating the solitary, self-centred, insulated intensity of our lives, we shrink from one another. Evening calls are well-nigh gone out of memory. That is because the advent of city manners requires the farmer to array himself in his best ere he seeks his neighbor's hearth. The process is slow. We shall not be started before eight o'clock, and we must be home again betimes to tuck in the "caows" and get to bed by nine. Why so early? Because we must bestir ourselves at five next morning, to milk Dolly and Lightfoot and Peggy and Old Jersey and Blackie and Rose. We rise with the red-winged blackbird, that our days may be long upon the land. Consequently, we hate calling. Such, I observe, is the mischief wrought by starched linen. The starch has struck through to our hearts.

That superb theme of Browning's, the relativity of life, — what illustration does Sweet Auburn afford it? Sweetly sings Pippa; but who hears? God in his heaven and Pippa at home. Few beside. One lovely character has little effect upon the lives about it. There is want of contact. We have not achieved the relativity of life; instead, we have simply accomplished its reflexivity; the soul is thrown back upon itself; whence the provincialization of personality. Less extensive, life becomes more intensive. The narrow stream runs deep. It runs too deep. Better were it shallower, if broader.

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The rural environment is psychically extravagant. It tends to extremes. A man carries himself out to his logical conclusions; he becomes a concentrated essence of himself.

Miss Wilkins speaks of the tropical intensity of the rural New Englander. It is an admirable expression, though to watch us you would little think it. Our faces are stolid, our movements deliberate, our actions commonly reserved. The volcano is snow-capped. Time prepares the eruption. The eruption reveals the man.

I have met the young lady who complained that while waiting at the junction she had nothing to "scatter her mind." Ours is a similar affliction. Our characters suffer in consequence. In isolation, the thought dwells uninterrupted upon occurrences that would gradually fade to drab shadows in town. A bereavement scars the heart forever. It follows us into the "mowin'; " it is with us at "chores; " it bends over us at the fireside, as the sombre gray angel bends over the figure of Love in Watts's picture. So of quarrels. I can show you enmities older than the elms. Solitude is the handmaid of malice. It takes time to be mean; Beelzebub himself affords no avocations. Or is it failure that embitters existence? There is no forgetting the loss of last year's crops, or the demise of brown Dobbin, or the collapse of the Montana Bank. Circumstances in the city are events in the country, and events are eternal.

In Boston, I never understood what theatres and football games and card parties and dances were for. Now I know. They are not chiefly for fun. They have a spiritual value. They redeem human life from unwholesome and even morbid extremes. The great desideratum of Sweet Auburn is what Mr. Pemberton Cressey has styled "the gospel of demoralization." Demoralization is what we need. Without it we fail to develop normal symmetry of character.

Given a suitable amount of recreation, and Sweet Auburn would be a healthful moral environment — for women. New England countrywomen are superior to their husbands. Women thrive on domesticity; men do not. Manhood comes to its best in action, — in broad, free, energetic exercise on a large scale. Masculine character spoils if it is shut up too long. It needs room, and it needs abundant materials to work with. Abraham Lincoln might have spent his life splitting rails, but he would have dwarfed his soul had he done so. Our Abraham Lincolns are making just that mistake.

Sometimes, in the warm summer evenings, Helen and I sit in my pretty blue skiff and watch the yellow lights come dripping down the water from the square windows of many a distant farmhouse. Then Helen is wont to tell me that this is precisely the kind of place she has all her life desired to live in. But I, meanwhile, am occupied with far variant reflections.

Were I to change places with the blue heron by the margin of the lake or with our New England country parson, I might perhaps be contented here. If a heron, I should stand aloof from human creatures and their troublous affairs; if a parson, I should give myself heart and soul to the amelioration of existing conditions. Alas, I am neither. The jocund lights come dancing all gayly a-flicker where my oar blade starts the ripples, yet they sadden my spirit within me. Ethically considered, Sweet Auburn is not a town; it is a misfortune. Its religion is fanciful, its morality artificial, its social atmosphere morbid. I think of Sweet Auburn's sorrows, of its enmities, of its petty meanness, of its constricted narrowness, and of its diseased and abnormally exaggerated self-consciousness, and then my temperamental optimism assumes sublime proportions. I tell myself that the "rush to the cities" is an admirably good and beneficial move-

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ment. Spite of the church spire, quivering inverted amongst the lily pads, the hill town is a mistake.

The moral fallacy of the village is the venerable ecclesiastical fallacy of shaven crown and coarse habit and cloistered walk. Peaceful were it, in truth, to withdraw from the world; altogether lovely to escape its noxious contamination; very sweet to devote the still hours to the illumination of flowered missals or to the adornment of the angel-thronged abbey walls; and a holy delight to chant in dim choirs, beneath tall, gleaming, mullioned windows, the praises of the Victor Christ! But what would come of it all? Only personal blight and moral decay.

II.

We approve of marriage, — of early marriage, of hasty marriage, of marriage without a bank account. We have no toleration for Keats. It was he who wrote: —

> "Love in a hut, with water and a crust,
> Is — Love, forgive us! — cinders, ashes, dust."

Yes, but single life in Sweet Auburn, — no heartless apologist has yet found valor to defend it. For then must one retain as housekeeper some neat-handed Phyllis of debatable years. So why not marry her, and cut short her wages? Or, a still more felicitous contrivance, why not wed at once and for youthful love, and never hire any housekeeper at all? Besides, if you wait, the merriest rosy-cheeked girls will be irrecoverably appropriated by your countless rivals. The choice is small; be quick. Indeed, it requires diligent back-pedaling to avoid the brink of matrimony. In town it is different. Livery bills, florists' bills, confectioners' bills, and the requisitions of the box office, — are not these the very bulwarks of celibacy? Here you take your ladylove to prayer meetings, funerals, and fires. You and she go riding, and it costs you never a pin. Your noble roadster has manes on all four legs, and he lifts his hoofs with the meditative precision of a Shanghai rooster, and — best of all — he is your very own; no livery bills for him. And when you visit the "cattle show," you both go in on exhibitors' tickets, — she by grace of a gaudy crazy quilt, you by courtesy of a big pink squash.

Courtship is like intemperance. If there existed no cheering draught save imported champagne, then might we all wear blue ribbons. It is Milwaukee lager that addles the national pate. If there were only tall traps with red wheels, or solely "American beauties" at three dollars a dozen, or exclusively the choicest and costliest sweetmeats, or nothing but tickets to the Götterdämmerung, then might we remain sombre and unfeeling bachelors; but prayer meetings, funerals, and fires make married men of us.

In all concerns save the betrothal of our friends our policy is *laissez faire*. But when two ardent spirits meet in the beauty and the hope and the courage of a new affection, we rally to their support. We must assist the supernatural. And there being (humanly speaking) two methods of forcing a match, the direct and the indirect, we insure success by employing both.

The direct method involves mental suggestion. Abner takes Rachel to prayer meeting; consequently, the entire town impresses upon each of the two its amiable conviction that they are shortly to be married. The news spreads. The countryside is a-thrill with the joy of it. The clover tells the honeybee, the bee tells the barn swallow, the swallow twitters the happy tidings to the men folks, and the men folks run and advise the women folks. What is fame? Taking Rachel to prayer meeting. In three days it will be Sunday. Shall one take Rachel to church? Yes, in the name of wise discretion, or have Sweet Auburn say, "He's got the mitten." Hazardous truly were such headlong measures, or want of measure, but for the uniform

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loveliness of our charming country lasses. The chance is wholly that Rachel, who is as shy as the shell-pink arbutus, is also as sweet. A fellow can scarce blunder in such a case.

The indirect method is, perhaps, not less enjoyable for the principals, though the seconds like it better. The inseparables will be teased. We call it a gracious courtesy to "pony a feller 'baout the gal he 's a-sparkin' on." Happy are they that go courting in December. Santa Claus shall prepare for them at the public, coöperative, municipal Christmas tree such emblematic gifts as they thought not. Thus boorishly and incessantly tormented, they say individually, "Might 's well die for a sheep 's a lamb." That is the beginning of the end. Matrimony yawns to receive them. Events are pushing them over the edge. Hitherto but one thing has been lacking; it is now supplied. Efforts are made to break up the match. Mustering their forces, the relatives object, — in the interest of both parties. He 's not good enough for her, she 's not good enough for him; nobody is so nice as anybody. Whence the inevitable result: —

> "He was warned ag'inst the womern;
> She was warned ag'inst the man.
> Naow, ef that don't make a weddin',
> Why, they 's nahthin' else that can."

So, after refuting the tender allegation for a few impatient months (announced engagements are rare in Sweet Auburn), Abner tremulously requests the town clerk to indite a "certificate." Then he and the bride elect (their hearts throbbing with mingled fright and felicity) "drive over to see the minister," or — as is incomparably the preferable way, being the more frugal — they procure the services of "Square" Glenn, who gladly pronounces them man and wife in consideration of the dollar and twenty-five cents allowed him by the paternal generosity of the law.

Now, I desire to set my opinion upon registry as, all things regarded, fairly indulgent toward matrimony. It can never be entirely suppressed, though in Sweet Auburn I think it ought to be regulated. Romance requires variety. Here we tend to a dreary, tan-colored uniformity. The mountains limiting communication with neighboring villages, Glenns have married Glenns from time immemorial. Hence a complete and inert solidarity. We have a single hearthstone seven miles long, eighty farms sit musing at the ingleside, our ancient rooftree shelters three hundred and fifty complicated kinsmen. Saving only the random stranger within our gates, we are a clan in the narrowest sense of the word. The town is own cousin to itself.

When you come to Sweet Auburn, greet the first man you meet with "How are you, Mr. Glenn? Do you think we 're going to have a hay-day?" — and nine throws in ten you hit it. Either he is a Glenn, or he is related to the Glenns by blood or by law, or by both. In this respect Sweet Auburn is like Leverett, a beautiful village some twenty miles from us. As the saying goes, there are Fields enough in Leverett to set out all the Roots in Montague.

From the Glenn point of view, consanguine solidarity has its advantages. Even a mere Glenn-in-law feels himself a scion of the reigning house. Pleasant must the sensation be; for our kinship serves as a holy alliance, offensive and defensive. Touch the Glenns, and you joggle the solar system.

Whoever expresses surprise that Hezekiah Glenn, whose conduct for thirty years has been highly offensive, continues to live in Sweet Auburn will be instructed that this is the only town where he can live. The bravest dare not object. Moreover, our blood ties save us, in no small measure, from malicious slander. A "whole Bible-full of stories" are discreetly smothered, lest they reach the ears of the Glenns. Politically, such fear and favor might be turned to profitable account; but we are not politicians,

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neither are we citizens. We are simply denizens. Yet the Tammany instinct runs in the blood (and crops out at church elections).

What the Medici were to Florence the Glenns are to Sweet Auburn. They even levy taxes, — indirectly, of course, and under garb of social, or rather tribal generosity. The best of us disapprove, though in the interest of the solar system we keep a modest stillness while our unscrupulous kinsmen loot the village. We tingle with red vicarious shame when Glenn the elder arranges a donation party for Glenn junior, well certified that in apt season Glenn junior will reciprocally devise a donation for Glenn the elder. From motives of unalloyed cowardice, the entire community subscribes to each donation. At suited intervals, an aggregate of fifty dollars is thus ingeniously raised, or, as it might perhaps be more truthfully said, lifted. Every non-Glenn and every mere Glenn-in-law declares himself "as mad as a wet hen," but a third feudal occasion meets no more strenuous opposition than did the others. All the world goes up to be taxed, and taxed without representation.

By just determination our reversion to the methods of the third George can hardly be accepted as illustrative. It is an excrescence upon the life of the clan. Vastly more faithful to the genius of the Glenns is our liege loyalty to one another. Before Uncle Jared's auction I had not known it was so. Uncle Jared, who had injudiciously "speccalated," was victimized and ruined by a vampire syndicate in Nebraska. Great wealth he should rightly have earned; but in place of dividends came an assessment, and after the assessment a proclamation of insolvency. The ancient farmstead, long since mortgaged, fell under the pitiless hammer. Hideous posters, nailed upon tree trunks and sugar houses, spread the announcement through half a county. Nothing else was talked of for more than a week. The disaster was everywhere interpreted as a visitation of divine Providence. Had not Uncle Jared set his affections upon worldly riches rather than upon those treasures which shall endure? Was not Uncle Jared a backslider in the church? Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. And yet there dwells in human hearts a potency stronger than any theological prepossessions, — a knightly puissance that in its own merit constitutes a good and pure and noble religion.

False to the faith, but true to the blood, up rose the clan. Early upon the anxious day all Glenns came hasting from far and near. They crowded the house; they made it impossible for aliens to enter; they prepared for the phenomenal. When the auctioneer began his glib preamble, he found himself facing a throng of solemn and resolute kinsmen. He had brought his accustomed store of pleasantries, but there they had only a sorry value. No, he was come into the hushed and holy presence of tribal devotion. It was the occasion of a sacrifice, and that vulgar auctioneer was to be its unconscious altar priest. For when all was over, whose, pray, should those many things be? Whose, indeed, but Ichabod's and Abram's and Seth's and Israel's and Dwight's, — whose but the Glenns'? Out of hard-won and long-hoarded savings the clan redeemed the farm, which they now restored to its former owner.

Uncle Jared told me the story himself. "They done that to me, they did — up an' saved the farm — saved the hull on 't — an' me a sinful backslider an' fell from grace!" Then, with quavering voice, "They call this taown Sweet Auburn, sir, an' I vum it 's the dern sweetest Auburn on God's hull green airth! *Gee!*"

Another pleasant feature of our kith-and-kin *Zusammenhang* is our spirit of democracy. We are accustomed to say, "Put us in a bag, an' we 'll all come aout the same time." We all go with

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our noses in the air, but Heaven help the man who carries his nasal pretensions higher than the rest of us! *Liberté, égalité, fraternité!* Each is so confidently reliant upon his own established position — for is he not related to the Glenns? — that he can afford to tolerate his neighbors. Fear also has its perfect work.

Consequently, our scullery maid sits at table with us and leads the conversation. Mrs. Nathan Goodspeed and her farm hand sing out of the same hymn book. The proprietor of the wallet shop invites his truckman to dinner. Everybody bows to everybody. A washerwoman becomes a person of importance. The daughters of our old blue-blooded families work in the factory, quite as Lucy Larcom used to do in her girlhood in Lowell. Social distinctions, such as there are, rest mainly upon individual worth and character. In short, we accept the Declaration of Independence as an inspired document, and we resist the first intimation that we are not born free and equal.

Yet again I am convinced that no little emphasis should rightly accentuate a still further advantage of our intricate consanguinity. Note the brevity of our names. Why say Glenn, Glenn, Glenn, when everybody is a Glenn? Jedediah is sixty, but our children speak of him by his Christian name. So of us all; thus are we called, like characters in Shakespeare's plays, or in novels, or in Holy Scripture. Furthermore, the naming of men and women, in a town like ours, yields abundant play for inventive genius. Suppose you have four Jim Glenns, — what then? The eldest only will be known as Jim. The others will take also the names of their fathers, — patronymics, — Jim Jared, Jim Anthony, Jim Dwight. Or in case you have five Jennie Glenns, — how designate the individual? If married, add husband's Christian name, — Jennie Joe, Jennie Noah, Jennie Asa. If unmarried, prefix father's Christian name, possessive case, — Job's Jennie or Hezekiah's Jennie. On first settling in Sweet Auburn one should learn our names very deliberately, lest one heedlessly sprain one's intellect.

Now I suggest — for there is another face to the story — that Glenns might advantageously stop marrying Glenns. To this end should matrimonial regulation be turned. I can think of nothing more stultifying than life in a clan. It develops an inert and all but paralytic domesticity. We have scarce any interests outside this tiny village. Sweet Auburn is composed of Mrs. Poysers of all ages and both sexes. The most resplendent ambition we cherish for our children is that they may live, as we have lived, in the bosom of the tribe; to desert Sweet Auburn is to repudiate the blood. Mrs. Hezekiah's attitude is an exception. She has one son at Annapolis, another is preaching in Philadelphia, a third is president of a Western railroad, and the one that died was on the way to preferment in national politics. Yet Mrs. Hezekiah's example is viewed with apprehension. Let this go no further. Her boys succeeded, but they did not live in Sweet Auburn. Instead, they were forced to contract professional, social, and even matrimonial alliances with alien tribes.

Moreover, there is evidence that parental consanguinity tends to the exaggeration of personal peculiarities. You are, we will say, a Crowninshield. So be it, but was your mother a Crowninshield? No, thank fortune, she was none other than a Harcourt. You are therefore, genealogically and psychologically, a well-favored composite. You are Harcourt-Crowninshield or Crowninshield-Harcourt. Composites, however, are rare in Sweet Auburn. Nearly every villager you meet is a Glenn-Glenn; so were his parents, and theirs, and theirs, and theirs. He is Glenn to the *n*th power. Accordingly, Sweet Auburn abounds in "characters."

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The Glenns are grasping and penurious. Those traits, converging through many generations, have produced Azariah, the hermit miser, who will on no account permit you to enter his cottage. People will tell you that that humble domicile contains five kitchen ranges, with never a fire in any one of them, albeit there is a kettle on every hole. Untold wealth, far surpassing that of Ormus and of Ind, lies buried beneath the floor. At least, "that 's the say-say." Furthermore, the hermitage shelters several hundred tin cans. The Glenns are "moderate." Consequently, they have evolved Dwight, the storekeeper. Dwight's nature is essentially Alpine. He moves like the Mer de Glace. Action being followed by reaction, Dwight has mollified the already molluscoid locomotive faculties of the Glenns. How gradual this town is! At first I attributed our moderation to the eloquent example of the ox; then I attempted to trace it to the silent influence of the tomato worm; but at last I have it. Dwight Glenn is to blame for it all. We have become so inured to the Miltonic programme of standing and waiting that we have unconsciously adopted our storekeeper's pace. The Glenns are witty, and particularly prompt and deft at repartee. Nine-and-sixty strands of gorgeous polemic humor meet in Uncle Ichabod. Like Odysseus, he is intellectually panoplied against every possible contingency or surprise. As our farmers say, "he 's always ready, cocked and primed." Reprimanded by the Little Giant for habitual profane swearing, he answered, "Waal, Reverend — Mr. — Dorchester, here 's haow 't is: you pray an' I swear, an' we don't neither on us mean nahthin' by it."

In Old Deerfield I have heard Miss Wilkins censured for caricaturing New England. No conceivable criticism could be more unjust. Were I to pass judgment upon Miss Wilkins's work, I should say that it is a little deficient in artistic audacity; she understates the case; there seems to me to be a scumble over every one of her portraits. Her fantastic types exist, though not in Old Deerfield; they abound in the hill towns; they are the natural results of reckless intermarriage within the clan.

Should one attempt a draught of the Glenn family tree, I wonder what manner of banyan we should have. Besides, what singular blossoms would bespangle its endlessly interarched and interwoven branches! Yes, and not merely singular; here and there quite hideous.

It is not nice to have six toes on each foot. It is worse to be hare-lipped. Cross-eyes are none the less disagreeable because very common. One of our families is "muffle-chopped." Another whole family is deaf and dumb. The proprietor of the sawmill stands three feet two inches and a half with his boots on. Israel Glenn is a giant, measuring seven feet in height. He has, as the Jesuit Féval said of Dr. Verron, "a double chin and a triple belly," and he wears from three to six coats to increase his apparent bulk. Nor is he less eager to display his muscular prowess. He wields an axe, made especially for him, weighing nine pounds without the helve. He swings a scythe eleven feet long. "How much can you mow in a day?" asked Helen. "Ten acres, little girl," replied the giant in a voice like the bellow of a Holstein bull, — "ten acres!" Still, as I said, Glenns should stop marrying Glenns.

Abnormal heredity sets here and there its trace upon character. It occasionally blights or distorts or exaggerates the growth of the body. Would that that were all! It further results, and with shocking frequency, in the premature arrest of mental development. We have various expressions — very gentle, most of them, and tenderly sympathetic — to convey the hopeless and ugly fact of idiocy. We speak of "backward children," or of the "belated ones," or of "them that ain't over 'n' above bright."

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Medical men, I am told, distinguish between idiocy and high-grade idiocy; the former being a total, the latter only a partial lack of mentality. Sweet Auburn has seven high-grade idiots.

Then must not our villagers be continually saddened by the sight of such unfortunates? By no means. Accustomed to their presence, they regard it as nothing remarkable. The clan expects idiots, just as it expects midgets and giants and deaf-mutes. In the face of calamity that should be irresistibly deterrent, we still strew roses for the nuptials of cousins. Shall we never come to our senses?

Truly the curse is upon the clan. Rural life, so exquisitely lovely in its possibilities, — ay, and so supremely, so regally magnificent in its lavish setting of forest and lake and hill and roaring brook, — disappoints, how grievously, when you know the inmost truth of it! It was so that you opened a volume of Wordsworth. You had thought to find The Daffodils. Instead you found The Idiot Boy.

III.

In the beginning the Glenns created Sweet Auburn, "Toad Holler," and Sweet Auburn "City." Nearly two hundred years have passed over the hill country since then, and what have we now?

"Podunk," say those who know. "The Jumping-Off Place," say those who do not. "Sociologic second-childishness and mere oblivion," say I; "sans inn, sans boarding house, sans butcher shop, sans trolley line, sans sidewalks, sans street lights, sans newspaper, sans fire brigade, sans doctor, sans — everything!" Sweet Auburn is like an old man: the highest compliment you can pay him is to call him well preserved.

There seems, indeed, to be something patriarchal about this whole region. The wry gables of houses and the sagging ridgepoles of barns and granaries speak of ancestral interests and family history. Lichens on old stone walls afford a sense of abode. Green mosses on dark, damp shingles suggest reposeful age. Broken, leaning tombstones lament the past. Old elms recall the solemn lines of Whitman:

> "Why are there trees I never walk under
> But large and melodious thoughts descend upon me?"

The landscape is kindly, gracious, parental. Once, in a distant foreign capital, I heard Patti sing The Old Folks at Home, and when she reached the words,

> "That 's where my heart is turning ever,
> That 's where the old folks stay,"

Sweet Auburn came vividly before my mind, and a sudden dart of pain shot through me.

The benignant presence of the aged is certainly a dominant factor in the romantic self-consciousness of Sweet Auburn. It is this that binds us to the past, keeps old customs rife, maintains archaic and obsolescent standards. Think! Only three hundred and fifty souls in our whole town, including "Toad Holler" and the "City," and yet this morning Helen and I counted fifteen old people above seventy-five, seven who by reason of strength have lived their fourscore years, three who have passed eighty by half a decade, and a "smart" old lady — she reminds me of Rembrandt's mother, the National Gallery portrait — who is doing her own housework at ninety-four. In lovely Warwick I talked with the late Mr. Goldsbury, who lived to be nearly a hundred and two. In Shutesbury they show you the tombstone erected by the town over the grave of Ephraim Pratt. The inscription bears record that Ephraim Pratt "departed this life at the age of a hundred and seventeen; he swung a scythe one hundred and one consecutive years, and mounted a horse without assistance at the age of a hundred and ten." Impressed with the amazing longevity of our people, I said, "It seems to me you hill folk never die;" to which a waggish native replied, "Waal, 't is 'baout the larst thing we dew dew, I swum!"

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Old New England survives in the personnel of the passing generation. When first I entered Sweet Auburn I could find no roadside tavern, but the Noah Glenns, an antique and wholly daguerreotype sort of couple, would put me up. The experience was like the scent of old musk in a long-closed chest of heirlooms. I got a glimpse of spinning-wheels and rag carpets and blue-and-white china and hundred-year-old clocks. (Every clock in Sweet Auburn is exactly a hundred years old, and stays so.) They lodged me in a room with paneled walls. There was a gilt-framed last-century looking-glass between the windows; there was a high-boy with seven drawers; there was a warming-pan in one corner; there was a pair of bellows at the fireplace. The frame of the house showed through on the inside. The total effect was so magical that I looked twice at myself in the mirror to be sure I was not clad in Colonial blue and buff.

Little has yet been changed at Noah Glenn's; for our elders, when they can gain their will, are "very sot." Noah, who resists such flagrant innovations as napkins and four-tined forks and white linen handkerchiefs, would set us moderns right. Mrs. Noah, who takes snuff and braids hats (though the latter custom went out of cry some forty years ago), and who still wears the immense hood that was part of the country habit in the days of John Quincy Adams, uniformly agrees with Noah. There is harmonious rebellion. The last leaf clings lovingly to the old forsaken bough.

Noah Glenn is eighty. He was "corpril" in the "trainin' comp'ny;" he was "taown clerk nigh on to fifty year;" he was for three terms "select*man*" in Sweet Auburn; he was "bass-viol player, by gum, in the meetin'-haouse." He remembers getting his boyish ears well boxed by the tithingman. "Airthquakes and apple sass, what times them was!" Flip for the parson (you fizzed it with a hot poker); foot stoves filled "in this very room whar you be, sir;" looms thumping and spinning-wheels a-whirring of a week day; dye tubs about ("we 've got one o' them critters up chahmber naow, I suspicion"); tallow dips to read by ("an' I mistrust you 'll find a candle mould in the shop"); and all things as befitted the elder and better world. Those were indeed the good old times!

Yes, but what of Noah's sons and daughters? Have they any similar enthusiasm for things antiquary? Little, in truth, care they; little cares Sweet Auburn; the Noah Glenns are exceptional. If the popular tendency meets no prompt and peremptory restriction, then it will be but a little while and all trace of old New England will be gone. Already the last loom has disappeared from our village, and the old oaken bucket has given room to the cast-iron pump. Search how you may, you cannot find a canopy bed, or a high dresser for pewter and china, or an unaltered example of antique wainscoting. Ravening agents from old curiosity shops make lavish bids for blue-and-white tea sets. Heirlooms that have been hallowed for generations with an inviolate sanctity are bartered away for so many pieces of silver. How proudly will they adorn the tables of parvenus in town! Noah thinks that a sacrilege of the first magnitude. "Heavens to Betsey!" says he, "them rascals might 's well bid fer the baby!"

Old-fashioned chimneys are being pulled down, because they take up too much room. The Cap'n Anthonys have made a dining room where their huge square chimney used to be. Despite the jeers of our elders, stoves have usurped the inglenook. Here and there a house is entirely "fixed over." Queen Anne has set in. We should all tack red and yellow shingles on our dwellings, were the process less costly. The one conscious need of Sweet Auburn is money enough to make itself hideous.

All through New England the old or-

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der of life — with its romantic charm, its simplicity, its godliness, its reposeful calm — is yielding place to the beautiless affectations of a crude and very modern civilization. I view such tendencies with grief and with fretful anger. I am reminded of Charles Lamb, who, hearing it said that no careful mother would permit her daughter to read Rosamond Gray, cried out, "Hang the age! I'll write for antiquity!" That is just my feeling. Hang the age! Hang Wilkins Glenn's high hand-shake! Confound the new-fangled furniture! Out upon the ruthless invasion of old folks' holy places! But the movement is irresistible; the change must come. Then — though the words be painful enough — farewell, Romance!

"The King was with us — yesterday!"

Life ought to be cumulative; normally, ten times ten are a hundred; old age ought to mean, if it means anything, the best wine at the feast's end; but here it is not so. I pity our hoary patriarchs. I look with tender solicitude upon our sweet-faced aged women. They have fallen on evil times. The hill town is already an anachronism. It confronts an Everlasting No. It cannot maintain itself in opposition to the relentless forces of social reconstruction; and consequently, those who hold all neighborly, ancestral, homely things most dear must witness not merely the æsthetic, but also the industrial, moral, and social decadence of their beloved Sweet Auburn.

"Cheer up," says Helen. "Cheer up, cheer up, — the worst is yet to come!" It certainly is. Quick transportation began the ruin; cheap transportation from the West and South will complete it. Montana and Wyoming, marauding giants, have reached across the continent and stolen our "beef critters;" Minnesota and Iowa have sown tares amongst our wheat; Pennsylvania has substituted its coal for our wood fuel; Virginia has filled the national pipe with its own tobacco instead of ours; and Florida tempts Bostonian epicures with early-grown dainties long, long before our first garden produce is ready for market. That is why (although we have as yet no abandoned farms, wherein we differ from our neighbors) no new fields are being cleared out of the forest. That is why there has not been a new house built in Sweet Auburn for sixteen years. That is why a building destroyed by fire is never replaced. That is why thirty of our eighty farms are mortgaged.

They say that living in Sweet Auburn is like hanging, — you don't mind it when you get used to it. The same might be said of life in Billings, Montana, only with this difference: there you have hope, here you have none; there you have a future, here you enjoy no such luxury; there you look forward to a golden age, here everything golden lies far, far in the past.

Our altitude is our doom. Steadily the river vales, rich in water power, are robbing the uplands of their population. Massachusetts has built the factory and mortgaged the farm. The people of New England are rolling downhill. Our railroad, which promised immigration, has had the opposite effect. Sweet Auburn is only three quarters as big as it used to be. Says Noah, "All the spunkiest ones have up an' got aout." It is natural selection the other end to, — the survival of the unfittest.

Sweet Auburn is a mere skim-milk community. It consists of the ambitionless and the children of the ambitionless. We have contributed our best to the city; the leavings remain. Our weak-willed boys get employment, from time to time, in larger towns, but back they come ere many days, like homing pigeons. The hours were excessive, the wages low, the work distasteful. They prefer Sweet Auburn. No valiant rovers are they. That is once more a matter of Darwinism. Sweet Auburn has been evolving the home-keeper for half a century. No

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influx from the city has disturbed the process. President Hyde put this forcibly when he said, "You can get cream from milk, but you can't get milk from cream."

I hate that snail-shell domesticity. I like to see the *Wanderlust* triumphant, — at least, at times. The one word in the language that seems to me to epitomize the sum total of enjoyment is the sturdy little Saxon word "go."

"And we go — go — go away from here!
On the other side the world we 're overdue!
'Send the road is clear before you when the old spring-fret comes o'er you
And the Red Gods call for you!"

The Red Gods have ceased calling for our boys. The treasure seekers went rushing from ocean to ocean to rifle Alaskan gold fields, but our laddies were not among them. The Little Giant planned a grand excursion to New York, but the excursionists all changed their minds before the trysted day. The Cuban war fever spread broadcast through the country, but nobody in Sweet Auburn volunteered. These harmless swains are not inclined to beat their ploughshares into swords and their pruning-hooks into spears. No, but they are ever ready to attend the prayer meeting. That is the severest strain their spirits can bear.

Newcomers, of an undesirable sort, take up the cheapened and depleted farms. Newcomers — negroes chiefly — work in the wallet factory. Each year there are more negroes than before. Every hill town suffers in some such way. It happens that the people of Sweet Auburn are turning black.

All things regarded, is it surprising that we are beginning to think there must have been a dire fatality in the name our ancestors gave this town? It will indeed be erelong a Deserted Village. Look at Pelham. When we see a vagrant crow flapping across the sky, we say, "There goes one of Pelham's select*men!*" If our factory should break down, Pelhamization would set in. We should then write "Ichabod" on these crumbling walls. *There* 's a name for you, — Ichabod, signifying "The Glory has Departed."

Think what is taking the place of the glory! Sweet Auburn is comparatively fortunate; it has only begun its descent. If you would see country life at its worst, pray visit the Belchertown cattle show. There you may mingle with as wicked a throng of human creatures as ever congregated in Whitechapel or Bellevue or Five Points. French Canadians? "Po*land*-ers"? Foreigners of any breed or birth whatsoever? Not they! That loathsome rabble, — gathered from twenty decadent hill towns, — are they not, every soul of them, descended from the Puritans? Their pre-Revolutionary blood is as good as your own. The upland has reduced them to barbarism; they do but bespeak the future of rural New England.

The day is a picturesque and multifarious debauch, — athletic, alcoholic, social, and pugilistic: athletic, because the ploughboy will pitch baseballs at the woolly and evasive heads of artful dodgers; alcoholic, because the pens especially constructed for the detention of violent inebriates are filled to overflowing before the third hour; social, because every hoodlum has struck hands with every other hoodlum, and they have insulted all the women on the grounds; pugilistic, because the random fisticuff encounters that occupy the morning and afternoon are mere desultory rehearsals for the evening's promiscuous dance, which is locally characterized as "a reg'lar knock-daown an' drag-aout."

Happy might I be, could I but dismiss all recollection of that day and its significance. Must not Belchertown shudder at its dismal boding? Must not Belchertown loathe the fair? By no means. This is Belchertown's gala day. This is a proud municipal event. The town

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common is turned over to the screaming fakirs and their roistering horde of ignorant dupes.

And the churches, — what have the churches to say? Time was when some fearless rebuking prophet would have strode forth, in gown and bands, to foretell impending divine judgment upon human sin and shame. That time has passed. The churches serve as commissary for the assembled hosts. They turn their consecrated chapels into eating houses, where one may obtain a twenty-five-cent meal for half a dollar.

There is current among criminologists an aphorism both scientific and philosophical. "The state," say they, "has only the criminals it deserves." The state, say I, has only those pests and delinquents and dependents and defectives and degenerates whom it deserves. Degradation in the hills means sinful neglect in the power-holding city. In the last analysis, as I shall show more clearly in another paper, Boston is to blame for Belchertown and its decadent tributaries. The country has made the city. All that you boast of courage and vigor and dauntless progress, — have we not suffered a loss for every gain you have won? You have taken our strength: can you find no pity for our weakness?

Some day — and it may be too late — you will come to a realization of your responsibilities. When the natives of Shutesbury describe their village as a place where "they raise two crops a year, — huckleberries summers, and hell winters," — when the ceremony of marriage has entirely disappeared from the social regimen of Ciderville, and when lovely Sweet Auburn is cursed with moral and mental and physical aberrations, it is time to recognize a problem of no less than national seriousness. What has happened in Alabama and Tennessee is happening in New England. We are evolving a race of poor whites.

Rollin Lynde Hartt.

BLACK SHEEP.

From their folded mates they wander far,
  Their ways seem harsh and wild;
They follow the beck of a baleful star,
  Their paths are dream-beguiled.

Yet haply they sought but a wider range,
  Some loftier mountain slope,
And little recked of the country strange
  Beyond the gates of hope.

And haply a bell with a luring call
  Summoned their feet to tread
Midst the cruel rocks, where the deep pitfall
  And the lurking snare are spread.

Maybe, in spite of their tameless days
  Of outcast liberty,
They 're sick at heart for the homely ways
  Where their gathered brothers be.

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And oft at night, when the plains fall dark
And the hills loom large and dim,
For the Shepherd's voice they mutely hark,
And their souls go out to him.

Meanwhile, "Black sheep! black sheep!" we cry,
Safe in the inner fold;
And maybe they hear, and wonder why,
And marvel, out in the cold.

Richard Burton.

THE SHADOW OF A CLOUD.

ALL day the small cloud floated by
Like a white bird beneath the sun.
There was never a cloud in all the sky
As white as that least one.

"All day long," quoth the little gray shadow,
"I climb this hillside green and steep.
The shepherd sings to his flocks all day,
But I am not his to keep.
My ways are wide, though I be gray
As the least wayworn sheep.

"I dream, I dream," quoth the little gray shadow,
"And in my dreams there be
A blowing cloak and the breath of a pipe,
And many a one like me.
My shepherd is in my dreams; my ways
Are with his song," quoth he.

"Along the road o' the wind and sun
I journey up the mountain side,
And there are flowers or dust or stone
In the places where I bide,
And there is wind in the thick green grass,
And birds at eventide."

All day the small cloud floated by
Like a white lily under the sun.
There was never a cloud in all the sky
As white as that least one.

"I dream, I dream," quoth the little gray shadow,
"In sooth, I do not know,
But on those wild wind-hills I see

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A white cloud come and go.
Like wind in grass amid my dreams
The stars weave to and fro.

"My heart is strange," quoth the little gray shadow,
"My thoughts are strange and far.
The bird in the grass has brushed his wings,
Sings he, against a star!"
The shadow i' the grass has leagues to run
Where the brown earth pastures are.

"I dream, I dream," quoth the little gray shadow,
That slipped over water and stone.
"All day I sing to myself in my heart
That I travel or tarry alone,
But the bird in the grass has touched a cloud,
And my ways are not mine own!"

All day the small cloud floated by
Alone in the wide space under the sun.
There was never a cloud in all the sky
As white as that least one.

Anna Hempstead Branch.

ECHO.

THERE is a road set deep in a lost canyon,
A road that winds up at its distant end
A hill, that is all but too steep for climbing,
Hung with pale grass that does not breathe nor bend.
Against a cliff, that stabs the sky, a Presence
Sits, guarded by gaunt pine trees, white and bare,
Stripped of their leaves, lest by their sighing
They break the stillness of the sacred air.
The Presence, 'neath the sun's down-pouring chrism,
Hath set her carven hand behind her ear.
Caught with her in this mighty crystal prism,
One fain would hear what she bends down to hear.
"Lo, you are Silence!" said I, climbing to her.
"Nay," answered she, uplifting solemn eyes,
"I was, until ye spake; now I am Echo,
Giving you back your words, in sweeter guise.
I hear and mete and measure answer justly
Unto the world that I am brooding o'er.
To him that calls, I am Eternal Music;
To him that calls not, Silence evermore."

Flavian Rosser.

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